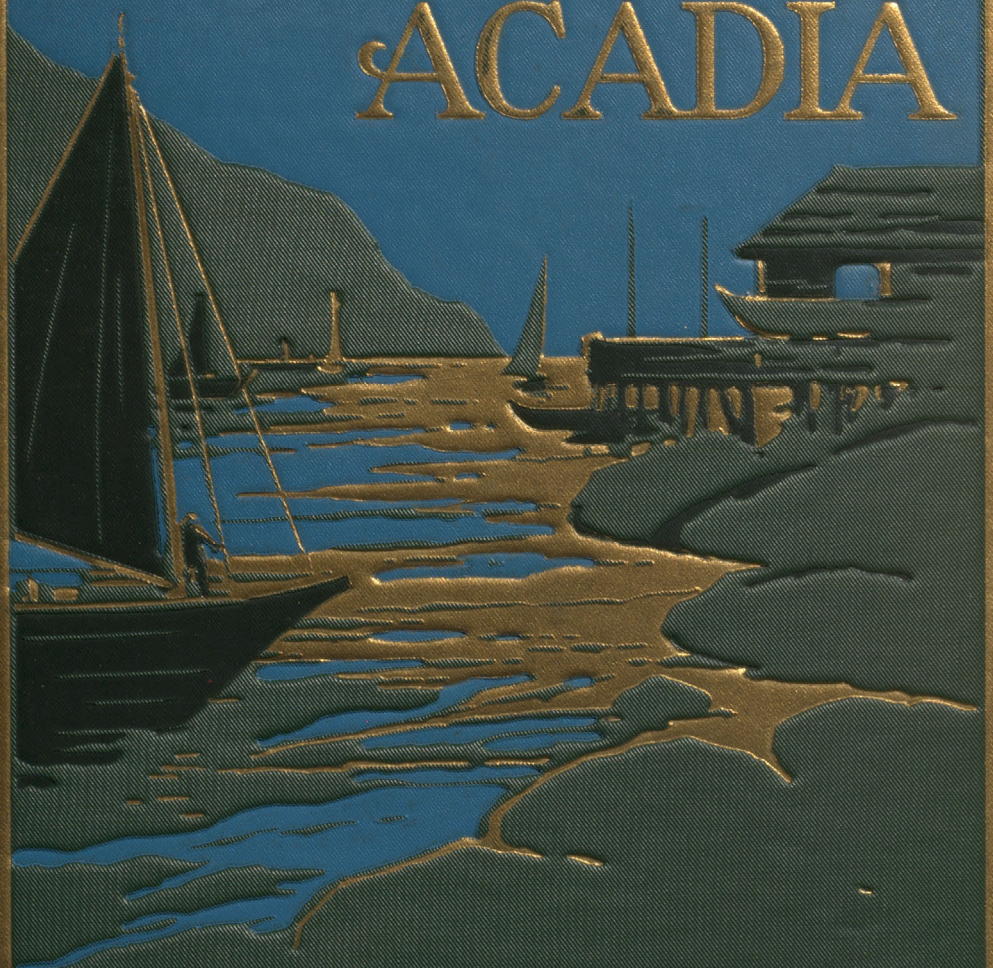
The SPELL of ACADIA



Frank Oliver Call





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To Gordon
With kindest regards from
his friend Dr. Franke.
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The Spell *of* Acadia

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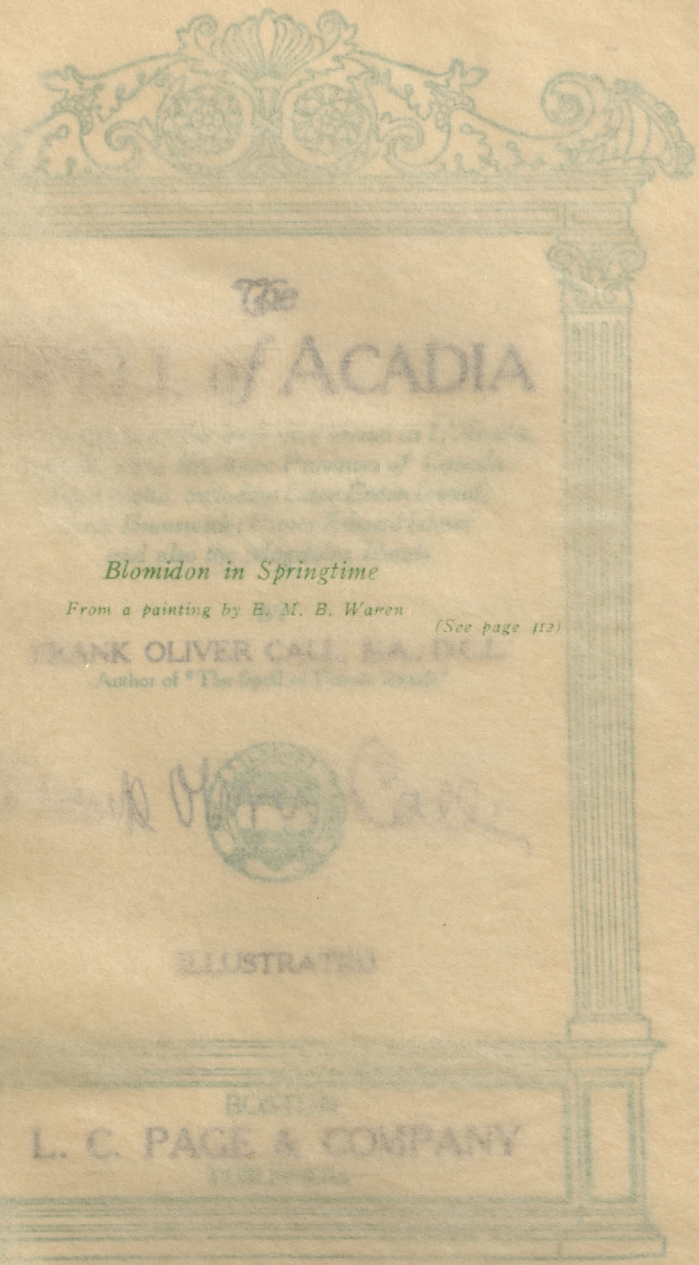
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Blomidon in Springtime

From a painting by E. M. B. Warren

(See page 112)

FRANK OLIVER CALL, B.A., D.C.L.

Author of "The Spell of French Acadie"

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The SPELL of ACADIA

A description of the land once known as L'Acadie, now the three Maritime Provinces of Canada: Nova Scotia, including Cape Breton Island; New Brunswick; Prince Edward Island and also the Magdalen Islands

BY

FRANK OLIVER CALL, M.A., D.C.L.
Author of "The Spell of French Canada"

Frank Oliver Call

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PREFACE

Old Acadia, the land once known as L'Acadie, now the three Maritime Provinces of Canada—Nova Scotia, including Cape Breton Island; New Brunswick; Prince Edward Island—and also the Magdalen Islands, is the possessor of a three-fold spell which the most casual visitor cannot fail to feel. There is the spell of its history first of all, then that of its wonderful scenery, and finally that of its interesting people. The author himself has felt deeply this three-fold spell and in the following pages has endeavored to convey a little of it to his readers.

In doing this work the author has received most valuable and generous assistance from many sources, and his grateful acknowledgments are due to the following: Mrs. W. O. Raymond of Toronto; Professor Raymond of Bishop's University for permission to quote extensively from the works of the late Dr. W. O. Raymond; Mr. L. M. Fortier of Annapolis for photographs and quotations from

his book on Fort Anne; Mr. C. M. Barbeau of Ottawa for Acadian folk songs; Mr. J. Robert Herbin for permission to quote from his father's works; Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts for his poems; the Ryerson Press, the Copp Clark Co. and other publishers for permission to use published material; and the Canadian National Railways, the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Department of Highways of Nova Scotia, the Tourist Bureaus of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, Mr. Graham of Windsor, and Mr. W. R. McAskill for supplying photographs for illustrations.

FRANK OLIVER CALL.

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	PREFACE	v
I.	ACADIA CALLS	1
II.	THE RIVER ST. JOHN	16
III.	FORT ANNE	62
IV.	GRAND-PRÉ	100
V.	A LOW AND BEAUTIFUL LAND	161
VI.	LA TOUR	184
VII.	HISTORIC LOUISBURG	210
VIII.	THE LILAC TRAIL TO LOUISBURG	244
IX.	ACADIA IN POETRY	318
X.	THE LOYALISTS AND SHELBURNE	344
XI.	THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS	376
XII.	ALONG ACADIAN TRAILS	389

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

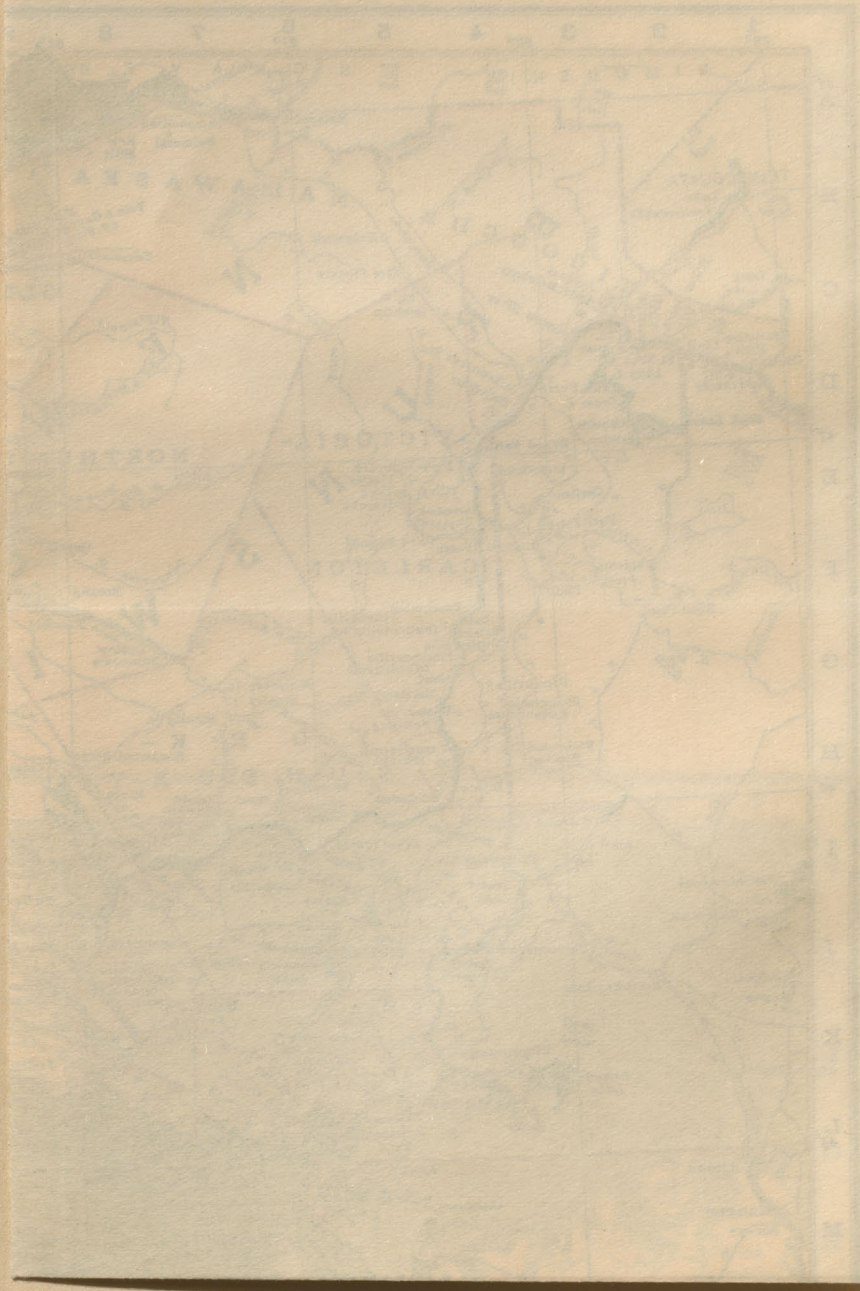
PAGE

BLOMIDON IN SPRINGTIME (*in full color*) (*See page 412*) ..... *Frontispiece*
MAP OF ACADIA 1
ST. JOHN RIVER NEAR FORT MEDUCTIC 17
ON THE NEPISIQUIT RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK 26
OLD COVENANTER CHURCH, GRAND-PRÉ 47
YARMOUTH LIGHT 64
DIGBY GAP 67
ST. MARY'S BAY 69
BEAR RIVER 71
SIEUR DE MONT'S MONUMENT, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL 73
POWDER MAGAZINE, FORT ANNE 84
ENTRANCE TO FORT ANNE 92
ACADIAN ROOM, FORT ANNE MUSEUM 98
GASPEREAUX VALLEY NEAR GRAND-PRÉ 101
DYKES BUILT BY ACADIANS AT GRAND-PRÉ 108
REPLICA OF CHURCH OF ST. CHARLES 110
WILLOWS AT GRAND-PRÉ 113
ORCHARDS AND MARSHLANDS FROM PRESENT VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRÉ 116
GRAND-PRÉ, NOVA SCOTIA 119
CAPE BLOMIDON 125
BLOMIDON FROM PEREAUX VALLEY 141
INDIAN HARBOR 159
PROVINCIAL BUILDINGS, CHARLOTTETOWN 162
ACADIAN BOYS GATHERING EEL GRASS 165
HAYMAKING IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND 168
GREEN GABLES FARM 177
WHITE SANDS NEAR GREEN GABLES 179
AVONLEA (CAVENDISH) SCHOOL 182

PAGE

FISHING-BOATS IN H ..BOR 214
CASEMATES, LOUISE 222
NORTHWEST ARM, H ..IFAX 234
MIRAMICHI RIVER 251
FRENCH INSCRIPTION, FORT BEAUSÉJOUR 282
CHESTER, NOVA SCOTIA 291
PETITE RIVIÈRE 305
GREAT BRAS D'OR 311
VILLAGE OF BADDECK, CAPE BRETON 313
HOPEWELL ROCKS, NEAR MONCTON 316
WHERE THE EXILES EMBARKED AT GRAND-PRÉ 320
MADONNA STATUE, MEMORIAL CHURCH, GRAND-PRÉ 330
EVANGELINE STATUE, GRAND-PRÉ 333
CROSS MARKING ACADIAN BURYING-GROUND 341
LA CUEILLETTE DES POMMES (*in full color*) 356
PICTOU HARBOR, NOVA SCOTIA 377
THE RECTORY, HOME OF THE ROBERTS FAMILY 390
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, HALIFAX 398
SURF AT PEGGY'S COVE 401
POLLY'S COVE 403
"CLIFTON," FORMER RESIDENCE OF "SAM SLICK" 408
CHAMPLAIN'S ORDER OF GOOD CHEER 414
SITE OF CHAMPLAIN'S FIRST HABITATION, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL 416


RAND McNALLY
POPULAR MAP OF
NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK
AND
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
SCALE 1:2,408,000
1 Inch = 38 Statute Miles
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CHALEUR BAY
NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT
CAPE BRETON ISLAND
MAGDALEN ISLANDS (QUEBEC)
Dalhousie
Campbellton
Matapedia
Balmoral
Tete a Gauche (N. Side)
Bathurst
Bathurst Jc.
Gloucester Jc.
Shippigan
Miscou Pt.
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Petit Etang
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Margaree Harbour
Dunvegan
Broad Cove Marsh
Broad Cove Chapel
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Mabou Harbour
Port Hood
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Whycocomagh
Judique
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Heatherton
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Guysborough
Tompkinsville
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Goldenville
Sonora
Liscomb
Liscomb Harbour
Port Bickerton
Wine Harbour
Hilford
Little Dover
Canso
Torbay
Charles Cove
Little Head
Port Felix
Port Hastings
Port Hawkesbury
Mulgrave
Point Tupper
Cape Breton
Sydney
Sydney Mines
Glace Bay
Louisburg
Gabarus Bay
Fourchu Bay
Lake Ainslie
Baddeck
Margaree
Cheticamp
Belle Cote
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St. Joseph Du Moine
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Cape North
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St. Joseph Du Moine
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Belle Marche
Neils Harbour
Ingonish
South Ingonish
Cape North
Pleasant Bay
Bay St. Lawrence
Cape Ray
Cape Anguille
Bird Rocks
Brios I.
North Cape
Wolfe I.
Coffin I.
Atwright I.
Grindstone I.
Red C.
Pleasant Bay
Entry I.
Basque Harbour
Amherst I.
South Cape
St. Paul I.
Sable I.



THE SPELL OF ACADIA

CHAPTER I

ACADIA CALLS

THERE were at least three good reasons why I did not heed the call before. One was the spell which French Canada had so long exercised over my imagination, another was the Magic Casement which always beckoned me back when I strayed away, and the last, and for the moment the strongest, was the peony garden. These reasons are given here to answer such critics, found chiefly among my own friends, who sometimes wish to curb my enthusiasm by asking why I did not go before to that enchanting country encircled by shining blue waters, or enshrouded in silver-gray mists.

And now to explain the peonies. I had thought to leave the peony garden early and thus to have a longer stay in the land which, ever since I read the name "Acadia" in my

school history years ago, has conjured before my eyes all sorts of pleasing and thrilling pictures—Champlain and de Monts, explorers of an unknown wilderness; Micmac Indians, pirates, forests and rivers, and always the sea in the background with sailing ships flitting along the shores. But the spell of the peonies was strong and grew stronger every day, and I could not leave them behind, even for the undoubted charms of L'Acadie. And the peonies rewarded me amply. My private show at the Magic Casement was gorgeous. The ledge is of cobblestones, and the background for the peonies is of dark green pine boughs or the blue water of the lake just beyond. In the first place, it should be explained that the late spring had caused mid-season and late varieties to bloom at the same time, and thus enabled me to have a larger collection than would have been the case during a normal season. However, one of my most beautiful varieties was not quite ready to join the show. This was Solange, which is very late and reserves its gigantic blooms for a final burst of glory.

But when the last petal had fallen from Solange, I was ready to start on my pilgrimage to Acadia. There was, of course, the Magic Casement to be left behind—a casement set in spruce logs and field stone, and "opening on the foam" of a lovely lake as it looks across blue waters to bluer hills. Even now as I write, having returned safely from my pilgrimage, I can hear the tinkle of cow-bells across the bay, and alas! the frequent shriek of a motor horn or shrill whistle of a passing train. Nevertheless the woods opposite are peopled with a wonderful folk—water hens, kingfishers, red-headed woodpeckers, and blue herons which stalk boldly up and down the shallows, knowing well that they are protected by a benign and paternal government. But the glory of the peonies had faded—there was now no reason for tarrying.

At last the call of Acadia had become too strong; I summoned a faithful friend, Raymond, who was to accompany me in my wanderings, bade him prepare the Bluebird, turned my back on the Magic Casement and

sallied forth into the unknown. Perhaps I should explain that by "Acadia" I do not mean only the part occupied by the Acadians beside the Basin of Minas and along the south shore of Nova Scotia, but the whole country originally designated by its French masters as "L'Acadie." This embraced all of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island and New Brunswick. Even Prince Edward Island, then called Île Saint Jean, was generally associated with Acadia in the minds of its first possessors.

And by the way, I forgot to explain the Bluebird. Well, she is blue, of course; has six cyl— no, I mean wings, which beat and flutter at fifty miles per hour when the motor cop is far away, or goes a sedate thirty or less when he is near. So important is the Bluebird in this story that I should like to give it as a sub-title, "The Flight of the Bluebird."

When one leaves home to go forth adventuring, even though it be to the pleasant land of Acadia, one sees with regret the familiar landscape fade from view along the way. As the Bluebird sailed on, now tamed

and harnessed by her faithful master—often known as O. C., an abbreviation of "Old Chum"—I saw landmark after landmark disappear behind me. First the slender pine trees along the lake shore, then Mount Orford, rising from its tiny lake, tall and blue against the sky, and lastly Cherry river wandering through colorful marshlands to Lake Memphremagog with Owl's Head standing beside the lake, pale blue in the ever widening distance. Then the winding gray road between forests and meadows until Thetford is reached—a town famous for having the largest production of asbestos products and the most dusty atmosphere in the world. O yes, I forgot to mention East Angus, famous for its production of wood pulp and the most persistent smell in America—a smell which on damp days can actually be *seen* floating along the fair waters of the St. Francis river. Nevertheless, the brake bands of the Bluebird probably came from the asbestos mines, and the paper on which I write probably came from East Angus, and I should not like to be deprived

of either, even if dust and smell went with them.

I often wonder, when I read the accounts of pilgrimages, at the absence of all references to meals. Food is a basic constituent of any successful journey and one upon which a great deal of attention is bestowed by the pilgrim, whether he will confess it or not. Being of a frugal mind like the wife of John Gilpin, I had put all the food of the larder at the Magic Casement—yes, the Magic Casement has a larder—into a brown basket and brought it along. Having now left behind us the smells of East Angus and the greenish-white dust of Thetford, we began to look for a suitable place in which to sample the contents of the basket. A clear brook poured its waters into a basin beside the road, then wound through the fir trees towards Black Lake—which, by the way, is deep blue and not black, except where the spruce-clad mountains look down at themselves and see a topsy-turvy world reflected in its dark depths. We alighted beside the stream and made frightful inroads upon the contents of

the brown basket, which, however, resisted splendidly and seemed hardly to show scars from the attack.

"It's no use; we simply can't eat all this grub," said O. C.

"We'll call in outside help then," I replied. Outside help arrived sooner than we expected, but of this I shall speak later.

We were now approaching French Canada, the evidences of which multiplied every mile. The first wayside shrine—a bare cross among the trees—then the gaunt golden Crucifix standing in the centre of the churchyards, and at last the hand-woven carpets and linens and the hooked rugs of dazzling colors and designs displayed upon the fences before the habitant homes. We passed one sign which much puzzled my companion. This read "Rug for sale, six acres." My companion had become used to the gigantic in viewing the mine pits at Thetford, the height of its dust heaps, and the smells of East Angus (I mean *viewing*), but a rug six acres in extent seemed to him a little too big to be practical. The habitant, however, meant exactly what he said,

for to his conservative mind "arpent" does not mean merely an acre, but a measurement of length as well. Hence, at a distance of about six acre *sides,* we found a tiny white house by the roadside literally buried in hooked rugs of all colors and patterns.

The valley of the Chaudière river is approached by a winding road, which comes out of the forest and plunges headlong down hill, curving and twisting in a most alarming manner. But the Bluebird soared lightly down, alighting abruptly at the foot of a gigantic white cross beyond which spread the panorama of miniature farms, outlined by rail fences and dotted with whitewashed barns, placed at intervals along the shining river which wound its way among the fertile fields. We were now in French Canada. There was no mistaking the fact, and the old city of Quebec, clinging to its rocky cliff, soon rose dimly in the distance.

The charm of Quebec is ever strong, and I am always tempted to linger within its walls. Its old-world atmosphere, its narrow crooked streets, its silver-gray spires, steep-roofed

houses and towering churches give it a medieval aspect that is most appealing to the poet, the historian or the artist. But perhaps the strongest reason for its appeal is, to me at least, that it presents a page torn from a fairy picture-book that I once possessed. The walls, spires and massive castle in the centre, the monks, nuns and soldiers, all add to this illusion, despite the fact that the castle is a modern hotel of steel and brick, and that instead of the trumpet of herald and outrider, the motor horn howls and groans eternally beneath its walls.

Piloting the Bluebird through the narrow lanes here called streets, swooping down upon a waiting boat, crossing the swift and broad river, climbing the cliffs on the other side, did not present to O. C. the difficulties that I had secretly hoped for—O. C. being, I suspect, a little proud of his skill as a pilot and a little contemptuous of me who refuse to have anything to do with a machine, except to enjoy its smoothness and swiftness. At any rate, we soon found ourselves rolling along the level road of the south shore of the St.

Lawrence—a road which leads from the heart of one enchanted land beside a broad river to that of another beside the sea. The day was a perfect one for this particular drive, as the atmosphere was crisp and clear, and the world-old Laurentian Mountains, dark blue across the green waters of the St. Lawrence, seemed only a few miles away. We were thus skimming along a smooth road, between narrow farms which seem to link one silver spire with another, when I noticed a couple of boys sitting beneath a tree. As we neared them, I could read the word "Toronto" across the red sweater which one of them wore, and see the military-looking knapsacks beside them, and even discern the look of disappointment on their faces as we seemed to pass unnoticed their signals to give them a lift. We stopped a short distance after passing them, however, and beckoned them on, and they were not long in taking possession of the back seat of the Bluebird. One boy was dark and rather silent at first, the other fair and talkative with the charm and frankness of youth. Both appeared

about fifteen or sixteen years of age although they claimed rather proudly to be seventeen. Little by little, Alfred, the fair and talkative boy, told their story. They had left Toronto three days ago, taking the King's Highway in search of adventure and experience. They had received lifts in motors almost whenever they asked for them, and after only a short time found themselves hundreds of miles from home and determined to go on as far as Halifax before they turned back. They both had a ready smile, keen sunburnt faces, and the irresistible appeal of youth seeking adventure in a hum-drum world. The trip was to be accomplished on seventy dollars, which Alfred explained that he and his chum Roland had earned. Alfred had earned his share by working in an office for a month, a position which he loathed. He was all for the out-of-doors life, and, although bred in a large city, delighted in trees and all the natural features of the field and forest. In fact, he intended to become a scientific forester so that he could spend most of his time in the woods. The financial aspect of

the adventure looked a little dubious to me, but Alfred explained that thus far they had spent only one dollar a day between them, and at this rate of living they would return to Toronto with a considerable surplus. They cooked their own food and camped in the woods or in motor camps, and as they were both Boy Scouts, they were able to live well and present a neat appearance under difficult circumstances. This was their first visit to French Canada. They wondered at the neat houses, the wayside shrines and the immense churches that we passed; but always the natural beauty of river, mountain or lake never failed to evoke from Alfred—who I suspect was something of a poet and a philosopher as well—a glow of enthusiasm and appreciation.

The lunch hour was approaching, always an important part of the day's proceedings, and we began to look for a place to stop, a brook and a few trees being what we sought. But the good saints who seem to preside over this part of the world—Ste. Anne de Bon Secours, St. Ignace, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière

and a host of others—seem to have neglected to provide brooks and trees for the thirsty and tired traveller. After several miles of searching, I proposed a place which I well knew from previous journeys would form a picturesque background for our picnic. This was a rocky hillside, sprinkled over with small fir trees and surrounded with rail fences. At the foot of the hill was a wayside shrine, beside it a stone and clay oven, across the road the neat white house and barns, and just beyond the cross a flock of grazing sheep. Surely no place could be more suitable. We soon found a comfortable shady nook and had begun to dispose of the remaining contents of the brown basket, ably aided by Alfred and Roland, when an immense pig—a giant or rather, as it proved on closer inspection, a giantess—insisted on joining our party. Clubs and stones were of no avail, and we had to retreat to a rocky peak, where we finished our lunch, which was punctuated by the rolling down of stones to scare away the intruder. Let it suffice to say that we did not decamp until the last crumb contained in

the basket had disappeared, thanks to the marvellous capacity of two slender boys.

After we reached Rivière du Loup our road left the broad St. Lawrence, which had now become the sea, and wound over numberless hills through forests and half-cleared fields. For many miles the road led through burnt forests, dreary, black and wasted with half-burnt tree trunks stretching up mute imploring arms amid the ruin towards the sky.

The half-burned tree-trunks stretched like praying hands
Clutching the empty sky, and bare and black
As fallen pillars in old scourge-swept lands,
Great pines and spruces lay across my track.
Charred branches crumbled underneath my tread,
But from the silence of the empty plain,
Among white birches, burned and scarred and dead,
I heard the white-throat sing his song again.

And from the ashes drenched by summer showers
I saw uncurling fronds of brake pierce through,
And fire-weed holding up its purple flowers
Like torches in the dark, and then I knew,
Seeing burned forests touched with quickening breath,
That Life still follows on the trail of Death.

Lake Temiscouata is the chief natural attraction of the region beyond the burnt forests. It is long and narrow and extends for miles between shores of rock or timbered slopes. The road winds just above, in many places affording entrancing views. Finally, the beauty of the broad landscape caused us to halt at Notre Dame du Lac in order to get a more extensive view of the scene. The little village, the sheltered bays and the dark hills beyond the rippling water made a picture that caused Alfred to exclaim, "I wish I could carry all this beauty away with me!"

After leaving Our Lady of the Lake we encountered a terrific thunder storm which echoed hollowly over the mountains beyond. The boys were beginning to think of a camping place for the night, and I confess that I felt a little anxious for them, but Alfred exclaimed more than once as the clouds lifted a little, "There's sunshine over there." His youthful optimism was at last justified, for shortly after we reached the provincial boundary the sky cleared and the sun shone again. We had now entered Acadia.

CHAPTER II

THE RIVER ST. JOHN

THERE is only one thing more delightful than following a river's course from the sea inland, and that is to follow it from its headwaters to the place where it eventually finds the ocean. For in going up a river, one finds it growing ever shallower and narrower; while in going down, widening expanses and broadening horizons stretch before one, until at last the sea, the mother of all rivers and of life itself, comes into view.

We had crossed the border which separates New Brunswick from Quebec, had traversed stretches of forest and half-cultivated farm lands, and now arrived at a beautiful rolling stretch of country with a small river winding through it. The boys were still with us and, as hunger always accompanies healthy boy-



ST. JOHN RIVER NEAR FORT MEDUCTIC

hood, we stopped at a small hotel by the wayside for supper. Ham and eggs, cake and raspberries disappeared in such large quantities that I felt almost a robber when I handed our talkative hostess the modest sum demanded. We were soon on our way again, and Alfred, on consulting a map, informed us that the narrow winding stream that we saw in the distance threading its silver way through meadow and woodland was the famous St. John river, and that the country on the other side was the State of Maine.

When seen in the broad daylight all rivers have qualities in common. They are blue, sparkling in the sunlight where the wind ripples them or where rapids cause a swifter flow, or they are steely gray or mother-of-pearl according to the sky above them. But there is a mysterious something, an indefinable quality which the twilight possesses that lends a subtle charm even to a very ordinary stream, and when this is followed closely by August moonlight, the spell is complete. It was thus that we first saw the St. John river. The road was a winding one

following the curving line of the stream, generally high above it, thus affording exquisite glimpses of the river and its shores. Now a bold rock crowned with firs, next a small cluster of islands with foam-fringed sandy edges, then an open glassy expanse reflecting weird shadows in its waters. Roland described the whole scene as "shuddery," and I think he was right, for the dark reflections in the waves and the darker recesses of the woods beyond had something awe-inspiring about them.

Probably a boy's imagination was peopling the woods with the spirits of the Micmac Indians and hunted settlers to whom the river was once a "trunk highway."

The St. John river was, in olden days, of greatest importance as a highway between Acadia and Quebec, the capital of New France. Champlain in his first discovery of it describes it as one of the largest and deepest rivers that he had yet seen. He goes on to say that "the inhabitants of this part of the country follow this river on their way to Tadoussac which is on the great St.

Lawrence, and cross but little dry land on their way there, the distance being 65 leagues." Cadillac about ninety years later went up the river in a canoe and was delighted with what he saw, being convinced that it was destined as a great chain to bind the two portions of the French king's dominions together.

In 1753 Le Loutre, a French missionary, stated that it was easy to maintain communication between Quebec and Fort Beauséjour at the head of the Bay of Fundy. Although the distance was five hundred miles requiring portages amounting to nearly fifty, this route was described as "very easy."

During the War of 1812 a regiment of one thousand men raised in New Brunswick left St. John on February 11 and, marching on the ice for the most part, reached the St. Lawrence opposite Quebec in sixteen days. The same feat was accomplished in 1837 by a regiment which left Fredericton in the month of December and marched to Quebec, although the weather was more favorable and a certain number of bridges had been built

across the principal streams. This feat so excited the admiration of the Duke of Wellington that he is said to have observed: "This is the only achievement performed by a British officer that I really envy."

Sitting comfortably in the Bluebird rolling along a well graded road at forty miles per hour, I doubted the possibility of such a feat, and yet it is only one of a myriad performed by the hardy men of the past century.

We arrived at the outskirts of a town just as twilight waned and the moon rose. And here a surprise awaited me, or rather something happened that carried me back many years. I well remember a picture in my first geography book of a New Brunswick waterfall, a picture which always fascinated me, for I had never seen anything more awe-inspiring in the way of waterfalls than one of my father's mill-dams in springtime. This picture was a wood-cut depicting a gigantic river, its waters tumbling white over the rocks between fir-clad shores. Two giant logs were in the act of shooting over the falls, symmetrically arranged at each side, and at

the bottom a tiny figure pointed an arm towards the falling water. But most thrilling of all, in a distance above the falls and quite out of scale, was a canoe in which men were paddling upstream with all their might to avoid being swept over the cataract. I always imagined these to be Indians but had no proof.

We had stopped the car and were walking towards the river when suddenly in the twilight the white gleam of the falling water met my eye, and I saw in reality the picture in the geography book. True, the logs that I had expected to see glued against a white background had managed at last to slip over, the man below with his hand extended towards the falls had vanished, and in the very place where the canoe of the Indians was in imminent danger of being swept over the falls stood a hideous structure of concrete—a gigantic dam. Nevertheless, the falls gleamed and beckoned through the graying light, the brownish-green rapids below whirled and eddied into foam, and it seemed that a dream of distant childhood, dreamed in

an old-fashioned schoolhouse, had come true. Alfred, who had a fund of information truly amazing for a schoolboy, explained all about the fall, its height, potential waterpower and all; but I did not tell him that although this was the first time I had ever set foot on its shore, I had seen the very same fall long before he was born.

It was now my turn to give a little information and, standing on the bridge below the falls while the rapids swirled beneath us, I recounted to wide-eyed boys an Indian legend of how a Maliseet woman lured to death a Mohawk war party, and thus saved the village of Meductic from destruction. The Mohawks were much feared by the Maliseets and waged almost continual warfare upon them. A party of five hundred had set out from their country beyond the St. Lawrence, and had arrived at Madawaska where they captured a Maliseet hunter and his family. The captives were instantly killed except the woman who was kept as a guide. Above the Grand Falls there is a long stretch of tranquil water before the rapids are reached. The

woman told her captors that the quiet waters led to her own village, and many of the warriors, trusting in this statement, went to sleep, leaving their canoes to drift with the gentle current and each to be steered by a single paddler. The noise of falling waters gradually became louder and at length reached the ears of the steersmen, but the Maliseet woman assured them that what they heard was the noise of a waterfall in a tributary stream. Then suddenly the current became a rapid, swift and strong, and the warriors were awakened by cries of terror from the paddlers. But it was too late. The dark water had the war-canoes in its grip and they all swept over the falls, not one of the warriors escaping. The woman had sprung into the water just as the canoe she was in reached the rapid, and succeeded in swimming ashore. Another version says that she went over the falls with the Mohawks, and thus sacrificed her life to save her village.

We travelled on along the shore of the river, which became wider and darker as we advanced. The moon was now high over the

deep forests which bordered the river, and they looked deeper and denser than ever in the contrasting light and shade.

We had decided to spend the night at Woodstock, and the Bluebird flitted on around the many curves and elbows in the road, until at last lights gleamed through the shadows, and at midnight we entered a town which seemed entirely asleep. The sole person visible was a somnolent policeman, the only one of his species in Woodstock, I believe. In fact the heavy air of the forest had rendered us all very sleepy; O. C., however, protested that he was wide awake, and thanks to the twisting road that never could be monotonous he kept alert, but the rest of us either nodded or snored shamelessly. The hotel to which the policeman had directed us was filled. True, there was still one bed, described by the proprietress as "on the roof." Tired as I was, I hardly liked the idea of such an elevated position, especially as the hotel was of three stories, but on receiving the explanation that the roof in question was the veranda roof and that there was a second

roof over that, I quickly voted that we accept the hospitality offered rather than seek elsewhere at this late hour. I had forgotten the boys who were asleep in the car, and also the fact that we had promised to conduct them to a camp outside the town. Our hostess offered to give them chairs in the outer office, but that was the best she could do. When I asked them what they wanted to do, a sleepy voice from the back seat muttered two words only, "Just sleep." Alfred, the debonair adventure-seeker, was now nothing but a sleepy lad, all his independence and self-reliance sapped by weariness. He seemed, however, most grateful when I suggested that the car seats would be less uncomfortable than hotel chairs, and gladly accepted my invitation for him and his chum to remain where they were.

The night "on the roof" was all too short, and when we went down next morning the boys had been astir for some time. But they had a sad tale to tell. The kind-hearted proprietress of the hotel had invited them to breakfast, but alas! they had been rash enough to squander fifty cents each on a

breakfast in a near-by restaurant. "We did our best," Roland said, "with the hotel breakfast, and managed the cereal and jam, but we had to skip the bacon and eggs, for we had just eaten an enormous helping at the restaurant." I believe that this was the only financial error that the boys had committed on the trip.

The St. John river was now growing ever wider and ever more beautiful. Silver-blue mists in the distance, green low-lying meadows by the river, dark woods sloping away on the hillsides all added their colors to the picture that passed before us. Many brooks sparkling in the sunlight tumbled down through the little valleys, and now and then a tributary of some size wound its way to the greater river. The most beautiful of these in this district is the Pokiok river which cuts through a gorge of red granite seventy feet in height. The walls are perpendicular, and the stream at the bottom is only a white gleam in the shadows. The highway crosses a bridge over this gorge, which is only about twenty feet wide, and we should have missed



ON THE NEPISIQUIT RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK

it entirely if it had not been for the sharp eyes and alertness of the boys. The road beyond wound uphill and down, with many curves, but each bend brought a new vision of beauty.

Beauty, alone, in the largest sense of the word—the yearning for it, the contemplation of it—has civilized mankind.

Sentiment apart, the ideal of beauty is the best investment modern man can make; for nothing else—not even trade—will keep him from extirpating the human species. Science in the hands of engineers and chemists has developed destructive powers which increase a hundredfold with each decade, while the reproductive powers and inclinations of the human being do not vary. Nothing in the world but the love of beauty in its broad sense stands between Man and the full and reckless exercise of his competitive appetites. There is, then, sheer necessity for investment in the ideal of beauty. No other security will give us interest on our money, and our money back.

If these words of John Galsworthy are true, and I believe that they are, the people

of the St. John valley have unique opportunities to invest in this "ideal of beauty."

It may be that in building roads through such lovely scenery as the St. John river valley affords, the government of the province is actuated only by a utilitarian motive, that of attracting the tourist and of getting him to drop his coin profusely along his way, but many have "builded better than they knew" and a great work is being done for humanity at large in making such vast stores of beauty so easily accessible.

It is, as I have already said, rather difficult to define the boundaries of Acadia. But the first real reminder of Acadian history was near by. At the right of the roadway I noticed a cairn of stones standing on an elevation. I knew that the site of Fort Meductic, which played such an interesting and important part in the early history of Acadia, must be in the region in which we now were, and on examination I found this inscription on the cairn: "On the River St. John one half mile eastward stood Fort Meductic—Chief Maliseet stronghold in

Acadia in the 17th and 18th centuries. Near it was a village with a Church and a burying ground. 1717." This, then, was an authentic part of old Acadia, bringing before our minds the Maliseet Indians in their town, their war councils, their departure for raids upon New England, the heart-sick captives that they brought back to languish here in the primeval forests. In fact, the picture is such a large one that a special chapter will be needed to describe even a portion of it.

Fredericton was reached about noon and, with a hungry cargo of boys aboard, the first thought was for dinner. This was speedily put away, and we were off to see the sights of the capital of New Brunswick.

It is a more difficult thing to catch the spirit of a small city than of a large one. The small city is demure, reserved, even shy, whereas the great city is loud and blatant and has a thousand characteristics that strike the imagination at once. Fredericton, nestling amid its towering elms or holding itself discreetly back from the broad river, is not so easy to get acquainted with. And yet it is

essentially a friendly city and one whose charm increases with intimacy. This charm consists in a quiet homelike atmosphere and a certain air of aristocratic repose that a large city would lack. Its modern houses, spacious shaded lawns, and its graceful cathedral spire rising from a lovely green setting, have a character of refinement that belongs not to Old England nor to New England but is essentially their own. Perhaps the history of Fredericton, which takes us back to 1731, may account for some of this subtle charm.

The old name of Fredericton during the French régime was St. Anne's, and it appears that certain Acadian settlers, attracted by the natural advantages of the spot, had settled here, for as early as 1733, or possibly before, the English who claimed the whole country, summoned the Acadians to come to Port Royal to take the oath of allegiance. A census taken in the year mentioned gives the number of the French living in the vicinity as one hundred and eleven. These, however, were not all settled at St. Anne's, but were scat-

tered up and down the river. Father Danielou, the Indian missionary at Fort Meductic, speaks very highly of the Acadians, and gives us a picture of ideal colonists. He makes the rather broad statement that among these people there could be found "neither swearer nor drunkard, neither debauchee nor libertine, neither blind nor lazy nor beggar, nor trespasser on his neighbor's rights." This ancient standard of morality is a very high one, and the present inhabitants must find some difficulty in maintaining it.

By 1755 the little village had grown in size and in prosperity. Six or seven hundred acres had been cleared, and a chapel had been built. St. Anne's was then the frontier between the French and English, for the latter were strongly entrenched at Fort Frederick, ninety miles farther down the river. It had been often threatened by the English and it was not long before the blow fell. In 1758 a detachment of soldiers under Captain McCurdy set out from Fort Frederick on snowshoes, to spy out the land about St. Anne's. On the way up, McCurdy

was accidentally killed. This was an unfortunate thing for the defenceless inhabitants of St. Anne's, for it placed Lieutenant Hazen in command. He was said to be a man of unsavory reputation, and his subsequent cruelty shows that this report was well founded. Hazen's men when they arrived set fire to the village and drove out the inhabitants in the dead of the winter. Of this Captain John Knox writes in his journal:

Captain McCurdy was killed by the falling of a tree on the 30th of January. Lieut. Hazen commands at present, who returned last night from a scout up the river. He marched from this fort the 18th of February and went to St. Anne's. The whole of inhabitants being gone off; he burned one hundred and forty-seven dwelling houses, two mass houses, besides all their barns, stables, granaries, etc. He returned down the river where he found a house in a thick forest, with a number of cattle, horses and hogs; these he destroyed. There was a fire in the chimney; the people were gone off into the woods; he pursued, killed and scalped six men, brought in four, with two women and three children; he returned to the house, set it on fire, threw

the cattle into the flames and arrived safe with his prisoners, he and the party all well.

Another writer of the time says:

We had among us a soldier belonging to Captain Hazen's company of Rangers, who declared that several Frenchmen were barbarously murdered by them, after quarters were given, and the villain added, I suppose to show his importance, that he split the head of one asunder, after he fell on his knees to implore mercy.

General Amherst himself did not approve of the action of his subordinate, for in a letter written in 1759 he writes:

Major Morris sent me particulars of the scouting party and I gave a commission of Captain to Lieut. Hazen, as I thought he deserved it; I am sorry to say what I have since heard of that affair has sullied his merit with me, as I shall always disapprove of killing women and helpless children.

It is not difficult to form a picture of the little village both before and after the massacre. The settlement was apparently prosperous, the inhabitants being engaged in

small trading ventures with the Indians and also in tilling the fertile soil along the banks of the river. The primeval forest stretched to unknown distances in every direction, but in front lay the best road known to that generation—the powerful, cruel and kindly river, powerful because in flood time buildings were often swept away; kindly because it always left behind deposits that made the land amazingly fertile; and cruel too, because, while it furnished communication with friends in New France, it also made an easy path for the enemy. A little group of log cabins with a church raising its tiny spire above the rude roof, a few small stores, a vivacious and industrial people, a series of farms cultivated as only the French peasant has the patience to cultivate, the river rolling in front, blue and rippling in summer, smooth and ice-bound in winter, such is the picture that the writings of the century call up. This picture after Hazen's foray is quite a different one. An eyewitness in 1762 describes the blackened remains of the once prosperous settlement. The houses were charred heaps

of logs, the land that had been wrested from the wilderness was fast being overgrown with young trees and bushes, and a deep silence reigned over the whole place, broken only by the winds and the water. I could scarcely believe, when I stood upon the university heights and looked down upon the peaceful and prosperous town, that it had once been a scene of such desolation.

St. Anne's was left in this abandoned condition until the coming of the Loyalists, although here and there an Acadian farmer might return to the lands that his own hands had cleared. When the United Empire Loyalists left New England many of them found their way to the St. John valley, and a considerable number settled at St. Anne's, which became Frederick Town, and eventually Fredericton. Their first winter, passed in improvised huts, was one of great hardship, but fortitude triumphed over difficulties and laid the foundations of the prosperity of the city as we now see it. These early settlers, who had left homes in New England, some on account of political persecution, some because

they had espoused the King's cause in the late war, are fortunate in having their own historian, Peter Fisher, whose picturesque account will give some idea of the sufferings as well as the stubborn persistence of these exiles.

Scarcely had they begun to construct their cabins, when they were surprised by the rigors of an untried climate, their habitations being enveloped in snow before they were tenantable. The privations and sufferings of some of these people almost exceed belief. Frequently in the piercing cold of winter, a part of the family had to remain up during the night to keep fire in their huts to prevent the other part from freezing. Some very destitute families made use of boards to supply the want of bedding; the father or some of the elder children remaining up by turns and warming two suitable pieces of boards, which they applied alternately to the smaller children to keep them warm, with many similar expedients.

The whole picture is vividly portrayed by Dr. Raymond, who had access to the diary of Fisher. Dr. Raymond's account is quoted here:

The awfulness of the situation may be readily imagined. Women, delicately reared, cared for their infants beneath canvas tents, rendered habitable only by the banks of snow which lay six feet deep in the open spaces of the forest. Men, unaccustomed to toil, looked with dismay at the prospect before them. The non-arrival of supplies expected before the close of navigation added much to their distress. At one time starvation stared them in the face, and, as one who passed through the sorrowful experience of that time has said, "strong proud men cried like children, and, exhausted by cold and famine, lay down in their snow-bound tents to die." These poor settlers had to make frequent trips of from fifty to one hundred miles with handsleds or toboggans, through pathless woods and on the ice, to procure a precarious supply of food for their famishing families.

Among those who settled at St. Anne's at this time was Lodewick Fisher, who had seen nearly seven years' service in Colonel Van Bushkirk's battalion of the New Jersey Volunteers. Mr. Fisher came to St. John in the ship "Esther," accompanied by his wife and three children, all of them born on Staten Island during the war. Peter, the youngest of the trio, was only sixteen months old at the

time of his arrival and of course had no personal knowledge of the experience of the first winter, but in his little history he has given some recollections of his elders that are of great interest. The eldest son of Peter Fisher, the Hon. Charles Fisher, attorney general of the province and later a judge of the supreme court, was one of the fathers of Responsible Government.

Mrs. Lodewick Fisher used to relate to her grandchildren that soon after the arrival of the regiments at St. John, her family joined a party bound up the river in a schooner to St. Anne's. In eight days they got as far as Oromocto, where they were landed by the captain, who refused to proceed further on account of the lateness of the season. He charged them four dollars each for their passage. The night was spent on shore and the next day the women and children proceeded to St. Anne's in Indian canoes, the others coming on foot. On the 8th of October they reached their destination, and pitched their tents at Salamanca, near the shore. Before any effectual steps had been taken to provide a shelter, winter was at hand. Snow fell on the 2nd of November to the depth of six inches. The best that some of the unfortunate people could do was to pitch their

tents in the depths of the forest. Stones formed their rude fireplace. The tent had no floor but the ground. The winter was cold, but the deep snow afforded some protection. Still it was an awful winter. There were mothers who had been reared in a pleasant country, enjoying the luxuries of life, who now clasped their helpless little ones to their bosoms and tried by the warmth of their own bodies to protect them from the bitter cold. Many of the weaker ones died from exposure. Graves were dug near by with axes and shovels and there in stormy wintry weather, the survivors laid their loved ones without any religious service, for they had no clergyman. The burial ground at Salamanca continued to be used for some years and was called "the Loyal Provincials' burial ground."

This old burial ground is on the Ketchum place just below the town. Some of the older citizens of Fredericton remember when there were old head boards at the graves since fallen into decay. Many names painted or carved on them served to show the Dutch ancestry of the men of Van Bushkirk's battalion. The names were such as Van Horn, Vanderbeck, Ackermann, Burkstaff, Ridner, Handorff, Van Norden and Ryerson.

As soon as the snow was off the ground the people at Salamanca began to build log houses, but were obliged to desist for lack of provisions and were forced for a time to live after the Indian fashion. They made maple sugar, dug edible roots, caught fish, shot partridges and pigeons, and hunted moose. In their distress they were gladdened by the discovery of some large patches of beans that were growing wild. The beans were white marked with a black cross, and had probably been planted by the French. Mrs. Fisher says, "We used to call them 'the Loyal Provincials' bread,' but some called them the staff of life and hope of the starving." There was great rejoicing when a schooner arrived with corn-meal and rye.

During the summer all hands united in building their houses. They had few tools except the axe and saw. They had neither bricks nor lime, and their chimneys and fireplaces were built of stone laid in yellow clay. The walls of the houses were of logs, the roofs of bark bound over with small poles. The windows had only four small panes of glass. The first house finished was that of Dr. Earle, whose services were of the utmost value to the small community. Colonel Hewlett's house was built where the Barker

House stands on Queen Street. The old veteran accompanied his comrades, as appears from an affidavit made before Major Studholme at St. Anne's on the 13th of October, stating that in the wreck of the "Martha" he had lost all he possessed: his stores, tools, baggage and property to the value of two hundred pounds sterling.

Colonel Hewlett was born in Hampstead, Queen's County, on Long Island, New York, and died at Hampstead, Queen's County, in New Brunswick in 1789 in his sixtieth year. He was a brave and capable officer and a man held in the highest regard.

We cannot at this time follow further the fortunes of the Loyalists. Their privations and toils were not in vain. History is beginning to do them justice even in the adjoining republic. Their attitude during the Revolutionary epoch is getting to be better understood, and their merits and self-sacrifice are beginning to be acknowledged by broad-minded and impartial students of history in the United States. The late Professor Moses Coit Tyler, of the University of Cornell, gave it as his opinion, "that the side of the Loyalists, as they called themselves, of the Tories, as they were scornfully nick-named by their opponents, was even in argument not a weak

one, and in devotion and self-sacrifice not an unheroic one." These sentiments were still more emphatically expressed by Dr. Tyler on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the University of New Brunswick a few years ago, on which occasion he said:

"We Americans here to-day wish to express our friendship toward you, not only on account of yourselves and the good work you are doing, but also on account of those noble men and women, your ancestors, who founded this Province of New Brunswick, this town of Fredericton, and this University which is the crown and glory of both. We remember what sort of men and women they were,—their sincerity, their devotion to principle in defiance of loss and pain, their courage, their perseverance, their clear prevision of the importance of race unity. So, very honestly, with all our heart we greet you as a kindred people, many of you as the same colonial lineage as ourselves, having many things in your public and private experience identical with our own, still bound to us by antique and indestructible bonds of fellowship in faith, in sympathy, in aspiration, in humane effort, all coincident with the beginnings of civilization itself in the fast-anchored isle beyond the sea, which is the beloved mother of us all.

"If between your ancestors and ours, on opposite sides of the old Revolutionary dispute a century and a quarter ago, there were many and bitter years of unfriendly tradition, we, on our part, are glad to think that such tradition lives no longer; that in the broad-minded view which time and the better understanding of our own history have brought us, the coming years are to witness a renewal and permanent relation of goodwill and mutual help, which bound together the earlier generations of our common race on this continent."

After leaving Fredericton the river frequently broadens into lakes until the whole effect is as though there were a series of small lakes linked together by streams. At one place, some way beyond Oromocto, we stopped to enjoy a typical bit of New Brunswick scenery of the gentler kind. Imagine in the foreground an immense field of potatoes on a height of ground, these potatoes a mass of waving green leaves dotted with white star-like blossoms, then beyond a rugged rail fence a pasture sloping down to what appeared to be a lake of deepest blue, with long

narrow islands of dark green. In the far distance a line of pale smoke-blue hills, at the left of the potato field a forest of spruce edged with white birches, and the whole over-arched by a sky as blue as the water, and studded with shifting islands of smoky clouds. Such scenes as this are spread lavishly before the traveller, and their splendor seems to increase as he follows the river to its mouth. Not far beyond the potato fields we saw the first large schooner, all sails set, advancing slowly up the river with a steady wind. It may have been the sight of the spread sails with white gulls flitting above them, or it may have been that the breeze which bore the schooner on came up from the ocean, but I felt sure that I could smell the salt air of the sea still some fifty miles away.

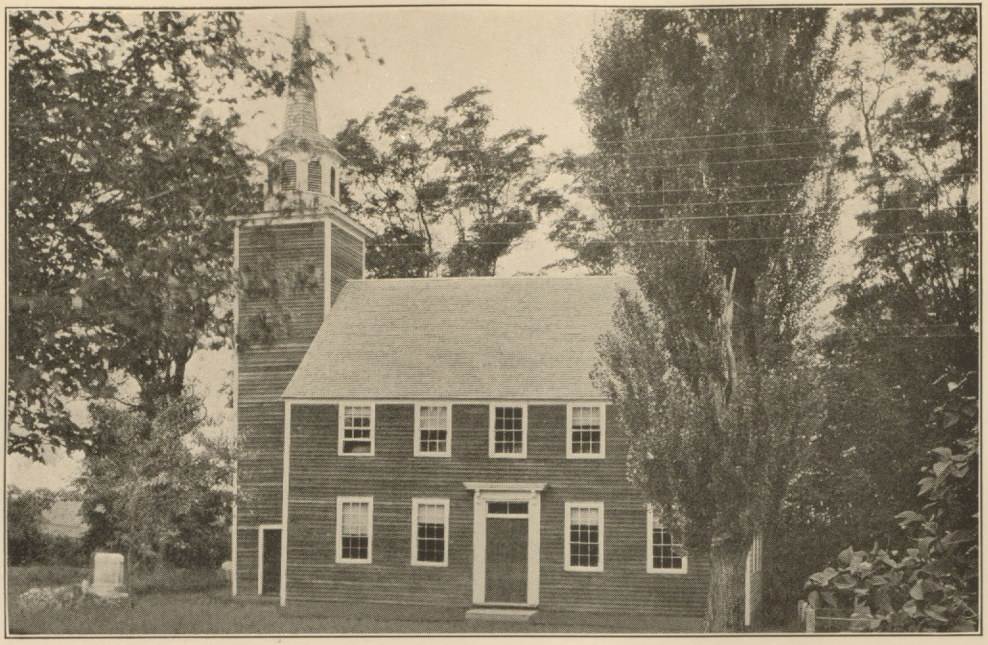
At Oromocto we had to make an important decision. There are two roads leading to St. John and the fork is situated at that village. We paused uncertain before a sign which read "Broad Road to St. John." I faintly remembered having heard in my far-off Sunday School days some allusion to a broad

way and the place it led to, and at once voted for the other road. Besides, I suspected that the other road, which was by implication the narrow one, would wind its leisurely way close to the shore of the river, and I could not bring myself to leave the enchanted land that lay along its shores. But the narrow way more than once brought us to the brink of destruction, for extensive repairs were going on along a great deal of its length, and we were often halted on the edge of a precipice to wait until a steam truck should deposit enough gravel to make it safe for us to pass. Nevertheless, we did not once regret our choice, for along the whole way we were treated to a succession of such lovely vistas as I have just described. The whole country seemed to teem with brooks and springs. I remember one where we stopped for a wash and a drink which was one of the coldest that I have ever had. The water, which must have passed through some icy cavern before it found the surface of the steep hillside, fairly bubbled and raced from a fissure in the rock and then went tumbling down the hill to

the intervale below and finally to the river beyond. Although we could not claim to be its discoverers, Alfred christened it "Esquimaux Spring" because he was sure that it came from the Arctic regions.

One of the chief features of the hamlets and villages along the St. John is the number of their churches. No matter how small the village or how mean the houses, the spire of a white and prosperous-looking meeting-house rises above. On both sides of the river this is noticeable, a fact which attests that faith and religion are very much alive in the hearts of the descendants of the old Loyalists. This devotion to religion as well as to king seems bred in the race, for the families in these villages are many of them of old New England Puritan stock.

On the opposite side of the river from Fredericton and a few miles below it there stands the village of Maugerville, which has an interesting history, particularly in matters of religion, if the old documents are to be trusted. It was settled by Puritans from New England who came as early as 1763 to take



OLD COVENANTER CHURCH, GRAND-PRÉ

possession of the valleys that were so much more fertile than their lands at home. So far as there are records to prove the fact, the first "booster" in these parts was a certain Thomas Gilbert from Massachusetts, who writes thus to his brother who still remained in New England:

I wonder you don't come yourself or send some of your family to help us enjoy this fine country. We feel no war nor pay any tax. Our land brings forth abundantly; it is almost incredible to see the produce; it makes little odds when you plant or sow, at harvest time you will have plenty. This last spring was late, the water was not off so that I could plant until the 21st of June and so till the 26th we planted, and you never saw so much corn in any part of the States to the acre as I have got, and wheat and everything to the greatest perfection. I wonder how you and my friends can prefer digging among the stones and paying rates to an easy life in this country. Last year I sold beef, pork and mutton, more than I wanted for my family, for £300 besides two colts for £40 apiece. A few days ago I sold four colts before they were broke for £110 and I have sixteen left.

I have a fine stock of cattle and sheep; butter and cheese is as plenty here as herrings are at Taunton—a tenant lives better here than a landlord at Berkley. I am blest with the best neighbors that ever drew breath, they are made of the same stuff that our forefathers were that first settled New England. . . . I live under the protection of the King, and am stationed under his laws on this Island, the finest farm in the Province. I don't intend to weigh my anchor nor start from this till I have orders from the Governor of all things, then I hope to obey the summons with joy and gladness, with great expectation to meet you in Heaven, where I hope to rest.

As soon as the settlement had become firmly established, the inhabitants organized themselves into a congregation, of which organization the "covenant" still exists:

As to matters of faith we cordially adhere to the principles of religion (at least the substance of them) contained in the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines wherewith also the New England Confession of Faith harmonizeth, not as supposing that there is any authority, much less infallibility, in these human creeds or forms,

but verily believing that these principles are drawn from and agreeable to the Holy Scripture, which is the foundation and standard of truth; hereby, declaring our utter dislike of the Pelagian Arminian principles, vulgarly so called.

And it is also our purpose and resolution (by Divine assistance) to discharge the duties of Christian love and Brotherly watchfulness towards each other, to train up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord: to join together in setting up and maintaining the Public worship of God among us, carefully and joyfully to attend upon Christ's Sacrament and institutions; to yield all obedience and submission to Him or them that shall from time to time in an orderly manner be made overseers of the flock, to submit to all the regular administrations and censures of the Church and to contribute all in our power unto the regularity and peaceableness of those administrations.

The records of the church show that the "brotherly watchfulness towards each other" was literally carried out, for two prominent members were called to account by the congregation for "scandalous sins," and upon

due acknowledgment of said sins before the members of the congregation "were restored to their charity again."

One of the ministers, Mr. Seth Noble, was voted £65 to be paid in "cash or furs or grain at cash price." But when, as often was the case, no minister was available, the members of the congregation did not hesitate to discharge his duties themselves, even to the performance of marriages as the following document shows:

In the presence of Almighty God and this Congregation, Gervas Say and Anna Russell, inhabitants of the above said township enter into marriage Covenant lawfully to dwell together in the fear of God the remaining part of our lives, in order to perform all ye duties necessary betwixt husband and wife as witness our hands.

{ Gervas Say.
{ Anna Say.

Witnesses—Daniel Palmer, Francis Peabody, Samuel Whitney, Richard Estey, George Hayward, David Palmer, Edward Coye.

Having been found to be built upon land the title of which was disputed, the church at Maugerville was moved bodily down the river to another centre of population. The method employed was the good old-fashioned "bee," and is thus described by the pastor:

It had first been erected at Maugerville, upon a litigated lot of land, which the society not choosing to bring to the issue of a law-suit, they determined to remove the chapel bodily to their own glebe, five miles lower down the river. The whole settlement, men, horses, and more than one hundred yoke of oxen, were present to assist in this more than herculean enterprise. The chapel was raised from its stone foundation by immense lever screws. Prodigious beams of timber were then introduced under the whole length of the building; into these were driven large staples, to which the oxen were yoked with strong chains of iron. When all things were ready for movement, at a given signal, each man standing by his horse or oxen, this great building, capable of holding eight hundred persons, was drawn down the river to its appointed place, where, another foundation having been prepared, it was again raised by

levers upon it with very little damage, not a single pew in the gallery or bottom having been removed in the process. In this emigrated chapel, I had the satisfaction of preaching the gospel of the kingdom to a large congregation. Perhaps you will wonder how the ice of this mighty river bore upon its bosom so ponderous a body; but your surprise will cease when I inform you that in the depth of winter, it is from two to three feet in thickness, making a bridge of aqueous crystal capable almost of bearing up a whole town.

All seems to have gone well in religious matters until 1779 when a certain Rev. Henry Alline arrived with a more modern brand of religion called the "New Light." He is described by a rival parson of the Church of England as "a rambling teacher who has made great commotion in this province," and his followers are called "enthusiasts."

This country is troubled with various sects of enthusiasts who agree in nothing except a frenzy of pious zeal and uncharitable spirit towards their unconverted neighbors, and a madness to introduce confusion, anarcy and nonsense into all the exercise of

religion. . . . He that is master of the strongest pair of lungs, and is able to exhibit the loudest and most doleful vociferation, is sure of prevailing success.

Alline visited Maugerville on at least three occasions, during which he succeeded in getting the whole settlement divided into cliques. One writer says with regard to this:

The early New-Light preachers resemble their leader. Such men, passing from settlement to settlement, as if impelled by a species of religious knight-errantry, could not fail to make an impression. Viewed in themselves, the results of their visits were in certain cases painful. Families were divided; neighbors became opposed to each other; pastors preached and wrote in vain endeavor to stem the tide, and failing, submitted to the inevitable; old church organizations were broken down and new organizations set up in their places. . . . To disturb the slumbers of the churches and arouse them to active effort seemed to be his vocation. His doctrines were distasteful to the Presbyterians of his day, and were termed by one of their leaders "a mixture of Calvinism, Antinomianism, and Enthusiasm."

But Alline himself took his work seriously and seems to have had that insidious enthusiasm and sincerity common to reformers.

When the Sabbath came, I preached, and the Lord was there, and I took much hold of the people. The week ensuing I preached two lectures and went from place to place, visiting the people and inquiring into their standing. O! it was a grief to see sincere Christians thus scattered up and down the mountains like sheep having no shepherd; and the accuser of the brethren had sown much discord among the Christians. There had been a church there, but the people had separated on account of the greatest part holding the minister to be an unconverted man, who afterwards went away, but the division still subsisted.

His influence seems to have been considerable and to have lasted for some time. He was asked to remain permanently at Maugerville, but continued his itinerant preaching instead. Boats loaded with converts passed up and down the river following in his wake. These meetings must have formed one of the chief amusements of the countryside during

summer. I wonder had the "movies" or "talkies" been established before the coming of Mr. Alline, if he would have attracted such large and enthusiastic crowds.

The people of St. John apparently had more to take up their attention than the people in the small settlements, and the preacher was received there rather coldly, for he himself notes: "I suppose there are upwards of two hundred people there come to years of maturity and I saw no signs of any Christian except one soldier. Yet although I was among such an irreligious people the Lord was kind to me for I lacked nothing while I was there." Baptists, Methodists and Congregationalists seem to have been scattered through the St. John river settlements, and Presbyterians as well. Disbanded soldiers from the 42nd Highlanders had settled in one portion of the country, and we are soberly told that some had turned Baptists and Methodists "but the best and the most remained Presbyterians."

The foregoing will, I believe, show that humanity was much the same one hundred

and fifty years ago as it is now, and that it dearly loved excitement and the pleasure of persuading others to accept new opinions. Nevertheless, we can be certain that the true spirit of religion dwelt in many of the hearts of these hardy settlers.

On down the river we followed the widening road with lovely views everywhere: now a broad stretch of water, next a well wooded island or series of islands, then broad tracts of rich, low-lying farm lands. As the sun began to sink in the West, it hid itself in a misty covering that had drifted up from the sea not far away. Soon blatant sign boards, filling-stations, shacks dispensing hot dogs and cold drinks announced that we were approaching civilization, or what passes for such in our century. It was not long before we caught the first glimpse of St. John, wrapped in the mist. After a good deal of seeking, we found a tourist camp where we could deposit the boys; then O. C. and I drove back to the city.

This camp looked decidedly uncomfortable to me, for it had now begun to rain, and a cold

wind was blowing up from the sea. The waves pounded on the beach, and just beyond the camp the headstones of a well-peopled graveyard peered uncannily through the deepening twilight. But the boys assured me that nothing could suit their ideas of comfort and cheer better, and having made arrangements to meet on the morrow beside the famous Reversing Falls, I turned cityward feeling like the cruel uncle who had abandoned the Babes in the Wood.

The Reversing Falls are truly a wonderful sight, especially when the cataract is slowly being conquered by the in-rushing tide. The rocky island that lies in the pathway of the falls has a curious legend connected with it. Alfred took delight in reciting us this legend —how Glooscap came to St. John one winter to make war upon the giant beaver that had built a gigantic dam across the river and flooded the country; how Glooscap with one blow of his club shattered the dam, the pieces flying in all directions; how one of these became the island at the falls, another Partridge Island farther down; and how Gloos-

cap went on a search for more beaver dams to smash, and finally left his snow shoes at Macknaquac, where they are to be seen to this day in the river in the shape of two islands called Glooscap's Snow Shoes.

While Alfred was telling me this legend, I lay on the bank gazing musingly at the water swelling and boiling below. It lacked at least one hour of full tide, for we, not knowing the leisurely way of the sea, had come far too early. But there seemed to me nothing better than to lie on the shore fascinated and almost hypnotized by the ever-moving river, and there in the mist-veiled sunshine to let the imagination run riot, and paint upon a background of gray ledges, dark fir trees and blue and white foaming waters a picture of the past which really became almost a pageant of history. I saw first of all the mystical giant chief on his snow shoes, striding over the frozen drifts to succor his children in the wilds above the falls, wearing on his feet moccasins beaded in many colors, upon his head brilliantly dyed feathers, and about his shoulders a rainbow-

hued blanket. Possibly some maple trees on the other shore which had turned to a brilliant red, a scarlet mountain ash clinging to the shore, and a sudden rift of sunshine in the mist may have been the physical cause of the vision, but I prefer to think that the spirit of Glooscap passed up the river and paused a moment at his old haunts for my special benefit.

Then came the boats of the white men—fishing boats of Basque and Breton; but these were only to be seen dimly in a ghostly vapor on the further shore. Then the ships that I saw became more clearly outlined, and even a flag could be discerned,—the flag of the King of France. My mind tarried a moment to mark a ship of small size which entered here on St. John's Day (June 24th), 1604. On the deck of the tiny sailing vessel stood an intrepid explorer, Samuel de Champlain. I could almost see the look of triumph on his face when he took possession of this country for the king, his master, and can even now picture something of the vision of empire that was spread before his eyes.

Then I looked a little farther and thought that around a sharp bend I could see Fort La Tour and the brave Lady La Tour inspiring the small garrison to hold the fort against great odds. Then followed the downfall of the forts and the murder of the soldiers by Charnisay, her husband's implacable enemy, and Lady La Tour's death and burial on the shore.

Mingled in the strange procession were always Indian canoes, passing up or down the river, sometimes with furs, sometimes with armed and painted warriors going to deal death to the English in the south, but more often guarding some bound soldier or wretched captive. Among these I caught a glimpse of a pale boyish face, that of John Gyles, an English lad, being carried away to Fort Meductic many miles up the river. Here and there a small sloop would bear some hardy Acadian colonist on his way to hew a home from the forest, or reveal the sad face of an exile seeking a quiet place to end his troubled days. Then last of all an austere and determined retinue passed before me—

the Loyalists—hiding breaking hearts beneath stern faces. Priest and soldier, trader and chieftain, exile and captive, colonist, parson, adventurer, they all floated by me in a motley crowd, some seeking to kill, others to save souls from perdition, some to make a fortune, others to hide from enemies and to cheat fate itself, but all driven by restlessness, desire, fear, cupidity, loyalty to lost causes, patriotism or selfishness, all elements of the power which ever drives humanity on. It was an interesting pageant, and I regret that there were many figures in it that I could not see plainly. I was just beginning to make out some of the more indistinct figures in the boats and canoes that still kept passing before me, when I was aroused from my reverie by Old Chum and Alfred proclaiming loudly that it was supper time and that they were as hungry as the Indians that I had been dreaming about.

CHAPTER III

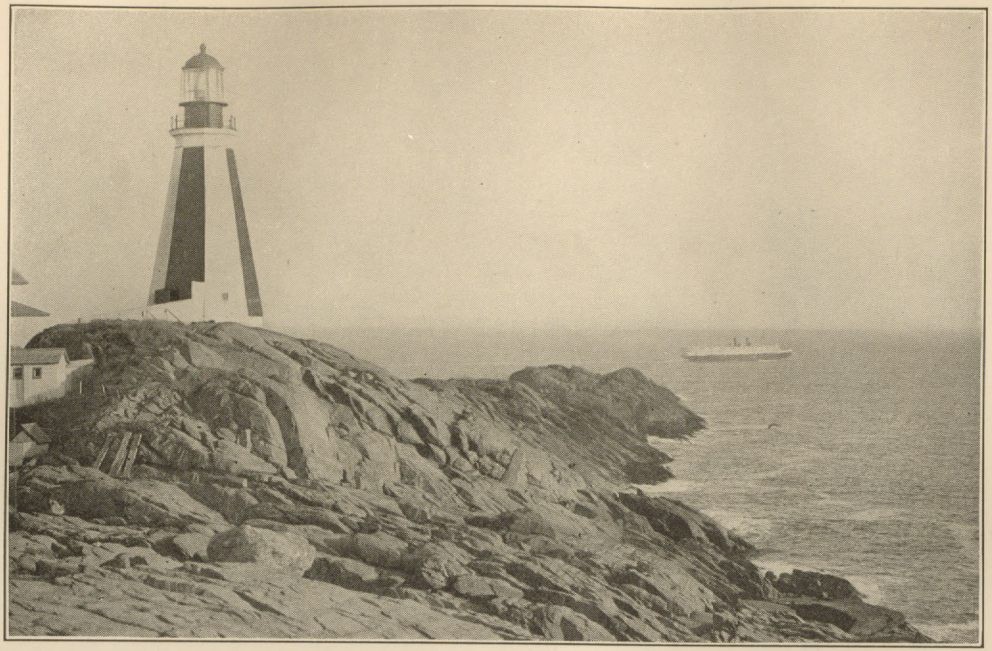
FORT ANNE

I AM afraid we approached Digby in rather a bad temper. The early start on the boat, the cold raw air, the dense fog and the continued moaning of the fog horn had got on our nerves a little. But perhaps the real reason was that we had left behind our merry companions, Alfred and Roland, and should probably not see them again. O. C., too, was especially disappointed, because in this, his first encounter with the sea, he had not felt the least plunge of the boat beneath him nor the slightest qualm of sea-sickness. To make one's maiden voyage on salt water and feel as if one were in a padded cell with a moaning lunatic in the next room was certainly not exciting. Now and then a flock of sea birds would swoop out of the mist and fly across the ship, and an occasional fishing-boat would

peer like a wraith through the fog only to vanish again. But these were all the distractions that the crossing afforded, and we were glad to see, when the mist clouds were torn apart for a moment, tall cliffs covered with fir trees looming up ahead. Soon a few church spires and gables of buildings pierced the fog, and we went below to see the Bluebird hauled out of the dark bowels of the ship. I sat near the gangway watching for the car to emerge, and all the while was entertained by a lady in yellow breeches and a red sweater, who insisted on telling me her family history. Fortunately the boat bumped the wharf with an alarming thud and upset two of her four children who were peering over the rails. In the excitement of rescuing the children and putting them in a place of safety, I made my escape. I seem to have a fatal talent for inviting confidences of the most intimate kind and often I find myself rather embarrassed to know just how to listen or what to say. But fate was kind that day, and the securing of the over-turned children covered my ignominious retreat.

Our landing having been completed amid a great deal of clatter and excitement, the Bluebird having been disinterred from the hold, and the talkative lady with the large family having gone her way to Yarmouth, the question was what to do next. It is a most delightful sensation to travel about having no plans except to see and enjoy as much as possible. O. C., who seemed to harbor within him a perpetual hunger, proposed lunch, to which suggestion I must confess I agreed quite readily. Lunch finished, the clouds of gray mist began to roll up into great feather-beds, then to break up into flocks of giant sea gulls floating on an inverted sea. My bad humor disappeared with the sea fog and flew away with the feather-bed clouds across the Bay of Fundy.

Digby is a quiet pleasant town in a setting of serene beauty. The houses and hotels are embowered with flowers, and here I first saw those lovely climbing roses that were my delight and envy during the whole of my stay in Nova Scotia. Nowhere inland have I found them so luxuriant, and the puny specimens



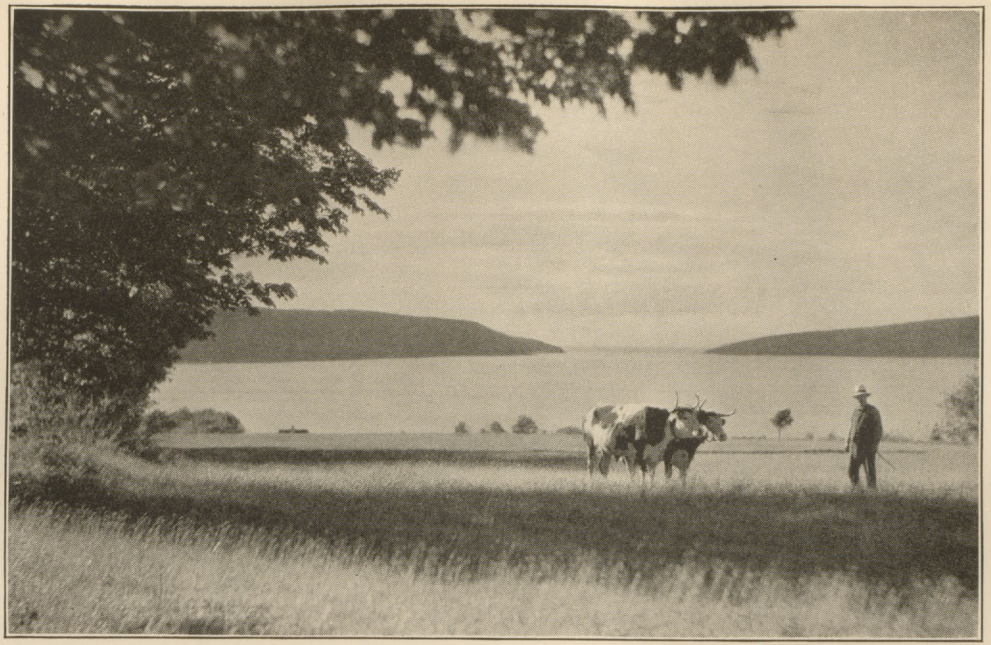
YARMOUTH LIGHT

in my own garden seem like pigmies, when I think of these roses that flourish everywhere beside the sea. Garden fence and cottage wall are smothered by them, and it is not rare to find them clinging to the very chimney tops of the small white cottages along these shores.

I always pay a visit to the antique shops of every town I visit when my time allows, although I am not a collector; for one can, I believe, thus form a good idea of the people that visit the place and also perhaps, by the prices asked, measure to a great extent the expense of a stay in the town. The one I selected in Digby was on the main street and was kept by a polite young man with a rosy-cheeked boy for assistant. I have noticed that there are no mealy-faced children in Nova Scotia. The sea air seems to give a rosy color to the thinnest cheeks. Although I informed the antique seller that I did not wish to buy but that I only wanted to compare the hooked rugs, with which the walls were hung, with those of Quebec, he politely gave me his assistance and brought out rug

after rug of great beauty of design and workmanship. These, he said, were made during the winter by the Acadian women near St. Mary's Bay, by the wives of Scotch farmers of Nova Scotia, and the French and Scotch people of Prince Edward Island. I found the workmanship similar to that of the Quebec rug-makers, but the designs were more artistic and the colors less striking. The serenity of the Maritimes seems to be typified in the homely art of the rugs woven there, while a primitive quality of design and contrast of color characterize those of Quebec. The young man told me that he handled thousands of rugs each year, and that he was a buying agent for a large department store in Boston. The prices were very reasonable, considering the fine quality of the work, as was also the case with a set of fine old rush-bottom chairs that were just being placed on view.

The surroundings of Digby are, as I have said, charming. On leaving the town, the road climbs up a slope, and affords a delightful view across the bay. By the time we had



DIGBY GAP

reached the top of the slope the fog had vanished entirely, and the sun shone out across the stretch of water beyond the rich meadows and scattered orchards in the foreground where spotted cattle were grazing. The dark fir-clad hills in the distance—North and South Mountains—sloped gently down to the sea, and the historic Digby Gap, or Gut as it is still called by the natives, was clearly seen in the middle distance with a faint blue line far beyond which may have been the retreating mists of the morning, or perhaps the outline of the other shore. I stopped to speak to a farmer who was driving a yoke of meek-eyed oxen by means of a long whip which never touched the animals with more force than would flick a fly from their sleek sides. I asked if this were Digby Gap, not being sure of my geography, and if through this Gap Champlain and the other explorers sailed. "I don't know nothin' 'bout that, but yon's the Gut," was the reply. While the farmer placed one foot on the running board he spat vigorously into the dust and prepared for a long conversation. The country people of the

Maritimes are always ready to give the stranger what information they may possess and expect an hour's entertainment in return. After five minutes of conversation O. C. got impatient and started the car, leaving the farmer balanced on one foot with the other dangling in the air where the running board ought to be. At least this is what O. C. said he saw in the motor mirror, but I refuse to vouch for the truth of it.

Of the many historic spots in Nova Scotia, few stir the imagination more strongly than Digby Gap. For through this narrow strait have sailed many brave souls who made the early history of the country. Here in 1604 Champlain and de Monts sailed their little vessel on their way to found Port Royal. It was on the 16th of June that the sloop left St. Mary's Bay and passed through the Gap in the late afternoon. With them was the Sieur de Poutrincourt in search of a peaceful home in the wilds of New France. With them also was probably the poet Marc Lescarbot, who became the first playwright and litterateur of the country. These were the



ST. MARY'S BAY

first white men to record their visit, although perhaps the venturesome fishermen and traders of early times had sailed into the Basin. The main features of the landscape must have been much as they are to-day, except that where we now find rich farms and fruitful orchards there was nothing but primeval forest. Through this Gap the hostile boats of Charnisay sailed to carry destruction to his arch enemy, La Tour, at the mouth of the St. John river across the bay, or again with a reversed tide the forces of La Tour sailed through, hoping to destroy his enemy Charnisay at Port Royal. Later, through this narrow strait came the English to attack the French at Port Royal, and the French sailed out once more to attack New England. Here passed many of the Acadian exiles on their way to unknown countries beyond the sea, and years after through the same Gap they or their descendants sailed on their return from exile. Micmac Indians, Scotch settlers, United Empire Loyalists, French explorers, traders and adventurers, English soldiers, some of them commanded

by a Royal Prince, defeated and war-worn French commanders, all these and more have passed through this fateful gap to success and reward, or to failure and doom.

We had scarcely left behind the lovely scene at Digby and were about to cross a very long bridge, when I caught sight of a sign reading "Bear River." This name called to memory accounts that I had read of the fine scenery along the river and the quaintness of the village, which cultivates cherries and holds festivals to celebrate the blossoming of the orchards. I remembered also that the region round about is known as "the Switzerland of America." This last fact nearly made me pass Bear River by, for I have a prejudice against such labels as this. I am glad, however, that I overcame my dislike to the appellation, and yelled to O. C. to stop the chariot which was proceeding rapidly down the steep and crooked hill before the bridge. O. C. is fortunately used to my sudden impulses and obediently stopped the car. "I want to go to Bear River," I said, and we were soon following



BEAR RIVER

a shaded winding but very smooth road to the village a few miles distant. The view through the trees of the river at flood tide, the picturesque farms and the steep sloping hills, the village itself rising from the river's shore in terraces to a hill crowned with a white spire, the gnarled orchard trees, the swift brooks tumbling headlong down the hillsides all unite to make a sylvan scene well worth a long journey to see. And I was glad to find that Bear River had not the least resemblance to any part of Switzerland, but was just its own charming self and could stand on its own merits. I had noticed a large deserted brick mill or factory where the river joins the sea, its thick walls and towering chimney showing signs of decay. I learned later that this was the result of an attempt to make Bear River into a great paper manufacturing centre, such as has ruined many a beautiful valley of Quebec. But there had been some mistake about the water supply, and the material prosperity that had been expected never came. After some months of excitement in the village while the mill was

being built, Bear River settled down once more to be what Providence apparently intended it to be—one of the prettiest villages in Nova Scotia.

My thoughts had reverted to Champlain, de Monts and Poutrincourt, and I was in a day-dream which took me back over three hundred years, when there came into view a series of long, low, green mounds by the water-side, a village with white houses lying beyond, and the Union Jack flying from a tall flagpole. A wayside poster announced that I was approaching the oldest English town in America, and before I could bring myself back from the past to the present I was before the gate of Fort Anne. Indeed the whole long afternoon during which I lingered inside the old fort, I was more in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than in the twentieth. The afternoon had become a little sultry, a blue haze covered the sun, and an occasional mist cloud would roll up from the distant sea. I saw in vision a long array of strange figures in curious garb—red-coated soldiers, black-robed priests, Indian war-



SIEUR DE MONT'S MONUMENT, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

riors clothed in skins, and courtiers in the gaudy dress of seventeenth century France.

The story of the founding of Port Royal, now called Annapolis Royal, really goes back to the year 1606 when de Monts, Champlain and Poutrincourt came up the Basin and landed on the other shore opposite Goat Island, having abandoned Île Ste. Croix where they had established themselves in 1604. As I intend to treat this picturesque part of the history of Annapolis in another chapter, for us at the present moment, the history of the place begins in 1635 when the fort, known to the French as Fort St. Louis, was built by a French gentleman who bore the name Charles de Menon, Seigneur D'Aulnay de Charnisay, and whom we shall call Charnisay "for short." The history of Port Royal between the years 1635-1645 is a history of the civil strife between the rivals La Tour and Charnisay and is one of the most striking incidents in the history of the country. This, too, is fully described in another chapter.

Before the time of Charnisay the French

seem to have settled here about the site of the fort and up the river Annapolis, then known as the Rivière Dauphin. A census report is not generally a very interesting document, but that of the census taken by the French in 1671 gives us some idea of the settlement at that time. There were sixty-eight families consisting of three hundred and sixty-one people. Among them we find a priest, a surgeon, a weaver, four coopers, a blacksmith, a mason, a maker of edge tools, and two armorers. Three hundred and sixty-four acres of land—about one per person—were under cultivation, and there were about a thousand domestic animals in the colony. This shows that, for the times at least, a fair degree of prosperity and comfort had been attained.

But this peaceful condition was soon to be rudely disturbed, for France and England were almost constantly at war, and Port Royal was one of the most important pawns in the deadly game. Sir William Phipps sailed from Boston in 1690 and captured the place. The soldiers of the little garrison

were sent away as prisoners of war, but the inhabitants were allowed to remain. Privateers and pirates came up the Basin soon after Phipps had departed, and completed the work of destruction by burning as many houses and barns as possible and killing several of the innocent inhabitants.

The next year Port Royal was again taken by the French. In fact, it must have puzzled the inhabitants who clung to their farms with the tenacity of the French peasant to know under which flag they were living, so often did the place change masters.

It was not until about 1704 that the present earthworks were raised, at least in part. The old-fashioned way of having a *corvée* or "bee" was employed, and men from distant Grand Pré came to assist in the strengthening of the earthworks. When we think that over two centuries have elapsed since many of these mounds were raised, and that they have been for that period subjected to the levelling agencies of weather, war and time, we can but marvel at the courage and tenacity of those who raised these huge defences. The

first buildings constructed by white men north of the Gulf of Mexico was Champlain's Habitation across the Basin, sixteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock.

Near Port Royal had been built the first water mill in North America, which turned its wheel to grind the native corn; and in 1705 the first ship of large size, "La Biche," was launched in these waters. Just across the Basin was the birthplace of Poetry and Drama in America. It is well to remember these facts when we think of Port Royal as one of the main theatres of the struggle between the French and English for supremacy on the North American continent. During one hundred and six years the place was often besieged and was captured six different times.

From the year 1707 until the final fall of the fort, Port Royal was in an almost perpetual state of siege. Corsairs and privateers preyed upon the English ships that ventured into the Bay of Fundy, and English vessels captured those of the French when-

ever possible. Prisoners were taken on both sides, and these were often exchanged. But although the French at Port Royal lived in constant fear of the people of New England, a certain amount of illicit trading went on between them, and a personal friendliness seems to have existed between Subercase, the governor of Acadia, and Governor Dudley of Massachusetts. At any rate, we learn that on one occasion when the French visited Boston in order to exchange prisoners, the governor of Massachusetts sent a present to the governor of Acadia consisting of a hogshead of red wine and four puncheons of beer. Notwithstanding this token of friendship, the same governor sent from Nantasket a fleet carrying over a thousand men! This fleet arrived at Digby Gap on June 6, 1707, and sailed so swiftly up the Basin that the guard at the Gap scarcely reached the fort before the New Englanders had anchored above Goat Island. The French governor, Subercase, was a calm and courageous man and stoutly defended the fort. A pitched battle was engaged in outside the fort, Subercase

leading his men and having his horse shot beneath him; but the English advanced upon the French with flags flying, drums beating and trumpets sounding, in the old-fashioned way, and drove the French back to the fort. The Colonials, seeing that the place was too strong to take by force decided upon a siege. This continued for many days, but in the end the New Englanders withdrew and returned in ignominy to Boston. The people of this city had set their hearts on the capture of the stronghold of their enemy, and a delegation from Colonel March, the commander, was received with derision. A large mob, mostly women and children wearing wooden swords, met the soldiers of March at the wharf with cries of "Port Royal! Port Royal!", and shouted at the officers as they landed, "For shame! Pull off those iron spits for wooden swords are in fashion now."

Another fleet was prepared and sent forward immediately, and arrived at the Gap on August 21. The results were much the same as before. The settlers were harassed, the dykes cut and their lands flooded. By

the 27th of August the New Englanders were compelled to retire about three miles down the river where conditions for camp were not satisfactory. The soldiers became ill from exposure, Indians lurked in the forest about to fall upon them, the French inside the fort were ever ready to sally forth. A last desperate effort was made to carry the fort in a battle, the exact site of which is not known; and again the attempt to take Port Royal was abandoned and the Colonials returned home.

All through the next year the intrepid French governor of Acadia was engaged in strengthening his fort in the expectation of another attack. Of the work one monument of importance remains in the powder magazine on the Bastion de Berry. This is built of Caen stone brought over from France. It stands to-day near the sally-gate overlooking the Basin on which floated so often the craft of the enemy, a monument to the brave Frenchman who did all in his power to save this corner of North America for his royal master. As the massive door of the maga-

zine swung on one French hinge and one British, when I entered the vault beyond, it seemed as though I were entering the sepulchre of French hopes of empire in this part of the world.

The offensive now seems to have been taken by the French, for Subercase, writing in 1708 says, "Our privateers have desolated Boston and captured or destroyed thirty-five vessels. It has had a scarcity of provisions for a whole year." Besides this blow to the Colonial supplies, four hundred and seventy prisoners were brought captive to Port Royal that year. In the spring of 1709 an attack was hourly expected by the French for which they were but ill-prepared.

It was not until September 29, 1710, that the expedition which was destined at last to crush Port Royal left Nantasket, General Nicholson being in command. With the regular soldiers were four New England regiments armed at the expense of Queen Anne and receiving their commissions from her. Ships bearing this army anchored near Goat Island on October 5. One transport ran

on the rocks farther down the Basin, and twenty-six men were drowned.

Subercase was ill-prepared. He had with him a good many recruits from France who wished to desert and were not to be trusted in any way. He could not send them far from the fort and was obliged to remove the boats to a place where they could not use them. Provisions, too, were lacking. He writes at this time: "I have been able by my own industry to borrow wherewith to feed the garrison these two years. I have paid what I could by selling my own movable property; I would give even my last shirt, but I fear that all my trouble will be useless if help does not arrive soon."

Although defence was hopeless, the governor decided to hold out as long as he could. The New Englanders and British began to land as the mortars of the fort thundered defiance at the red-coated invaders. An advance guard reached a position within four hundred yards of the fort, and when night came, bombing vessels floated within range of the fort and threw shells

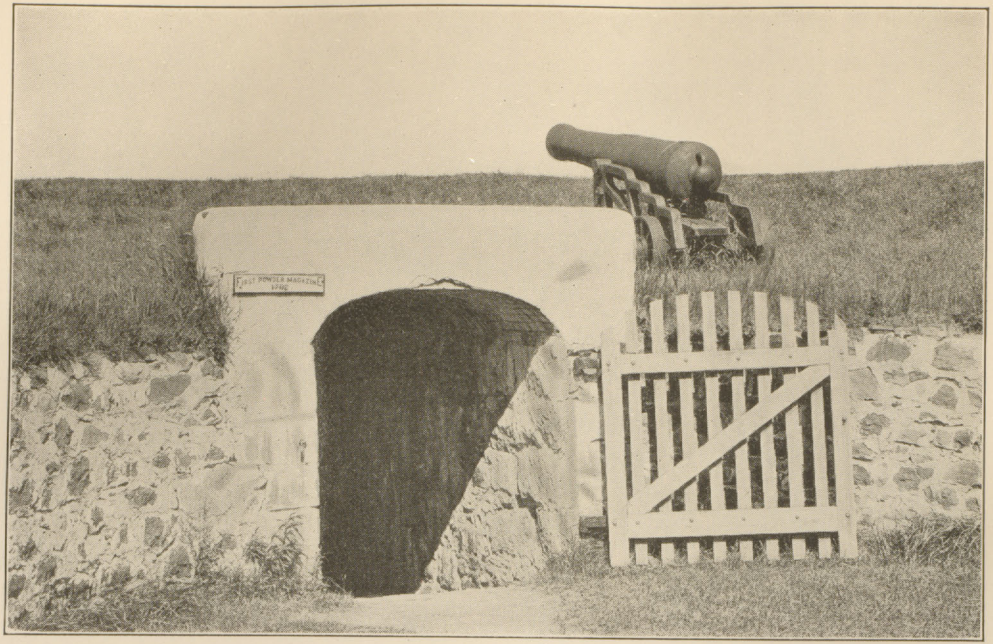
upon soldiers and refugees alike. The siege went on for several days, during which the brave French commander saw Fate turning slowly and surely against him. The attacks were generally made under cover of night, the darkness being rent by flash and scream of bursting shells. By the twelfth of October batteries of mortars had been mounted by the British all about the fort, one on Baily Hill within one hundred yards of the walls of the old fort. All that noon the batteries belched forth death and destruction, and later in the day when the fury of the attack had died down a little, British officers bearing a white flag were seen approaching the fort. The heroic Subercase knew that he was beaten. He had everything against him, disloyal soldiers, famine, and clamorous refugees demanding that he surrender. Hostilities were suspended for a few days, and on October 16, 1710, the governor of Acadia handed over to General Nicholson the keys of a fortress that had been the bone of contention between two great nations for a hundred years. This surrender was made in

dramatic manner, and we can imagine that Subercase obtained melancholy comfort from the way in which it was carried out. We are told that the victorious British general, Nicholson, accompanied by all his staff in brilliant uniforms, rode through the gates between lines of British soldiers standing at attention, two French hostages being with them. The French governor and his staff, together with two English hostages, met the British on the bridge, and while compliments were paid to the bravery of the victors, the keys of the fort were handed to General Nicholson. But the French governor was game to the end, for after he had given up the keys of the fort he had so gallantly defended, he said, "I hope to pay you a visit next spring."

Nicholson at once handed the keys to Colonel Vetch who had been instrumental in gathering the forces in New England, and named him the first Governor of Annapolis Royal as Port Royal was henceforth to be called. The fort was named Fort Anne, in honor of the Queen, a name which it still retains.

The French marched out of the fort with all the honors of war, saluting the British general as they passed. The British then marched into the fort, the Queen's health was drunk, salvos were fired from all the guns, and the Union Jack was hoisted above the fort that for a hundred years had been one of the chief theatres of the strife between French and English. The French garrison was sent to France, the settlers within three miles of the fort were allowed to remain for two years provided they took the oath of allegiance, and peace settled down upon the battle ground.

For over thirty years Fort Anne and Annapolis Royal seem to have enjoyed a period of comparative peace, broken by an occasional attack by the Indians who, in this part of the country, were generally hostile to the English. On one occasion thirty of the British were killed in an ambuscade at Bloody Creek about twelve miles from the fort. In 1720 twelve English families had settled not far from the fort where military law was administered with the utmost rigor,



POWDER MAGAZINE, FORT ANNE

as we can judge from the following incident which took place in 1725. A servant of Governor Armstrong was sentenced for insulting his master, and the sentence passed upon him by the military council was as follows: "The punishment therefore inflicted upon thee is to sit upon a gallows three days, one half hour each day with a rope about thy neck and a paper upon thy breast, whereon shall be wrote 'Audacious Villain,' and afterwards thou art to be whipt at a cart's tail from the prison up to the uppermost house of the Cape, and from thence back again to the prison house, receiving each one hundred paces five stripes upon thy bare back with a cat-of-nine-tails." The historian who records this incident considers the punishment "somewhat onerous"!

Little is known of the life at Annapolis Royal during this period, but in 1744 war was again declared between France and England, and Fort Anne girded itself for the fray. It was attacked on three separate occasions during the "War of Austrian Succession." The first attack was by the Indians, who soon

became disheartened and retreated. The second was led by Du Vivier, a descendant of La Tour. He, too, lost courage and went back to Grand-Pré. The third attack was led by Marin who maintained a siege for three weeks but then withdrew to Louisburg, which in 1745 was taken by the New Englanders. A fourth attack which was to be more formidable than any before was contemplated but never materialized. A fleet, the most powerful that had ever left France to cross the Atlantic, had set out from Brest to restore the lost power of the French in America. Seventy ships carrying thirteen thousand men set sail, but only forty-two ships arrived. Thousands of men were carried off by disease, the leader died, his successor committed suicide, and the plan of recapturing Louisburg, the greatest prize, had to be given up. Annapolis would prove an easy prey, so the new French leader thought, and he set out to capture the place. But storms off Cape Sable near La Tour's old fort wrecked several of the ships, the commander in despair turned back, and Fort Anne was left in peace.

The next event that took place in the war-ridden region of Annapolis is a dark and sinister one, fraught with the suffering of hundreds of deluded but staunch-hearted peasants. We generally think of the expulsion of the Acadians as having taken place only at Grand-Pré, but even in a sketch of the history of Annapolis this sad event cannot be passed over. It is a subject which has been the cause of so much controversy that it may be best to rely on historians who have made an extended study of the subject rather than upon myself. I will therefore quote from the "History of Annapolis Royal" by W. H. McVicar, who, although he at first gives a fair account of the British side of the question, plainly sympathizes with the expelled Acadians.

. . . Measures were taken by Governor Lawrence, without the formal sanction of the British Government, to remove the Acadian people to the different English colonies. Major Handfield, who was in command at Annapolis, was informed that transports would be sent to him from Boston to convey

one thousand persons, of whom three hundred would be sent to Philadelphia, two hundred to New York, three hundred to Connecticut, and two hundred to Boston. Handfield's instructions bade him use measures of compulsion, and to deprive any, who should escape, of all means of shelter and support, by burning their houses, and destroying everything that could afford means of subsistence. He was informed that Colonel Winslow would march across from Grand-Pré, with a strong detachment, to pick up stragglers, and that any ship, which had not received her complement of passengers up the Bay, would call at Annapolis. Not long after he had received his instructions, the ships came, prepared for their living freight. Not a huge Armada, certainly, but destined to be freighted with such a burden of sorrow. The names of a few vessels have come down to us. There was the ship "Hopson," the sloops "Sarah and Molly," "Dolphin," "Hannah," "Three Friends" and "Swan"; names innocent enough, but ominous to the startled inhabitants of this quiet valley, who were summoned to hear the fateful decree of banishment. The task set before the military was a very difficult one. To gather so scattered a people, and place them on the transports was almost

an impossibility. Many abandoned their homes, on getting intelligence of the intentions of the Government, and fled to the woods for safety, and much difficulty was experienced in securing them. Some of these refugees crossed the South Mountain, back of Bridgetown, and built huts in the woods, where, to-day, we may find remains of pottery, in evidence of their lonely residence. Hunger, finally, compelled most of them to surrender, and upwards of eleven hundred souls were placed on board vessels at Annapolis Royal.

In the season of clear skies and balmy air, the charming month of September, these devoted people were torn away from homes that were sacred by the hallowed associations of long years of industry and privation. With hearts wrung with anguish, they saw the merciless flames devour the very shrines of their devotion; saw their barns and granaries, that were bursting with the offerings of a generous harvest, reduced to blackened ashes; heard the plaintive lowing of their cattle, the bleating of their flocks, the mournful lament of the faithful watch-dog beside the dying embers of the desolated hearth; but yet they lived. They lived, to carry into distant lands and other scenes, the echoes

that rung in their ears, and the memories that burned in their brains, while reason held her throne, and the pulse of life throbbed in their bosoms. The impulse to escape was strong upon them, even when on their voyage. One craft, which was carrying more than two hundred into exile, was captured by her passengers and taken into the St. John, where the Acadians joined their Canadian countrymen. After reaching their various destinations, they at once began making attempts to return. Some were sent to the West Indies, the climate of which was fatal; some to England, where they took the oath of allegiance, and, after a time, regained a footing in Acadia. Others again, on hired craft, coasted the New England shores in hopes of regaining possession of their old homes; so that, in the course of years, a large number of the exiles had returned to their old haunts in Nova Scotia.

Annapolis did not entirely escape the effects of the American Revolution. The inhabitants lived in a constant state of fear, and in 1781, on the night of August 28, two privateers carrying twenty-two guns and large crews sailed over the historic waters

of Digby Gap, and at the dawn of day anchored before the fort. The sentries were seized at the sally-port before they could give the alarm, and the small band of militia inside the fort was captured. The Americans, having surrounded the town, made all the men and boys march to the block-house of the fort, where they were put under strong guard. The Americans then plundered the place, spiked the cannon and sailed down the Basin with the out-going tide. In May of the next year another American war vessel appeared in the Basin, but it was captured by a British ship, and the inhabitants were left in peace.

Besides this, Annapolis was the landing place of many Loyalists during the War of Independence. At one time nearly six thousand were gathered in the neighborhood. The conditions of living must have been terrible for these refugees; many of them, people of refinement and education, were entirely without means of support or shelter. They moved to other parts as soon as possible, some going to Digby or up the Annapolis river, and others to St. John.

The War of 1812 kept the people of Annapolis in a state of constant anxiety, although no invasion of Nova Scotia took place. An incident related by Mr. McVicar in his history will show the state of nerves that the people had, quite reasonably, developed. One afternoon the booming of a gun from the fort resounded over the valley and far across the Basin; it was followed by another and still another. This was the signal of the arrival of an enemy, and every man hastened to defend the fort. Muskets were hastily seized, powder-horns taken down from the walls of the houses, provisions gathered, and all hands summoned to repel the advancing enemy. Women and children rushed pell-mell through the streets, carrying their household goods in bundles with them to the block-house. The fort was manned at every bastion, and all waited for the attack to start. But it never came off, for the "enemy" turned out to be a few English schooners laden with nothing more explosive than lime.

Such is a brief account of one of the spots in Canada where the essence of history—the



ENTRANCE TO FORT ANNE

history of strife, for the most part—seems to be concentrated. It is difficult to realize that on the blue ridge of the farther shore the poetry and dramatic art of America had its birthplace, that from this cove Charnisay sallied forth to harry the charming Madame La Tour at St. John, that British, French and American privateers have all in turn plundered the hapless town, that hostile Indians once lurked on these wooded hillsides or prowled in canoes along the shores awaiting an unwary settler, that here hundreds of Acadians bade farewell to their loved Acadie forever, and that thousands of the so-called enemies of these same Acadians—the British Loyalists—only a few years later came begging for food and shelter. But such, nevertheless, is the case.

The day that I visited the fort was, as I have said, calm and hazy, a day that would make one feel that the history of strife and warfare was only a tale invented for one's diversion. Scarcely have I seen a more peaceful place. Perhaps the very contrast of the past with the present accentuated this

feeling of repose and security. Upon the waters of the Basin a few small sailing boats lay as though becalmed, mowers were busy cutting the grass upon the slopes of the old bastions that had been the occasion of so much toil and suffering, children played beneath the guns and rolled down the grassy sides of the mounds, and I saw nothing more warlike than a fight over a chicken bone between a Boston bull and an Aberdeen terrier. Perhaps something of the spirit that animated the past had entered these canine breasts, for the fight promised to be a stirring one, until it was rudely interrupted by the interference of the master of the Boston bull.

Aside from its romantic and stirring history, the fort itself as it exists to-day is full of interest.

Standing near the entrance to greet the visitor is a granite monument surmounted by a bust of Sieur de Monts. His back is turned upon the stretch of water that leads to the open sea and to old France, and he gazes steadfastly towards that new French Empire

of his dreams—dreams which were destined never to be realized. But who can say that they were fruitless? He led the way for others to follow, descendants of his countrymen dwell in peace and happiness after many vicissitudes upon these shores, and beyond in Quebec millions of his race live amicably side by side with their former enemies. His effigy looks down upon cannon used by the British to repel invaders of their own race in 1812, and back and forth walk peaceful visitors from all three nations who have warred upon this former battlefield.

The monument perpetuates not only the memory of a brave man, but also commemorates an event which took place three years before the founding of Jamestown, Virginia, and sixteen years before the coming of the "Mayflower" to the "stern and rock-bound coast" of New England. Among the names of those who figured largely in the early history of American civilization—and the list is long, embracing many nationalities—the name of Sieur de Monts is not the least.

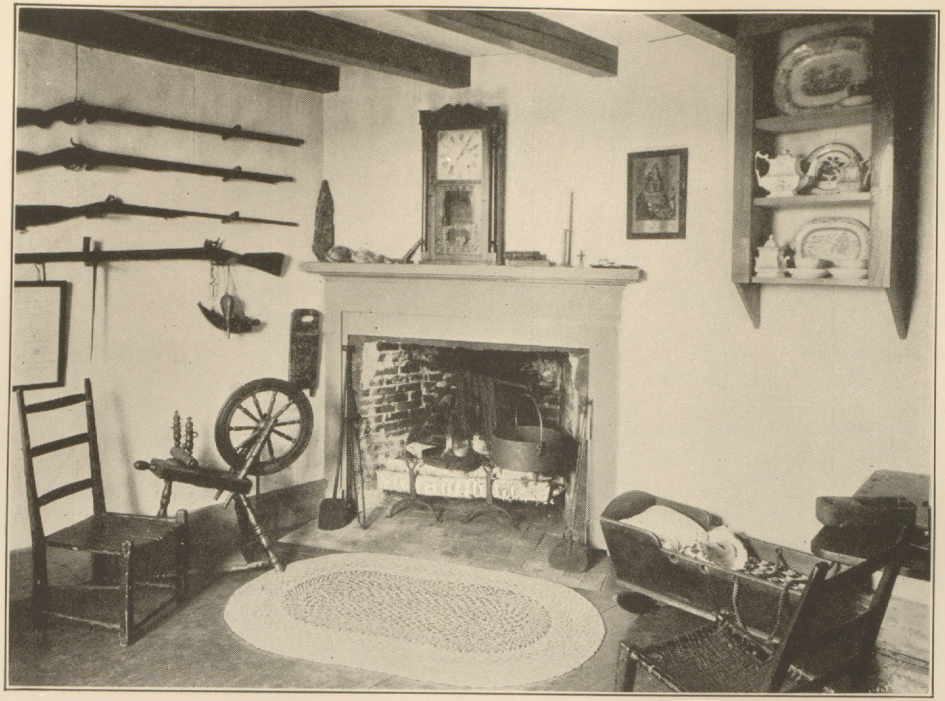
TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS MEMORY OF
LIEUT.-GEN'L TIMOTHÉ PIERRE DU GAST,
SIEUR DE MONTS,
THE PIONEER OF CIVILIZATION IN NORTH AMERICA,
WHO DISCOVERED AND EXPLORED THE ADJACENT
RIVER, A.D. 1604,
AND FOUNDED ON ITS BANKS THE FIRST SETTLE-
MENT OF EUROPE AS NORTH OF THE
GULF OF MEXICO,
THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA
REVERENTLY DEDICATES
THIS MONUMENT
WITHIN SIGHT OF
THAT SETTLEMENT,
A.D. 1904.
GENUS IMMORTALE MANET.

There is, for me at least, a magic in names. A word will often carry the imagination farther afield than a paragraph. The grass-grown bastions of the old fort still preserve for us the savor of the French régime for they bear the names of the Bastion du Roy, the Bastion du Dauphin, the Bastion de Bourgogne and the Bastion de Berry respectively.

But we have memorials not only to French Royalty but to English Royalty as well. For the long low building, which is the chief feature of the enclosure, was built in 1798 under the personal supervision of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, and at that time commander-in-chief of the British forces in America. It is an interesting old building, long and low, with three massive chimneys which contain flues for the thirty fireplaces within. It was constructed as quarters for the British officers then stationed at Fort Anne. It is now a historical museum under the charge of a courteous curator, Mr. Fortier, who possesses an enthusiasm for the history of the place rarely found in museum officials. Every room is crammed with interesting objects, but the one that held my attention was the Acadian Room. I joined the usual procession of visitors whom Mr. Fortier was conducting through the low-ceilinged rooms, but felt something of a stranger amid the rusty weapons of former days and the faded portraits of warriors, kings and queens. But suddenly, when I

entered the Acadian Room, I felt at home, as though I had stepped into a habitant dwelling of to-day on the shores of the St. Lawrence. For here were the deal walls painted white with blue beams; the yellow floor with its braided and hooked rugs; the split-bottom wooden chairs, the spinning-wheel in one corner; the sacred pictures of Virgin and Child, and of Notre Dame de Bon Secours in blue robe holding a ship; the cupboard of old china; and last but not least important in keeping up the illusion of the habitant home—the cradle with its quilted coverlet beside the fireplace. Mr. Fortier told me that every article in the room, including even the beams and boards of walls and ceilings, had come from old Acadian houses in the vicinity.

One gentleman of the party seemed particularly impressed and spoke continually of "Evangeline's house." But his faith outran his knowledge when, on being shown a portrait of Longfellow, he exclaimed in an awed voice to his wife, "That's Evangeline's father!" So firmly fixed has the Evangeline



ACADIAN ROOM, FORT ANNE MUSEUM

story become in the minds of many that they regard her as a historical character. I was told recently of a lady who, on visiting Grand-Pré, expressed keen disappointment that she could not find Evangeline's grave.

I had still one exposure in my camera, and on looking about for something to snap before leaving the fort, I spied a sun dial of gray New Hampshire granite surrounded by a low hedge. It is in memory of George Vaughan, who served under General Nicholson at the capture of Port Royal in 1710, and afterwards became Lieutenant-Governor of New Hampshire. It seemed to me that, although obviously new amid ancient surroundings, it bore a message particularly appropriate for the place in its Scotch inscription: "Time tries a'."

CHAPTER IV

GRAND-PRÉ

THE scene of a great human tragedy must always stir the emotions of those who behold it. A battlefield where men laid down their lives for a lost cause, or stumbled on in their agony to victory, will always excite our pity and bring a thoughtful sadness to our minds. A place where brutality has triumphed over humanity, where kings, queens, aristocrats and commoners were once loosed to the fury of the mob, or the cruelty of the executioner, such as Tower Hill in London or the Place de la Concorde in Paris, must ever bring a thrill of emotion even to the most careless visitor. But the theatre where was enacted a cold tragedy, affecting in its slow, inevitable course the lives and welfare of thousands of misguided but innocent people whose only



GASPEREAUX VALLEY NEAR GRAND-PRÉ

crime was a love of religion and a desire for peace, is unique in its appeal to the human heart. As one looks upon the quiet green marshlands of Grand-Pré, one feels how pitiless and inexorable was the fate that crept upon its peaceful inhabitants, as relentless as the tide that creeps over the sands of the sea-beach a few miles away.

If you stand amid the orchards upon a hill behind the village of Grand-Pré, you can view from this point of vantage the whole of the locale where occurred the stirring and heart-rending event known among descendants of the victims as "The Great Disruption."

At the right, embowered in fruit trees, stands the little gray and white village, modest and unassuming. At the highest point the belfry of a church rises above the trees; in the far distance is a long line of low hills which creep dimly out into the sea. Down the slopes that lead from the village to the lowlands, apple trees go tumbling in wild profusion—a foaming sea of white and pink in springtime, a great carpet of green and red at the time of the apple harvest.

Then the marshlands — those wonderful meadows, deep green with grass, or yellow with grain, for which the Acadian peasants gave their toil and their life-blood, those acres wrested from the grip of the sea, possessions to be relinquished at last by the hands that created them, to be laid a blood-stained gift at the feet of an alien race. The white threads of the roads cross the green of the pastures and lead to farmhouses and beyond to the Basin of Minas. Far in the extreme distance at the left, Blomidon stands dark blue against a paler sky. In the foreground the moist fertile earth is being turned over by the ploughman. Bobolinks rise singing from the grass, and a salt smell creeps up, fresh and pungent, from the marshes.

But there is a spot beyond the orchards just where the marshlands begin that the eye seeks out almost involuntarily. For here is the actual scene of a tragedy which, whatever its manifold causes, has scarcely had its parallel in modern times. A row of ancient willows, planted by the hands of a vanished people, leads up to a piece of rising land

upon which stands a small stone church, reflecting its gray spire in the near-by lily pond. This church is built on the spot where, in 1755, stood the parish church, wherein were confined several hundred Acadian men and boys before they were taken to the ships anchored out in the deep water off the shore. The village well—now called "Evangeline's Well"—still yields sweet water. A little farther on rises a stone cross erected by the Acadian poet, Herbin, to whose efforts we owe the preservation of the old village site. The cross marks the ancient burying-ground where the forefathers of the hamlet were laid to rest in the days before the great disruption. A trail leading through rich meadows eventually nears the dykes that keep out the ever-encroaching sea, and reaches at last an iron cross at the edge of the pasture lands where cattle are grazing not far from the sea itself. This iron cross fittingly marks the place of embarkment of the Acadians in small boats, which were rowed out to the waiting ships in the Basin.

It must not be thought that only here were

the Acadians expelled; all along the shores of the Basin of Minas and even on the other side of the Bay of Fundy they met the same fate. But because of the large number deported from this very spot, because this village of Grand-Pré was chosen by Longfellow to be the scene of his saga of the Acadians, and particularly because here it is possible to reconstruct upon this site the tragedy itself, the interest of the traveller is focussed upon these lush green meadows.

I must confess that before my first visit to Grand-Pré, I had regarded what is usually called in our histories the "Expulsion of the Acadians" as an event which took place in old, unhappy, far-off times, and with which I could have little direct concern. But when I walked upon the very scene of the tragedy, when I saw the hoary willows which themselves echoed with the shouts of the entrapped prisoners and the wailing of the women, and especially when I talked with descendants of these very exiles who now live in peace and contentment in their picturesque villages along St. Mary's Bay, I found a

personal contact that awakened a desire to know all that I could of the real facts.

Longfellow made few errors in his poem, especially when we remember that he wrote it without paying a visit to the scene; but for me his greatest mistake is contained in the line, "Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré." For when I think of the hours I have spent digging into the archives and searching through dusty tomes in our libraries, I realize that a great deal besides tradition remains and that the subject of the Acadians is a controversial one. On the table before me, as I write, lie a dozen volumes in French and English, some excusing, but most condemning the treatment of the Acadians by the English government, which was then centred in Boston. But all, even those who make out the best case for the English governor and regard the expulsion as a military necessity, agree on the cruelty of the means employed, and the whole sordid business which dragged itself through several blood-stained years is characterized as "a brutal tragedy" and "a cruel pitiless affair."

One apologist for the English, Professor Coupland of Oxford University, while excusing the expulsion on the ground that "necessity knows no law," admits that it is hard to prove the necessity. The same historian, while claiming to believe that the New England soldiers "behaved as humanely as their task allowed," admits that "the harrowing scene still haunts our imagination."

What then are the facts of the case? In order to answer this question it will be necessary to go at some length into the history of the Acadians, particularly those who settled around the Basin of Minas. I shall thus, with the aid of several historians who have been fascinated by the subject, give what seems to me the facts as gleaned from various sources. Some of these writers are openly partisan, arguing heatedly for the Acadians against the English military, while others preserve a more judicial attitude.

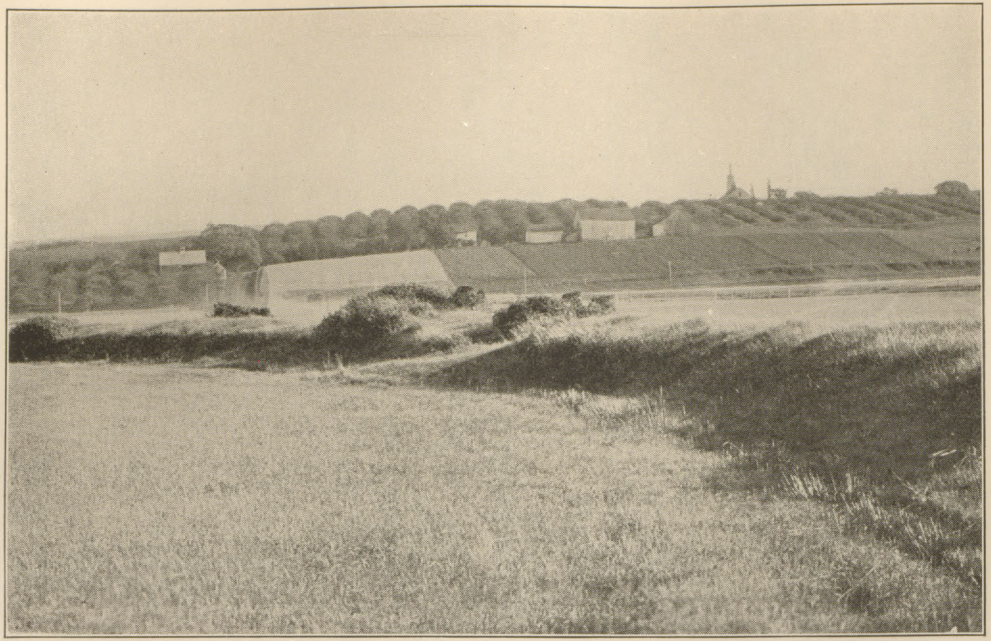
There is something pathetic and even fatalistic in the history of the Acadians. The first comers seem to have sought the wilderness to

escape the proximity of war, which always seemed to haunt the vicinity of Port Royal. They were allowed to redeem the land from the encroaching sea, to build homes and churches; but ever the peace that they sought for was denied them, and they were finally crushed between the mill-stones of war. It was about the year 1675 that the first Acadians moved from Port Royal into the vicinity of Grand-Pré. About ten years later, we find that, according to a census of the time, Minas possessed 57 people, 83 tilled acres, 90 horned cattle, 21 sheep, 67 swine and 20 guns. This small colony increased rapidly, and scarcely ten years later we find a population of nearly 300, with 360 acres under cultivation. In the year 1714 there were 878 souls in Minas. The original settlers, having come from marshy parts of France, started to reclaim the marshlands of Minas from the tides by the building of low dykes, and field after field of rich land was thus added to the cultivated acreage, until all along the shores of the Basin extended the plots of the Acadian farmers. The building

of these dykes is thus described by the Sieur de Dierville:

It is necessary, in order to raise grains, to drain the marshes, which the sea at high tide overflows with its waters; and which they (the Acadians) call the lowlands. Those lands are good enough; but what labor does it require to put them in condition for cultivation? It is not easy to stay the course of the sea; the Acadians, nevertheless, accomplish the task by means of strong dykes, which they call *aboteaux;* and this is how they make them: They set up five or six rows of large trees, quite entire, at the places by which the sea enters the marshes, and between the rows they lay other trees lengthwise, one upon another, and they fill all the empty spaces so well with soft clay, well packed, that the water can no longer pass through. They fit in the middle of these works a flood-gate (*un esseau*) in such a manner that it allows, at low tide, the marsh water to flow out by its own pressure, and prevents the water of the sea from entering.

The ceaseless toil of these people in damming the marshes, building dykes and cultivating the farms is little short of in-



DYKES BUILT BY ACADIANS AT GRAND-PRÉ

credible. The people of Minas seem to have been a simple folk, mostly illiterate and devoted to their religion with a passion a little difficult for us to understand. Early in the history of Grand-Pré a church was built near the old willows which still stand on a site then known as "l'île," because this rise of ground was sometimes surrounded by water at high tides. The people were not always supplied with a priest, but the Angelus rang out daily from the wooden tower, echoed across the flat rich countryside three times a day, and called the devoted people to prayer. One can picture scenes similar to that depicted in Millet's painting "The Angelus," for the people were as devout as the peasants of France and the level Canadian countryside was similar in appearance to that of France; while from its position, the gray spire of the church of Grand-Pré could be seen for miles, similar to the spire in the background of the famous painting. One can picture, too, the scene when the Bishop of Quebec visited the settlement. On one occasion he came to the people

of Minas when they were without a priest, and spent the morning in hearing confessions and administering Communion, and the afternoon in baptizing children and settling in a paternal manner the disputes of the parents.

Though the settlement prospered and the Acadians were allowed to live in peace for a time, it must not be supposed that this French colony, set down on what was conceded according to certain treaties to be British territory, was regarded with indifference by the English governors. In fact, the Acadians were between two fires which increased in fury. On the one side were the English, claiming them as subjects and insisting that they take the Oath of Allegiance to the English king, and on the other were the French in Cape Breton and Quebec, urging them to remain faithful to their religion and to France. The position of the Acadians was made worse by the religious intolerance of the Puritan New Englanders, who often exerted great influence upon the government at Port Royal, and later at Halifax. Added



REPLICA OF CHURCH OF ST. CHARLES

to this was the fear of the Indians who were friendly to the French, but were for the most part at war with the English or any of their allies. In spite of this unhappy state of affairs, and although their peace of mind was constantly disturbed, this valiant and simple race continued to wrest their fruitful acres from the grasp of the sea or the encroaching forest behind them, trusting that the God whom they so devoutly worshipped would protect them from all enemies. At one time they thought seriously of leaving their lands and migrating to Cape Breton, but on learning the nature of the land at their disposal, they refused, preferring to face the troubles about them in Minas to starving on the rocks of Cape Breton.

I remember well on my first trip to Grand-Pré that, as I stood on the heights above the marshlands, I saw clouds of fog drift across the plain and cover it from sight; then the veil would be rent in twain and for a moment the sun would burst in opalescent light upon the gray-green meadows. This continued for some time, an alternation of shadow and

light, until at last darkness got the better of sunlight and night settled down over the whole land. This may be taken as a figure which represents the changing fortunes of the Acadians before the final darkness of the tragedy of 1755.

The late John Frederic Herbin, himself a descendant of the Acadians, devoted a great deal of his life to collecting data about the history of Grand-Pré, and it is to him that we owe the preservation of much valuable information, particularly with regard to the conditions prevailing about the Basin of Minas at the time of the expulsion. This information has been concisely edited and preserved in his "History of Grand-Pré." It is with the permission of his son, J. Robert Herbin, that I am enabled to quote from it the following description of life among the Acadians in 1755:

In 1755, the population of the Acadian section of Minas was about 4,500. From Blomidon on the north, along the shores of Minas Basin, and up all the rivers emptying into it, to the Gaspereau on the south; and



WILLOWS AT GRAND-PRÉ

from Avonport on the East to New Minas on the west, the country of Minas lay with village after village nestling near the meadows the people had reclaimed from the sea. The church at Grand-Pré and at Canard made two centres around which clustered the happy homes of a peaceful people—homes that had been theirs and their forefathers' for eighty years. Doubtless some of the ancients remembered when the chief founders had come to Habitant and Canard, and later to Grand-Pré. The people were as a rule long-lived. During their years of occupation of Minas many rows of willows had grown up. Scattered over the country, orchards marked the places of their thrift and labor. Miles of dykes made rich meadows, on which at this time their harvests were ripening; and prosperity, which seemed to smile upon them, made the parting all the more cruel when they had to leave so lovely a land. Many families were in grief because of the absence of those who were prisoners at Halifax, but no thought of the miserable fate that was to be their own came to them. No words can paint the sorrow that was to follow.

In the summer the men of Minas were employed in husbandry, having their dykes and farms to attend to. In the winter they cut

timber, fuel and fencing. Fish and game were abundant. The Acadians were honest, sober and frugal; the women virtuous and industrious, and engaged chiefly in carding, spinning and weaving wool, flax and hemp, which they produced in abundance. They had, besides, the fur of numerous animals, such as bear, beaver, otter, fox, marten, moose and caribou. This made them handsome clothing, or was traded with the English and French for such articles as they needed. Their dyes were ordinarily black and green. Scarlet they obtained by carding and spinning the English duffel, which they wove in stripes to decorate the women's garments. They had long learned the necessity of adapting themselves to the natural conditions of their surroundings, so that their habits and customs were characteristic of the country. Many of them had been born to the life they were now living, and, so to speak, they had become part of the soil.

On their uplands they had their orchards of pears, plums, cherries and apples. Without the benefit of the years of cultivation as at present, the soil produced turnips, cabbages, onions, and other garden produce. The dyke lands were their chief support. On these natural meadows, which they learned

to protect from the sea by means of dykes, they raised wheat, rye, oats, peas and flax—more than they required for their own consumption. Moreover, they were able to raise hay in large quantities, and the undyked marshes produced salt grass, which they were able to use for their cattle.

Many of the Minas people were well-to-do. For instance, we find the following inhabitants were possessed of that kind of wealth and in quantities which many of our farmers to-day, in fairly good circumstances, do not surpass:

	Bullocks	Cows	Young Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Horses
Jean Baptiste Daigre	6	14	22	98	34	2
Pierre Landry	6	8	7	20	16	.
Baptiste Sapin	6	7	15	40	25	4
Janis Terriau	4	4	6	40	15	3
Charles Granger	6	12	16	74	20	2
Jean Baptiste Le Blanc	4	7	9	30	11	2
Norez Michel Boudrot	4	5	2	19	70	1
Renez Aucoine	6	9	12	90	22	3
Claude Trahan	4	5	7	20	20	4
Charles Lebrun	4	14	31	50	22	1
Germain Richard	6	8	11	86	20	2

In the forests were moose, bear, wild cat, beaver, otter, marten, fox (red, gray and black), rabbit, and partridge in great numbers, and wild geese, duck, teal and plover were numerous; and at certain seasons wild pigeons came in immense flocks.

The seas were full of codfish, and the rivers abounded with salmon, shad, bass, eel, smelt, and other varieties. The white porpoise came into the basin, sometimes seventeen feet in length, and yielded three barrels of oil.

The country of Minas was abundant in provision of all kinds which it produced. An ox could be bought for five dollars, a sheep for one dollar, and wheat for thirty-five cents a bushel. When a young woman could weave a bolt of cloth, and a young man make a wheel, they might marry. If a couple were to be married, the whole village in which they lived lent a hand to build a house, clear some land, and supplied them with cattle, hogs and poultry. Large families are characteristic of the people even at the present time. Various amusements made the cold winter pleasant. Singing, dancing and open hospitality cheered their homes. They lived as one large family, bound by the ties of religion, race and kinship. The following hymns they sang on the last days of their stay in Nova Scotia:



ORCHARDS AND MARSHLANDS FROM PRESENT VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRÉ

Tout passe—
Sous le firmament—
Tout n'est que changement—
Tout passe—

Ainsi que sur la glace—
Doit rimer avec passe
Le mond va roulant,
En dit en s'écoulant—
Tout passe—

C'est la mérite
Hormis l'éternité
Tout passe—

Faisons valoir la grâce
Le temps est précieux
Ouvrez devant nos yeux
Tout passe—

Les champs, les rangs,
Les petits et les grands—
Tout passe—

D'autres fréquerente la place
Et s'en vont a leur tour
Dans la mortel séjour
Tout passe—

Vive Jésus!
Vive Jésus!
Avec la croix son cher portage
Vive Jésus!
Dans les cœurs de tout les élus—
Sa croix de son cœur—est le gage—
Fut-il au plus bel héritage
Vive Jésus!
Portons la croise—
Sans choise, sans ennuie, sans murmure.
Portons la croise—
Quand nous en servons aux choix,
Quoique très amère et très dure—
Maigre le sens et la nature,
Portons la croise.

Many French willows are standing to-day, living testimony of the Acadian occupation. All over Minas stand these immense trees, marking the site of roads or houses before 1755. No other memorials save the old dykes and an occasional apple tree, tell of the hapless race whose country this was, and whose only happiness was here. The willow is extremely tenacious of life. A green limb broken from a tree and thrust into the earth will take root and grow. In this respect it is a fitting memorial of the people who set them out; a foreign growth that has become in-



GRAND-PRÉ, NOVA SCOTIA

digenous. The tree was brought from France at an early date.

As regards the character of the Acadians there has been some dispute. Parkman would place them in rather a bad light, but the bulk of testimony seems to show them to have been a simple folk, devoted to their families, their homes and their religion, and clinging stubbornly to their rich acres. Judge Haliburton, writing about seventy-five years after the dispersal of the Acadians, says:

Tradition is fresh and positive in the various parts of the United States, where they [the Acadians] were located, respecting their guileless, peaceable and scrupulous character; and the descendants of those, whose long cherished and endearing local attachment induced them to return to the land of their nativity, still deserve the name of a mild, frugal and pious people.

Another one of the witnesses as to the moral character of the Acadians is Moïse de les Derniers who was sent into the Minas to collect horses for General Lawrence. In

travelling about he had ample opportunity to observe the life and customs of the inhabitants. This is his testimony:

The Acadians were the most innocent and virtuous people I have ever known or read of in any history. They lived in a state of perfect equality, without distinction of rank in society. The title of "Mister" was unknown among them. Knowing nothing of luxury or even of the conveniences of life, they were content with a simple manner of living, which they easily compassed by the tillage of their lands. Very little ambition or avarice was to be seen among them; they anticipated each other's wants with kindly liberality; they demanded no interest for loans of money or other property. They were humane and hospitable to strangers, and very liberal towards those who embraced their religion. They were very remarkable for their inviolable purity of morals. I do not remember a single instance of illegitimate birth among them, even to this day. Their attainments in agriculture were very limited, though they cultivated well enough their dyked lands.

They were altogether ignorant of progress in the arts and sciences. I have known but

one of them that could read and write well; some could do so, but imperfectly, and none of them had learned the mechanical arts. Each husbandman was his own architect and each land-owner tilled the soil. They lived in almost complete independence of other peoples, except when they wanted salt and tools, because they used very little iron and other agricultural implements.

They themselves cultivated and made up whatever was needed for their clothing, which was uniform. As for colors they were fond of black and red, and liked to have stripes on their legs, knots of ribbon and flowing bows. Notwithstanding their negligence, their want of skill and knowledge in agriculture, they amassed abundant stores of food and clothing, and had comfortable dwellings.

They were a very healthy people, able to endure great fatigue, and generally living to a very advanced age, though none of them employed doctors. The men worked hard in the sowing and harvesting seasons, in the season suitable for building or repairing dykes, and whenever work had to be done quickly. They thus secured, for at least half the year, leisure which they employed in social gatherings and amusements of which they were very fond. But the women

were more constantly at work than the men; however, they had a considerable share in the amusements of the former. Though they were all quite illiterate, yet it seldom happened that any of them remained silent for a long time in company. They never seemed at a loss for something to talk about. In short, they all appeared at heart joyful and gay and of one mind almost always. If any dispute arose in their transactions, they always submitted to the decision of an arbitrator, and their final appeal was to the priests. Although I have known a few instances of mutual recrimination after these decisions, still one seldom or never noticed among them thoughts of malice or revenge. Finally, they were quite accustomed to behave with candor under all circumstances. Really, if there was ever a people that recalled the golden age, as described in history, that people was the old-time Acadians.

Every great drama of which oppression is the theme must have a villain, but that of the Acadians seems to have had two, Governor Lawrence who planned the expulsion and General Winslow who carried it out. Lawrence seems to have been a bold soldier

and a man of resource, but he was consumed with an ambition to rise in the profession of arms. The case of the Acadians was of long standing, and Lawrence saw in their defenceless state an easy way to fame and perhaps fortune. They must take an unconditional Oath of Allegiance to the English king or be transported to distant lands, preferably the latter, for that would end the trouble. The Acadians stubbornly refused to take an oath which might compel them to fight against their countrymen in America, and which would probably mean the loss of their religion as well. It is said with a good deal of reason that Lawrence did not wish the Acadians to take the oath, but that he had ambitious schemes of settling English or New England colonists on their rich lands. Lawrence apparently decided the issue himself, for more than one careful historian asserts that the expulsion was carried out without the sanction of the English government, and that orders forbidding this expulsion were received after it was an accomplished fact. This only throws the greater blame upon Lawrence.

In Colonel Winslow, Lawrence found a man after his own heart. While his journals prove him to have been a keen observer, they show a half-educated, bigoted military commander of the eighteenth century, and besides this a man of cool, calculating cruelty. We now have the forces which make the tragedy opposed to each other. The obstinate military minds on the one side, greedy for both gain and glory, and not having the imagination or the sensibility to see beyond the letter of the law that they themselves had set up; on the other side a stubborn, simple-minded people, clinging desperately to their religion and their homes, and possessed of that love of the land which at all times has been one of the outstanding characteristics of the peasant.

And the tragedy was fast approaching. On the 15th of August Winslow had arrived at Windsor with three hundred men whence he at once proceeded to Grand-Pré. He established himself in the *presbytère,* had the tents for his army set up on the rising ground around the church and turned the church



CAPE BLOMIDON

itself into an arsenal, and later into a prison.

Around him [Winslow] lay spread a charming landscape where everything breathed forth the calm and happiness of rural life. The blue outline of the mountains which shut in the Basin of Minas on the north, and the steep tree-crowned cliffs of Cape Blomidon which guard the Strait were veiled in the warm misty sunlight of August. The waters of the Basin, swollen by the tide, spread like a cloth of gold, filling the dykes and the Rivers Canard, Habitants and Gaspereaux, whose banks were enlivened by groups of young people and children attracted there by curiosity. Beside the water extended as far as one could see the plains of Grand-Pré, yellow with the harvest or dotted by the herds which grazed on the rich pasture lands; and beyond, along the green slopes of the hills which surround the Basin, were scattered the simple rustic houses of the Acadians, with the village of Grand-Pré and of Rivière aux Canards, surmounted by the spires of their churches rising against the background of wooded heights which frame the landscape. The farmers, scattered about their fields, would stop their work occasion-

ally to ask each other what the arrival of the new troops meant. In spite of the warning which had come to them from different quarters, they evidently did not suspect the terrible catastrophe which was about to befall them. In a few days, however, this peaceful valley which sheltered so many happy families was to become the most desolate of the whole world.

The picture of the following Sunday is no less graphic.

The population of Grand-Pré was scattered in groups through the village or appeared at the open windows and before the doors of their houses. Here and there arose the merry shouts of children playing under the apple trees laden with fruit, or the voices of women singing their babies to sleep. A few old men were seated on the fences, smoking their pipes and discussing the morrow or the events of the day. Their opinion about the gravity of the situation was shared by all; but the idea of dispossession or wholesale expulsion did not enter their minds, or at least appeared to be an extreme measure which would never be used. Groups of young men and girls walked about con-

versing in the vicinity of the church, the young men clad in homespun, the young girls wearing kirtle and mantelet and hats woven by their own hands. Many couples who, at that moment, were pledging their faith and making plans of marriage, were far from suspecting that they were on the eve of being separated for ever.

Such is the truthful picture that the Abbé Casgrain draws of Grand-Pré at this time.

Winslow, however, felt a good deal of uneasiness, for in his journal he writes:

"Things are now very heavy on my heart and hands. I impatiently wait that once at length we may get over this troublesome affair which is more grievous to me than any service I was ever employed in. . . . Soon we shall have our hands full of disagreeable business to remove people from their ancient habitations which in this part are very valuable."

Nevertheless, he watched almost unmoved the inhabitants gathering in the abundant harvest which was to be the last that they would ever reap on their cherished lands. In

his journal he writes under the date of September 4, 1755: "A fine day, and the inhabitants very busy about their harvest." The callousness of this is understood when it is known that he had already decided to bring off his famous coup on the very next day, and to make a large number of the men and boys prisoners in the church. The site of Winslow's encampment is well known. It was just beyond the church beside the village well and almost beneath the shade of the ancient willows.

The order had now been given, and all was in readiness for the morrow. The soldiers were on the alert, and the whole camp prepared as if for battle. Winslow now summoned the men and boys from Grand-Pré and the other villages of Minas, who assembled in the church without suspicion to hear the final resolution of the British king with regard to the Acadians. The General, in dress uniform, surrounded by his staff, stood before the door of the *presbytère* and watched the toil-worn Acadian fathers and sons, clad in their homespun, file along the

dusty roads from the outlying parts, and enter the church from which they were to issue only as prisoners. Around him were his troops, New Englanders for the most part, stern and puritanical. The General himself, whose portrait is preserved by the Massachusetts Historical Society, offered a strange contrast to his soldiers. He was past middle age, fat and with a heavy double chin, arched eyebrows and rubicund complexion beneath a powdered wig.

At three o'clock four hundred and eighteen Acadians had gathered beneath the roof where many of them had worshipped since childhood. The doors and windows were guarded, and Winslow and his officers seated themselves at a table. The feeling of fear seems to have been absent from the hearts of the simple Acadians when they came to the church in the hope that at last their difficulties would be settled. Imagine the horror and helpless fear which crept coldly over their minds and chilled their very souls when the meaning of the following proclamation slowly became understood by means of an interpreter:

Gentlemen,—I have received from his excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King's Commission which I have in my hand, and by whose orders you are conveyed together, to Manifest to you His Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his Province of Nova Scotia, who for almost half a Century have had more Indulgence Granted them than any of his Subjects in any part of his Dominions. What use you have made of them you yourself Best Know.

The Part of Duty I am now upon is what thoh Necessary is Very Disagreeable to my natural make and Temper, as I Know it Must be Grievous to you who are of the Same Specia.

But it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey Such orders as I receive, and therefor without Hesitation Shall Deliver you his Majesty's orders and Instructions, Vist.:

That your Lands & Tenements, Cattle of all kinds and Live Stock of all Sorts are Forfeited to the Crown with all other your Effects Saving your money and Household Goods, and you your Selves to be removed from this his Province.

Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders that the whole French Inhabitants of these Districts be removed, and I am Throh

his Majesty's Goodness Directed to allow you Liberty to Carry off your money and Household Goods as Many as you Can without Discommoding the Vessels you Go in. I Shall do Every thing in my Power that all Those Goods be Secured to you and that you are Not Molested in Carrying them off, and also that the whole Family Shall go in the Same Vessel, and make this remove, which I am Sensable must give you a great Deal of Trouble, as Easy as His Majesty's Service will admit, and hope that in what Ever part of the world you may Fall you may be Faithful Subjects, a Peasable & happy People.

I Must also Inform you That it is his Majesty's Pleasure that you remain in Security under the Inspection & Direction of the Troops that I have the Honr. to Command.

It is a sad picture that is now presented,—ignorant men and unschooled boys scarcely yet comprehending the full meaning of the General's words, and yet all of them prisoners of the King. The General declared that all of their property, too, was forfeited and that they must remain in the church or in the enclosure just outside until further orders.

"Thus Endeth the Memorable fifth of September, a Day of Great Fatigue and Troble," wrote Winslow in his journal. A few were allowed to return to their homes under military escort, to spread abroad the tragic news and to arrange for provisions to be sent.

Winslow had only three hundred and sixty-three armed men at Grand-Pré and he feared an uprising from the unarmed Acadians whose despair might drive them to desperate actions. He therefore decided to place fifty of the young men upon each of the five frigates which were anchored in the bay, and thus, by holding them as hostages, lessen the danger of rebellion. The interpreter, Père Landry, was called and told that two hundred and fifty young men and boys must depart at once, for the tide would soon be full, when the boats could easily leave the shore. The soldiers were ordered under arms and drawn up in lines, and the unfortunates—some of them mere boys of ten or twelve—were driven along between them. Then arose cries, lamentations and pleadings on all sides. The

boys refused to go without their fathers, and young husbands without first taking leave of their wives and children. But all to no avail. They were driven like cattle to the boats and placed on board the frigate. Perhaps Winslow's own account that he gives in his journal furnishes the best picture of the scene.

Ordered ye prisoners to march. They all answered they would not go without their fathers. I told them that was a word I did not understand, for that the King's command was to me absolute and should be absolutely obeyed and that I did not love to use harsh means, but that the time did not admit of parlies or delays, and then ordered the whole troops to fix their bayonets and advance towards the French, and bid the 4 righthand files of the prisoners consisting of 24 men, which I told of myself to devied from the rest, one of whom I took hold (who opposed the marching) and bid march: he obeyed and the rest followed, though slowly, and went of praying, singing and crying, being met by the women and children all the way (which is 1 1/4 mile) with great lamentations upon their knees, praying.

It was not until the 8th of October that the general embarkation of the Acadians began. On this day Winslow wrote:

Began to embark the inhabitants, who went off solentarily and unwillingly, the women in great distress carrying off their children in their arms; others carrying their decrepit parents in their carts, with all their goods, moving in great confusion, and appeared a scene of woe and distress.

The Abbé Casgrain, in his book, "Au Pays d'Evangeline," has graphically described the scene as follows:

At dawn of day (October 8) crowds of women and children gathered from all the countryside of the river Gaspereaux and of Grand-Pré; old decrepit men, sick and infirm people dragged along in carts among household goods, mothers carrying their babies in their arms, were all driven towards Grand-Pré by squadrons of pitiless soldiers. The road leading across the great plain to the dyke where the embarking was taking place, was soon swarming with this feeble desperate crowd of human beings who could scarcely

move amid the general tumult and confusion. Invalids and women laden with burdens fell with fatigue by the wayside and arose only before threatening bayonets. Some went along sad and silent, as though in a stupor, others weeping and moaning and uttering curses; others in a kind of religious exaltation murmured hymns like the martyrs of old.

But it was at the beach at the time of embarkation that the confusion was the worst, and where took place the most heart-rending scenes. Here it is that, according to tradition, the greatest number of separations took place.

The last incident mentioned by the Abbé Casgrain is thus referred to by Winslow in his diary:

Made the strictest enquiry I could how these young men made their escape yesterday, and by every circumstance found one Francis Hébert was either the contriver or abetter who was on Board Church and this day his effects shipt, who I ordered ashore, carryd to his own house, and then in his presence burnt both his house and barne, and gave notice to all the French that in case

these men did not surrender themselves in two days, I should serve all their friends in the same manner and not only so would confiscate their household goods and when ever those men should fall into the English hands, they would not be admitted to quarter.

Other historians have written of this heart-rending scene in much the same terms. John Frederic Herbin writes thus:

On the second day of September, 1755, the French inhabitants of Cobequid Village (now Masstown), lying on the north side of the bay, and upper part of the Township of Londonderry, were engaged in their fields at their work, it being harvest time. With the afternoon tide three vessels were seen coming up the Bay. Two of them prepared to anchor, one opposite the Village, and the other at Lower Cobequid, whilst the third ran further up the shore. Curiosity was rife. Who were they, and whither were they going? Their curiosity was still heightened by the appearance of a person in the garb of a curate, who informed them that the following notice was posted on the door of the Church: "To the inhabitants of the Village of Cobequid,

and the surrounding shores as well ancient as young men and lads, ordering them all to repair to the Church the next day at three P. M. and hear what he had to say to them. Signed by John Winslow."

Meanwhile the sailors landed, and were freely supplied with milk and anything they wanted by the farmers. Small parties of soldiers landed, chatted with the people, examined their farms, or strolled to the uplands in search of partridges, and in the afternoon of the third day of September they joined the people as they repaired to the Church. The moon rose, and the sisters strolled out and ran to the Church to ascertain the cause of their delay. When they arrived at the Church, to their great astonishment, they found it surrounded by soldiers, who answered their inquiries by pointing their bayonets, and ordering them to go home. They met many of the women from the houses nearest the Church, and all anxious and sad at the detention of their friends. At daybreak the following notice was read, which was stuck on the fence opposite the Church: "Cobequid, September 4, 1755. All officers, Soldiers, and Seamen employed in His Majesty's Service, as well as all His subjects, of what denomination soever, are

hereby notified that all cattle, viz., horses, horned cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, and poultry of every kind that was supposed to be vested in the French inhabitants of this Province, have become forfeited to His Majesty, whose property they now are; and every person of what denomination soever, is to take care not to hurt, destroy or kill any of the above named animals, nor to rob orchards or gardens, or to make waste of anything in these districts, without special order given at my camp, the day and place to be published throughout the camp, and at the Village where the Vessels lie. Signed by John Winslow, Lieut.-Colonel Commanding."

When the people read this notice they were speechless with terror; death stared them in the face. In the meantime three hundred men and boys found themselves close prisoners in their own Church. Some of the boys screamed aloud, some attempted to force the door, but they were overawed by the muskets of their guards. Day dawned at length over the wretched prisoners; they wished to be allowed to return to their families for food; this was refused, but their families were ordered to supply food to them. A few of these prisoners were sent out during the day to inform those who dwelt at a

distance from the Church if they did not immediately surrender, their houses would be burnt and their nearest friends shot. One of these messengers attempted to escape; he was shot, and his house and barn set on fire. Thus the work of destruction was commenced. About two hundred married women and upwards of one hundred young women, besides children, were ordered to collect what they could of apparel, and prepare to embark. In vain the men entreated to know whither they were going, but no answer was given. By noon, the fifth of September, the beach was piled with boxes, baskets and bundles; behind them were crowds of weeping women and children; children crying for their mothers, and mothers looking for their children; sick men and bedridden were carried by strong maidens, or tipped out of their carts which bore them to the spot. A little before high-water the prisoners in the Church were ordered to form six deep and march to the place of embarkation; they refused to obey the command. The troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance on the prisoners. This act produced obedience, and they commenced to march. When they came to the beach, and saw their property, their mothers, wives, children, and sisters kneeling

on each side of the road, one long, loud wail of anguish went up from them on account of being so suddenly torn away from their houses and homes, the place of their nativity, their flocks and fields, which were then covered with the crops of the season, with some of the wheat cut, and the remainder ready for cutting, and separated from their wives and families, leaving behind them their Church and the graves of their kindred, to be dispersed among strangers in a strange land —among a people whose customs, laws, language and religion were strongly opposed to their own. The women were ordered the same afternoon to embark in another ship. About midnight all were on board, except one or two women who had escaped to visit their forsaken houses the next morning, and witness the sad havoc that had been made the night before by some of the British soldiers who remained, by setting fire to a number of the houses of the village. Among these was the Chapel, of one hundred feet in length and forty feet in breadth, which contained a large, heavy bell. This Chapel stood in a field which is now owned by Alexander Vance, near the house of Mr. Lightbody, of Masstown. This place took its name from the fact that the French had their place of worship or mass



BLOMIDON FROM PEREAUX VALLEY

house there. Mr. Vance informed the writer that he had recently ploughed up some of the melted metal of the bell, and the spot upon which it stood was pointed out by Mr. Thomas Fletcher, who was one of the first settlers in this place after the French were driven out.

The transport ship with the men on board drifted down to the mouth of the Avon river, and there awaited the other vessel that had the women and children on board. At day-break she was in sight, and they drifted down the Bay with the saddest freight on board that ever sailed out of Cobequid; and as the vessels stood out to pass Blomidon, the third vessel that had run further up the Bay joined them, freighted with the French inhabitants who were gathered from the places now called Onslow, Truro, Clifton, and Selma. With a favorable wind these miserable, houseless, homeless wanderers were borne out of sight of the place of their nativity; night hid from their view forever the blue mountains of Cobequid.

It may here be mentioned that while the French inhabitants of Truro were hunted by the British soldiers as the partridge on the mount, some of them fled for a hiding place, and encamped in the woods up the Salmon river, in the deep of the brook Mr. William

Murray had his mills on recently, and from this the brook took its name of French Village Brook. One of the females who had escaped, or had been left behind on account of a boat being overloaded, returned that night to her former place of abode, and there remained during the night altogether unconscious. In the morning, when she returned to consciousness, she was too weak to stand; it was some hours before she realized the full horror of her situation. After a time she was able to crawl to the door, and there the scene which surrounded her was fearful. The first object she beheld was the Church, the beautiful Mass House, a blackened heap of ruins. She was recalled to a sense of her forlorn situation by her cow which came to her, asking by her lowing to be milked. She milked her cow and partook of some of the milk with a crust of bread, which revived her so much that she set out to see if she could find anyone remaining in the village; but there was no one to be found. Cattle had broken into the fields, and were eating the wheat; horses were running in droves through the fields. On the evening of that day, cows and goats came up to their accustomed milking place, and lowed around the deserted dwellings; pigs yet fastened in

the pens squealed with hunger; and the oxen, waiting in vain for the master's hand to free them from the yoke (for they were used in moving the goods to the vessels), were bellowing in agony of hunger; they hooked and fought with each other, running through the marsh, upsetting the carts or tumbling into ditches, until death put an end to their sufferings. The pigs were rooting up the gardens. She sat down on the doorstep beholding the desolation of the Village, when an Indian approached her, and told her to come with him. She enquired the fate of her people. "Gone," said he, "all gone," pointing towards the Bay; "the people everywhere are prisoners; see the smoke rise, they will burn all here to-night." He pointed up the Bay; two or three blazing fires attested the Indian's story as too true. He assisted her in gathering some of the most valuable things that were left. The Indian then piloted her to his wigwam, near the edge of the forest; here she found about a dozen of her people, the remnant left of what was once the happy settlement of the village of Cobequid (now Masstown). They waited about the woods on the north side of the Bay for more than a month to see if any more stragglers could be found before they would start to go to

Miramichi. At length they were joined by about twenty of the French inhabitants who had escaped from Annapolis. These persons informed them that the houses and crops in Annapolis were burnt by the soldiers who were sent up the river to bring them to the ships. Some fled to the woods; some, besides this party, crossed the Bay, intending to go to Miramichi through the woods. After another week's travel they met with a party that had escaped from Shepoudie (now called Shubenacadie). From these persons they learned that about two hundred and fifty buildings were burned along the sides of the river, and that while they were firing the Mass House there, the Indians and French rallied and attacked the British soldiers, and killed and wounded about thirty of them, and drove the remainder back to the ships.

Thus it will be seen that the drama enacted at Grand-Pré was also played to its tragic end in other places. We are told that two hundred and fifty-five houses and six hundred and forty-three other buildings, including barns, mills and one church, were burned at this time. The whole countryside, golden with a bountiful harvest only a few days be-

fore, was now a silent waste of ruined homes and deserted fields. And Winslow, sitting in the *presbytère* beneath the shadow of the spire of Grand-Pré church, wrote to General Murray shortly before the embarkation: "I am in a hurry to see these poor wretches embark. Then I shall have the pleasure of meeting you and of drinking to their happy voyage."

It would be impossible here more than to sketch the wanderings of the exiles. According to Winslow, nearly three thousand were thus deported from the Minas district alone, but historians generally agree that the number was larger. It is believed that in all fourteen thousand were carried from the Maritimes before 1763. Of these more than half died of destitution and disease. They were distributed for the most part among the English colonies—some were sent to Boston, others to Connecticut, others to Baltimore, Virginia and Louisiana. Lawrence, as the instigator of the expulsion, received five thousand acres of the land from which the Acadians had been expelled. It is difficult to

follow all the details of the expulsion, for many papers which would throw light upon it are believed to have been destroyed. Herbin writes:

On the arrival of several vessels in Boston Harbor a committee, appointed to learn the condition of the Acadians, reported of two vessels that the people were sickly, one from being too crowded with forty on deck, and the other from very bad weather. Another had forty lying on deck, and all the vessels too much crowded. They had too small an allowance of food to carry them to their destination. A few were permitted to land.

Only a small portion of the people were put ashore in the northern parts of New England, except at Boston, where two thousand were landed. New York and Connecticut received, respectively, two hundred and three hundred. The remainder were distributed in Pennsylvania, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia. In Philadelphia they were at first forbidden to land, but after being over two months on the vessels, the three overcrowded ships gave up their unhappy freight. The last reference to these is in the city records of 1766, when a petition

was tabled which asked for the payment for coffins provided for the French Neutrals. Death had reduced them from four hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventeen.

A number made their way, as has been said, to Louisiana where, finding vacant lands, they settled and multiplied. They were later joined by others and to-day their descendants number many thousands. These still retain to a great extent their own language, religion and customs. When the French Ambassador to the United States, M. Paul Claudel, visited Louisiana recently, he was surprised to find a bit of Old France set down there under a southern sky, surrounded by a different civilization, yet presenting all the characteristics of race and religion to which the French peasant has clung so tenaciously against great odds. The *New York Times* writes thus of this visit of the representative of Old France:

Two hundred and fifteen years have passed since the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht, but the French Ambassador to the

United States, M. Paul Claudel, has found utterly unchanged the descendants of the people whom the framers of that treaty hoped vainly to assimilate. In the Bayou Teche country of Louisiana he found them: gentle, merry but determined farmer-folk, the kinsfolk of Evangeline and Gabriel Lajeunesse and those others who left "the beautiful village of Grand-Pré" in Canada so long ago. Port Royal is forgotten, and the herding of the villagers on the British ships, and perhaps even the words "Perfide Albion" which once were constantly on their lips. Amid the live oaks and the Spanish moss of kindly Louisiana they have found the permanent home which their ancestors believed they had discovered once in "Acadia, home of the happy." To express their abiding loyalty to their progenitors who never could be reconstructed when, Marlborough having crushed Le Roi Soleil, they passed from the flag of Louis to the flag of Anne, they have retained their manners and their ancestral speech. Though theirs is the stout blood of the shores of La Manche, Ambassador Claudel, sailing down gentle streams embowered with tropical foliage, might have thought himself in a southern province of his own fair land.

But the Acadian peasant, whenever possible, made his way back to his beloved country. Those who came back to Grand-Pré found people of another race, language and religion settled on the sacred soil that the first Acadians had wrested from the grasp of the tide and the forest. By far the greater number of those who came back to Nova Scotia settled along the shores of St. Mary's Bay where to-day their descendants may be found to a number approaching 200,000. The manner of the home-coming of his ancestors is described thus by Herbin:

When peace was concluded between France and England, in 1763, a few thousand of the Acadians started for Canada, where they settled. Three years later, another band having gathered in Boston, about eight hundred persons, began the long march by land for their loved Acadia. Men, women and children, with but little food, toiled on through the forests of Maine, and up the Bay of Fundy to the isthmus of Shediac. Four months had been spent on the way, and they learned that their former homes were in the possession of others, and Grand-Pré was not

for them. There the greater number of them remained, and their numerous descendants are dwelling there to-day. A small band of fifty or sixty continued around the shores, passing through Beauséjour (now Cumberland), Piziquid, and Grand-Pré. Everything was changed. The English had been in the country for six years, and new houses stood where the undisturbed ashes of hundreds of their homes had lain till 1760.

The children were frightened by them, the men and women were annoyed as by a threatening spectre from the grave, everybody was angry with them, and the poor wretches dragged themselves from village to village, worried and worn out by fatigue, hunger and cold, and a despair that grew at every halting-place, till they reached Annapolis. On the deserted shore of St. Mary's Bay they at last found themselves, having tramped a thousand miles, to be driven to a barren country. Under pressure of necessity, these outcasts raised log huts; they took to fishing and hunting; they began to clear the land and soon out of the felled trees some roughly-built houses were put up. Such was the origin of the colony of the Acadians in Digby County. Here was the home of my maternal ancestors after 1755.

On the fourth of June, 1760, twenty-two British vessels arrived, convoyed by a brig of war. When they landed, sixty ox-carts and yokes were found, which had been left by the Acadians when they brought their goods to embark, five years previous. In many places the bones of sheep and horned cattle were seen, evidently those of animals that had died for want of food. Everywhere they found the ruins of houses near the little orchards or garden plots. The dykes, though neglected so long, did not let in the tides till a storm in 1759 broke them down, and the settlers were glad to get the assistance of the Acadians to repair them and build other new ones.

And what of the Acadians of the present time? If one follows the road from Yarmouth to Digby, even a hurried glance will show the naive simplicity of the people who dwell along St. Mary's Bay, their strong religious faith, and their untiring industry.

Here I found the same quaint houses clustered around the silver spires of the churches, the same language of a hundred years ago, and even in some cases the same quaint costumes. The famous Abbé Sigogne

has long since gone, but other abbés have taken his place, the crosses still hang above the beds in the cottages or stretch out their gray arms at the crossroads against a background of sky and sea. The Angelus still sounds from the belfries, and in many of the white and gray cottages that stand by the roadsides, embowered in lilac bushes, the whir of the spinning wheel and the clack-clack of the loom are still heard.

My impression of the *real* Acadia, the present home of the Acadian farmers, has resolved itself into a series of pictures interspersed with dialogues with the Acadians themselves.

I had begun to feel a little nostalgia for the Province of Quebec, when suddenly I saw the first wayside cross, and all at once began to feel at home. It stood on a slight rise of ground, and not far away was the sea like a blue curtain dropped behind it. It stretched out its gray arms, a symbol of the sufferings, the faith and the hopes of the inhabitants of the country, and perhaps also a symbol of welcome to wandering strangers like our-

selves. Not far away was the village with its church spire rising high over the white and gray cottages that clustered all around and spread out along the highway. The people were sitting on the little galleries of their houses, or in the tiny gardens in front enjoying the early evening freshness, the men almost invariably smoking, and the women gossiping with each other across the fences, while swarms of children ran merrily about the one long street. I stopped more than once to talk to these Acadians, and found the same national politeness and desire to give information that I have been accustomed to among the inhabitants of Quebec. Before one small house I saw an old man and woman sitting in a garden about the size of a kitchen table. I asked the old man if he were a native, and he replied that he had passed all his life there, farming and fishing, as do many of the inhabitants of the Acadian villages. His English was so good that I asked if he were not part Irish or Scotch, to which he indignantly replied that he was pure French and that he had never kissed any but French

women, which reply brought a complacent, if toothless, smile from Madame, who never ceased rocking back and forth in her red rocker. Madame's costume was a compromise between the old Acadian dress and that of a modern farm woman—long black skirt, bright-colored apron and a bodice of dark blue, all very neat and clean. She did not wear the black headdress of the Acadian peasant women, and I had begun to think that the real costume was now discarded, when a little farther on I saw dismounting from an ancient vehicle drawn by oxen, a tall old woman in the regulation garb, entirely of black, with skirt touching the ground and head covered with a small black shawl made into a hood. Just outside the village, working in a hayfield, were three women in the Acadian costume, one in black, and two in white dresses, but all wearing a kind of black sunbonnet. The haycocks, the quaint costumes of the working peasants, and the church spire in the background, lighted by the lowering sun, suggested to me a picture of northern France by some artist of the school of Millet or Mauve.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, and distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose shuttles within doors
Mingled their sounds with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale-blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, . . .

Thus wrote Longfellow in his description of the imagined village of Grand-Pré; but if he could visit the shores of St. Mary's Bay to-day, he would find that the old handicrafts are still carried on, for often along the highway one sees displayed before the house, hooked rugs, woven bedspreads, quilts of varied hue and pattern, and lengths of homespun or linen.

At one of these cottages we stopped. It was small and white, set back from the road, with green lilac bushes almost screening it from view. About the narrow veranda twined rambler roses, pink and red, and beds of marigolds and nasturtiums glowed in the tiny garden. I was admitted by a tall Acadian woman, wearing the long black peasant dress, and, on explaining that I wished to see some specimens of her handiwork, I was shown into the parlor. This was the usual parlor of the French habitant, with old-fashioned furniture, and crayon portraits in gilt frames staring blankly down from the walls. And here on a long table were displayed beautiful examples of the handicrafts of the country—

linen and woolen cloth, rugs and bed-covers. Madame was keenly desirous to tell all about her work and to show me the choicest specimens of it. She took me into the next room, and it recalled a scene from "Evangeline."

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.

Madame then brought out of the tall cupboard a large hooked rug of oval shape with a beautiful floral pattern finely worked in it. This, she told me, was a rug worked by her sister—now dead—who was apparently something of an artist, for the colors were carefully blended and the pattern finely and systematically conceived, giving an oriental effect. I was told that the sister had made a study of patterns and had furnished them for the whole neighborhood.

Hearing a soft clicking beyond the room, I asked what it was and was told that Madame's mother-in-law was still weaving in the room beyond the kitchen. Madame opened the door, and I watched for a few moments the old woman, who was so engrossed in finishing her work before the sun went down that she did not notice us. The sun, streaming in through the open window, fell upon the white hair and blue print dress of the old woman; and if from the village spire, which was visible through the window, the Angelus had sounded, I could have imagined myself back in old Acadia beside the Basin of Minas. But the only sound to be heard was the click-clack of the loom, and the loud ticking of the clock when the weaver stopped to change shuttle.

Another quaint picture that persists in memory is that of the ox carts. Everywhere in Nova Scotia one sees them, but they seem to belong first of all to the Acadian landscape. The road now led down close beside the shore and here, amid a great deal of shouting and excitement several Acadian boys were driv-



INDIAN HARBOR

ing an ox harnessed to a rude sledge which was laden with eel-grass. They were sturdy youngsters, lively and excitable and keen to make the acquaintance of a stranger. In fact, everyone seemed merry and enthusiastic except the ox.

The sun was at the horizon when came the most beautiful picture of all. We were now just opposite Church Point—the centre of the Acadian settlements—and across the bay could be clearly seen a blue ridge of land, Long Island and Digby Neck. Low clouds hovered over the horizon and rose to some height above the sea. We got out of the car, and making our way to a cliff watched the sun set across St. Mary's Bay. In a tiny cove beneath us boys' shouts and a dog's bark broke through the plunging sound of the waves on the beach below the cliff. The colors across the water and in the sky cannot be described, but they reminded me most of one of Turner's pictures of a Venetian sunset behind a fleet of fishing boats. When we came back to the car, twilight had come; an ox team was slowly returning to the

village, the voice of the driver and the creaking wheels of the cart being the only sounds to be heard; in a sheltered cove into which a stream flowed, a fisherman was anchoring his boat, black against the afterglow, and the light from the clouds above was reflected uncannily on the still water of the cove, outlining each cloud with a border of gold. Here, then, in this peaceful and fruitful land which is washed by the salt waves of St. Mary's Bay and freshened by sweet streams from the inland hills, live many of the descendants of the old Acadians, a people whose lives still "glide on like rivers that water the woodlands, darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven."

CHAPTER V

A LOW AND BEAUTIFUL LAND

THE various names which have been applied to Prince Edward Island since its discovery by Cartier in 1534 are all descriptive of the country and represent to a great extent the people who gave it these names. The earliest inhabitants of whom we have any knowledge, the Micmacs, called the island "Abegenut" (cradled in the waves). If one approaches Prince Edward Island by boat on a hazy evening and sees the undulating blue outline of its shores above the water, the aptness of the Indian name will be at once apparent.

Jacques Cartier, when he first saw the island, called it a "low and beautiful land"; and Champlain, less romantic but more religious, named it after his patron saint,

calling it "Île St. Jean." When the French came to found a colony on the island in 1720, the Comte de St. Pierre named the spot which is now Charlottetown "Port La Joie." It remained for the less imaginative English to give the country the name of a stolid German member of the Royal Family, and the name has since remained Prince Edward Island.

Other epithets applied to this island are all characteristic. It has been called "The Garden of the Gulf," and "A Million Acre Farm"; but the inhabitants now refer to it as "The Island," and for them it is *the* island par excellence.

Cartier's account, translated into English by Biggar, is both interesting and picturesque:

And the next day, the last but one of the said month, the wind came south, one quarter south-west, and we sailed west until sunrise on Tuesday, the last day of the said month, without seeing any land, except that in the evening at sunset, we caught sight of land in appearance like two islands, which lay some nine or ten leagues to the southwest of us. And we made that day until sunrise the next



PROVINCIAL BUILDINGS, CHARLOTTETOWN

morning about forty leagues in a westerly direction. And pursuing our course we came in sight of what had looked to us like two islands, which was the mainland, that ran south-south-east and north-north-west as far as a very fine headland, named by us Cape Orleans.

All this coast is low and flat but the finest land one can see, and full of beautiful trees and meadows. Yet we could find along it no harbor; for the shore is low and skirted all shallow.

Later, Nicholas Denys in his "Natural History of Acadia," writes the following description of the physical aspects of the island:

Returning to our Islands of Brion and Magdeleine, these are only rocks, and upon them are Firs intermingled with little Birches. At eight or ten leagues therefrom one meets with Isle Saint Jean, upon the route to Isle Percée. One passes in view of it (or not) according to the direction of the winds. It is necessary not to approach near to it, for all the coast on this side of the Bay is nothing but sand, which forms flats for more than a league out to sea. This island

has all of twenty-five or thirty leagues in length, and one league of breadth in the middle. It is almost the shape of a crescent, and pointed at the two ends. The side which is opposite the mainland is bordered with rocks. There are two coves, through which two rivers pass to discharge into the sea. Longboats are able to enter, for within are a kind of small harbors. On this side the woods are very fine. Such land as it has seems rather good. This island is covered wi[illegible] almost nothing but Firs mingled with some Beeches and Birches.

The sea enters very far into parts of this island, and thus produces great meadows, and many ponds. In all these places water-fowl are abundant, and there occurs plenty of feeding-ground. They make their nests, and moult, there. One finds here Cranes and Geese, white and gray as in France. As for Moose, there are none of them. There are Caribou, which are another species of Moose. They have not such strong antlers; the hair is denser and longer, and nearly all white. They are excellent to eat.

The island was valued by the French chiefly for its fisheries, and for the furs which could be obtained there; nevertheless, efforts



ACADIAN BOYS GATHERING EEL GRASS

were made at colonization. Acadians came over from Nova Scotia shortly after the capture of Port Royal in 1710, and these persistent colonizers obtained a foothold in several parts of the country. Any place where they could cultivate land, particularly low-lying marshlands, became a sort of *patrie* to them, dearer even than old France itself. Other and better organized efforts at colonization were made, but were only in a small measure successful. The most determined efforts were those by Jean Pierre Roma at Three Rivers; but climate, lack of money and neglect by the mother country prevented success.

The census of 1735 shows less than six hundred inhabitants then dwelling upon Île St. Jean.

After the capture of Louisburg, William Pepperell sent an expedition against Port La Joie and Three Rivers. Roma escaped to Quebec, offering no resistance. But at Port La Joie, although the buildings were burned, the little French garrison of twenty men drove the invaders off with loss in killed and

wounded. Efforts were again made by the French to establish themselves firmly in Île St. Jean and in 1751 Colonel Franquet, an engineer from France who was sent out to strengthen the fortifications at Louisburg, visited the island and made an enthusiastic report of the natural conditions he found there. This report has been embodied in an article by the late Professor John Caven of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, excerpts from which follow:

Franquet contemplated with delight the magnificent natural harbor that stretched out before him—its waters surrounded with a rose-colored beading, set in an ebony frame of dark forests, that covered the red shores and extended up along the courses of the three great estuaries. Only on the rounded heights and shelving slopes of Port La Joie had the monopoly of the forest been invaded.

The unexplored forest was to be seen everywhere—a waving sea of verdure throwing itself from the distant uplands down to the river banks. There, small openings were beginning to appear, with the log houses of

the settler rising among the stumps of the recently felled trees, and strong though patchy harvests waving over the yet unlevelled and unfenced fields.

The well-cleared lands under cultivation, and the fields of waving grain, woke the admiration of the travellers. They were told that the settlement was an old one, and that every farmer in it enjoyed an easy competency, possessing a sufficiency of farm stock, and reaping every year from his fields enough to satisfy all his wants. The view up the Pisquid valley was one to charm the eye. On the shelving sides of the valley through which the river ran, stood the log houses of the settlers, dotting the landscape with a pleasing irregularity, and by every house was its spring of fresh water. Up the slopes behind the houses lay the cultivated fields, their crops beginning to assume the ripening tints of autumn, while along the summits of these slopes waved spreading beeches and hardwood trees of various kinds. Over the entire picture fell the warm light of an August sun, and Franquet records the impression which this landscape made on him, by saying that life in a spot so picturesque could not be otherwise than agreeable.

That the Acadian peasantry, settled on the island, were brave and persistent needs no proof, and the tale of their hardships and sufferings remains for the most part untold. But the story of their struggle is to be read between the lines of the concise and exact census taken by Sieur de la Roque and published in the "Report of the Canadian Archives."

Paul Boudrot, ploughman, native of L'Acadie, aged 49 years, has been two years in the colony. Married to Marie Joseph Duaron, native of L'Acadie, aged 40 years.

They have 2 sons and 3 daughters:

Jean Charles Boudrot, aged 12 years;
Bazille, aged 4 years;
Margueritte, aged 17 years;
Françoise, aged 14 years;
Anne, aged 7 years.

Charles Duaron, their father, native of L'Acadie, aged 90 years and infirm. Married to Françoise Godet, native of L'Acadie, aged 85 years.

They have in live stock 5 oxen, 4 cows, 1 sow and 4 pigs. The land on which they are settled is situated on the Rivière des Blancs; it has been given to them verbally by M. de Bonnaventure. They have made a clearing on it of 5 arpents in



HAYMAKING IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

extent where they have sown 7 bushels of wheat and 8 bushels of oats.

Marie Boudrot, widow of Pierre Richard, very poor, native of L'Acadie, aged 36 years, has been in the country two years.

She has 6 children, 5 sons and 1 daughter:

Pierre Richard, aged 19 years;
Paul, aged 17 years;
Joseph, aged 13 years;
Honoré, aged 10 years;
Thomas, aged 6 years;
Marie, aged 15 years.

They have no live stock.

The land on which she is settled is situated on the north bank of the said Rivière du Nord-Est. It was given to her verbally by M. de Bonnaventure and he resumes possession as they have made no improvements.

But, notwithstanding the fact that the Acadians suffered from toil, cold, famine and pestilence, still more cruel hardships were in store. The tragic fate that befell the inhabitants of Grand-Pré also visited the inhabitants of Île St. Jean. There is no need to repeat the story. Lord Rollo was charged to carry out the expulsion, and about 3500 out of some 4500 Acadians were carried away in

the crowded ships of the enemy. Of these, many died of the privations they had to undergo and 700 were drowned at sea. A fair number made their way back to the island, for the present number of French inhabitants descended from old Acadian stock is large.

The Treaty of Paris in 1763 gave the Île St Jean to the British, and it was now known as Prince Edward Island. Scottish settlers were brought out and settled in a semi-feudal manner on properties which had been assigned to some British over-lord. These, too, had to suffer the same hardships that the Acadians had endured. For example, in 1770 a party of Scotch colonists arrived at Princetown. They had been led to believe that they would find cleared land and a busy town, but nothing greeted them but the sombre forests and a tiny village made up chiefly of Indian huts. To complete the disaster, the vessel that brought them foundered off the coast and all their supplies were lost. They were thus forced to winter with the Indians, subsisting upon dried corn and such food as the sea or forest supplied.

Yet each year the number of settlers grew greater, increased from many sources. There were, besides the numerous Scottish immigrants, settlers from the Channel Isles—English pioneers, Acadians who had made their way back or had escaped the expulsion, and Loyalists from New England. These were all of hardy races, and they and their descendants transformed the island into what it is to-day—a land of fruitful farms, prosperous towns and quiet villages. Education was much prized by these early settlers, and it is said that one who had suffered shipwreck, as his boat was about to enter the harbor, saved only his Bible and his Horace, and it is further stated that the most popular book in the "Bedeque Female Library" was Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." I can believe that to-day this book has lost some of its popularity among the women patrons of circulating libraries, even on Prince Edward Island!

The Legislature of Prince Edward Island is one of the oldest in America, having been established in 1773, and it can also claim to

be the birthplace of the Dominion of Canada, as the tablet in the legislative buildings at Charlottetown records:

IN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF THE DELEGATES
WHO ASSEMBLED IN THIS ROOM
ON SEPT. 1ST, 1864,
THERE WAS BORN THE DOMINION OF CANADA—
PROVIDENCE BEING THEIR GUIDE,
THEY BUILDED BETTER THAN THEY KNEW.
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED
ON THE OCCASION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE EVENT.

The road, long, straight and uninviting, turned sharply to the right from the main highway. Could this be the pathway that led to the enchanted island of which we had so often thought and spoken during the past weeks? The country looked uninteresting, the surface of the road rough, and I must confess that I felt some disappointment. I had imagined a wide avenue leading down to the sea where a boat would be waiting to take us over the stretch of water that lay

between the mainland and the island. Nevertheless, we followed the trail, and after several miles of bumping and jolting, we caught sight of the sea dancing in the sunlight, and our spirits rose. Afar in the distance lay what seemed in the haze a cloud of blue mist. This was my first glimpse of the "low and beautiful land" that is Prince Edward Island. There was no boat waiting to ferry us across the Strait of Northumberland, as I had hoped there would be. The waiting was done by ourselves and several other impatient motorists. But it is no use being impatient if one is going to Prince Edward Island, for its inhabitants are as yet far from convinced that speed is progress. And in this lies much of the restful charm that is characteristic of the island. It was dusk when our steamer arrived—a large square-looking steamer with a tall smoke-stack at each corner. Into its dark interior we were stowed together with two passenger trains, and other such trifles, and the crossing began. The automobiles had been driven upon flat-bottomed cars and shunted on to

the boat, and here we sat perched up in a long line, like an immobile circus procession, with now and then heads protruding from open windows, like captive animals peering from their cages.

It was quite dark when we landed at Port Borden and extremely difficult to find the road to Charlottetown; and, as the island is a network of roads which all look much alike, and as all the natives seemed to have retired for the night, it was not without difficulty that the Capital was reached about midnight.

Pretty, restful, and charming is Charlottetown. Its inhabitants are ever ready to help the stranger and to make him feel at home; its streets are wide and smooth, and its squares and buildings have a homely old-fashioned look about them—a calmness and stability that suggest aristocratic repose. No formalities vex the traveller, and if there is a policeman in Charlottetown, he must have been on a holiday at the time of my visit. I wished to see the Legislative Building and especially the chamber where the Canadian Confederation was first discussed. I had ex-

pected to find a uniformed officer armed with sword or baton at the door to scowl at me as I went in, but the only soul in sight was a solitary janitor armed with a duster and mop. I told him that I wished to see the room where Confederation was first debated by the chief statesmen of Canada. "The door is open; walk right up," he replied, waving his mop towards the stairs. I walked up as bidden. The room is not large as legislative halls go, but it has a simple Georgian dignity that is most impressive. By thinking back for more than half a century, I could see the dignified assembly of statesmen, and by letting my mind travel east and west I could see the final result of their deliberations—a united Canada.

The country around Charlottetown reminded me now of South Devon, now of Northern France; while the abundance of fir trees suggested oftentimes some more northern country. I do not believe the name "The Garden of the Gulf" a misnomer, for, when standing on one of the hills and overlooking a tract of country, the effect of the

farms, with meadows outlined by hedges or long rows of spruces and birches, is that of a gigantic garden. Immense green fields of potatoes starred with white blossoms bordered many of the roads, and silver fox farms, where the aristocrat sits like a condemned king awaiting his tragic fate, add to the interest of the surrounding country. We went to the tourist agency to enquire about motor roads. "Why not go up to Green Gables?" said the woman in charge. Green Gables! The name had a familiar sound, but for a moment it brought no picture to my mind. Then suddenly I remembered Anne of Green Gables, of whom I had read twenty years before, Anne—whom Mark Twain called "the dearest and most delightful child since the immortal Alice!" Anne, the red-haired heroine, whose adventures have been translated into many languages, whose history has circulated in English to the extent of more than a half million copies; Anne, one of the best known and best loved of heroines in Canadian fiction!* We would visit

* The Four "Anne" Books, by L. M. Montgomery, are published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston.



GREEN GABLES FARM

Green Gables, her home, and find again the "Avenue," "The White Way of Delight," "The Birch Grove" and the "Lake of Shining Waters." The road to Avonlea—some prosaic person has printed it "Cavendish" on the map — is charming and typical of Prince Edward Island at its best. Long stretches of fertile farmlands, pastures beside quiet waters of lake and river, cattle on every hillside and the red roads winding between avenues of giant white birches.

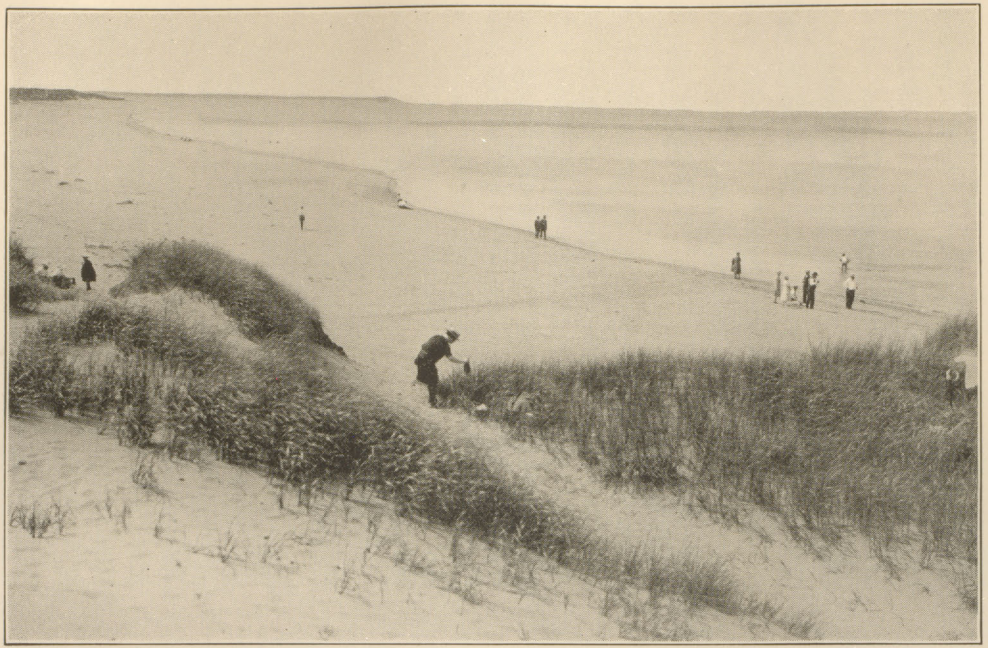
It was a pretty road, running along between snug farmsteads, with now and again a bit of balsamy fir wood to drive through, or a hollow where wild plums hung out their filmy bloom. The air was sweet with the breath of many apple orchards and the meadows sloped away in the distance to horizon mists of pearl and purple. And then the sea. Not always visible, it is true, but the salty smell and the tang of a wind that has just swept over a wide stretch of water are always present.

We first visited the beach at Cavendish—as fine a stretch of silver sand and blue-gray water edged with foam as any lover of the

sea could wish. A silvery mist was rolling away from the surface of the water and made a long soft line between sky and sea.

The shore road was "woodsy and wild and lonesome." On the right hand, scrub firs, their spirits quite unbroken by long years of tussle with the gulf winds, grew thickly. On the left were the steep red sandstone cliffs, down at the base of the cliffs were heaps of surf-worn rocks or little sandy coves inlaid with pebbles as with ocean jewels; beyond lay the sea, shimmering and blue, and over it soared the gulls, their pinions flashing silvery in the sunlight.

Green Gables farm lies back some distance from the sea and has a long lane which leads up to it from the main road. It is a "deep-rutted grassy lane bordered with wild rose bushes." The usual black and white cattle were grazing in the rolling fields. A brook tinkled cheerfully among the silvery willows below the hill, fir woods climbed the distant hills making an olive green frame to the picture, a few graceful white birches by the roadside coquetted with the sea breeze, and



WHITE SANDS NEAR GREEN GABLES

everything seemed to invite me to enter the gateway. You approach Green Gables by a yard at the back. "Very green and neat and precise was this yard, set about on one side with great Patriarchal willows, and on the other side with Lombardies." Beyond the house was the garden sloping down from a prim porch over the front door, and at one side the orchard.

A huge cherry-tree grew outside, so close that its boughs tapped against the house, and it was so thick-set with blossoms that hardly a leaf was to be seen. On both sides of the house was a big orchard, one of apple-trees and one of cherry-trees, also showered over with blossoms; and their grass was all sprinkled with dandelions. In the garden below were lilac-trees purple with flowers, and their dizzy sweet fragrance drifted up to the window on the morning wind.

Below the garden a green field lush with clover sloped down to the hollow where the brook ran and where scores of white birches grew, upspringing airily out of an undergrowth suggestive of delightful possibilities in ferns and mosses and woodsy things generally. Beyond it was a hill, green and

feathery with spruce and fir; there was a gap in it where the gray gable end of the little house she had seen from the other side of the Lake of Shining Waters was visible.

Off to the left were the big barns, and beyond them, away down over the green, low-sloping fields, was a sparkling blue glimpse of the sea.

It was all like the vague recurrence of an old dream. Farmhouse, garden, brook, orchard, I had seen them all before. I half expected to see the stern face and angular form of Marilla, as I timidly rapped at the front door. But instead of Marilla's forbidding countenance, a genial-looking woman opened the door and gave me permission to wander wherever I pleased, and to take whatever photographs I wished. And just as I was leaving an incident occurred which flattered my vanity—every writer has a large quantity of vanity—and made me doubly glad that I had come to Green Gables. I had closed the gate and was again seeking the Bluebird, when a girl who might have been Anne herself—only her hair wasn't auburn—rushed

from the door and asked me to write in her autograph album. Her mother, Mrs. Webb, had by this time joined us, and when she looked at the autograph she exclaimed: "You are not F. O. Call, the poet, are you?" I blushingly admitted, that so far as I knew, no other person of that name attempted to write verse.

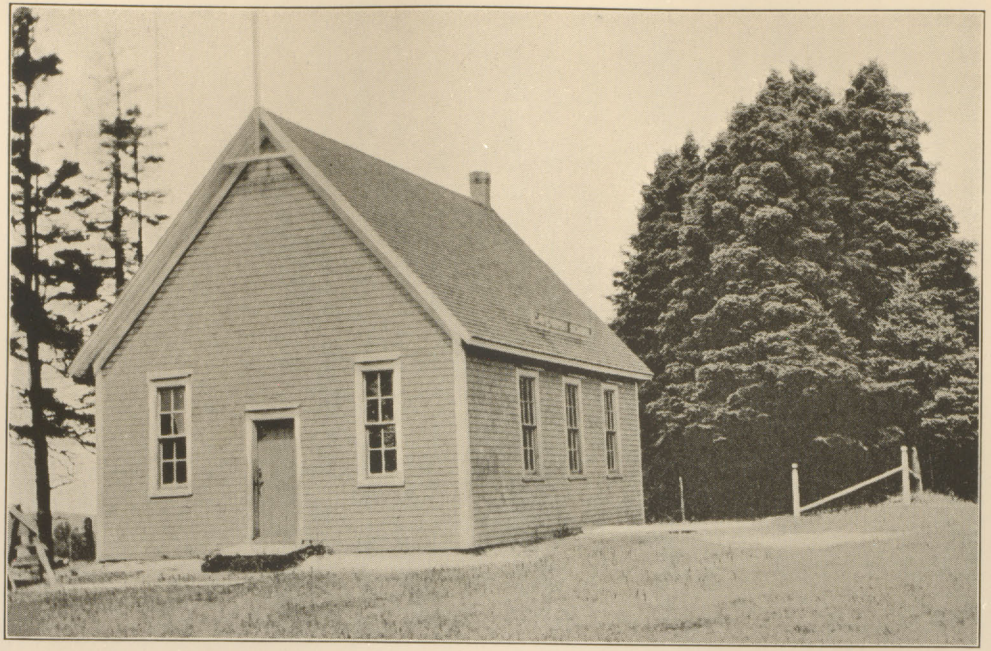
"You are the author of my favorite poem 'Through Arched Windows,' " she continued, "I can repeat it all." I am sure any fellow-writer will agree that my journey to Prince Edward Island was not in vain. I have often, when finding it necessary to introduce myself, hoped for such an experience, but never before have I seen more than a look of mild interest, or heard anything but a note of enquiry in the voice that answered. But here I was received as "the poet." Probably it will never happen again, but like Anne I am going to use my imagination and pretend it happens whenever I meet new people.

The schoolhouse lies at some distance from the farmhouse beside the homeward-leading way.

It was slightly different from what I expected, and "Cavendish School" — not "Avonlea"—was written on the sign board. Nevertheless, as I peered through the small panes, I could almost hear the echo of a cry of "Carrots," followed by the smashing of Anne's slate over the head of the boy who thus referred to her auburn tresses. But perhaps it was a blue jay laughing in the fir wood. For the trees were the same, even if the building had been changed, and the "Birch Path" ran down to the brook beyond.

I did not have time to visit "Lovers' Lane" and the "Dryad's Bubble," and I am not quite sure that I found the "Lake of Shining Waters," but I found a sheet of water which answered the description pretty well, although my geography seemed a little twisted.

They had driven over the crest of the hill. Below them was a pond, looking almost like a river so long and winding was it. A bridge spanned it midway and from there to its lower end, where an amber-hued belt of sand-hills shut it in from the dark blue gulf beyond, the water was a glory of many shifting hues—the most spiritual shadings of crocus and



AVONLEA (CAVENDISH) SCHOOL

rose and ethereal green, with other elusive tintings for which no name has ever been found. Above the bridge the pond ran up into fringing groves of fir and maple and lay all darkly translucent in their wavering shadows.

I left Green Gables promising myself to pay another visit some day, and hoping to see it in October when the countryside was "all red and gold with mellow mornings when the valleys were filled with delicate mists as if the spirit of Autumn had poured them in the sun to drain—amethyst, pearl, silver, rose, and smoke-blue," and to follow again the birch-bordered red roads that wind through woods and fields, dipping now down to the shore among gray fishing huts, and again mounting the hills whence can be seen the gigantic chessboard of farms laid out in patches of green, and red and yellow.

CHAPTER VI

LA TOUR

THE traveller who sails up or down the river Rhine will see ruins of medieval fortresses perched upon the rocks that tower above the water. These were the strongholds of barons who, during the Middle Ages, were scarcely better than robbers and who, with their retainers, lived chiefly by barter or by making war upon their nearest neighbors. They often fell out over a beautiful duchess or the possession of an estate, and bitter warfare was the result. These rocks, too, were haunted by all sorts of dragons and other monsters, according to the legends which still are told about them. Perhaps the only counterpart of such conditions that we find in Acadian history is in the story of Charnisay and La Tour, who during a large part of the seventeenth

century lived like barons of former times with their retainers about them, and made unceasing warfare upon each other, each trying to accomplish the ruin of the man whom he considered his mortal enemy. There was a beautiful and brave woman, too, concerned in the story—the spirited Lady La Tour. In the forests about the mouth of the St. John river lurked monsters as bold as the fire-breathing dragons of old—different tribes of savages who were in the pay of these two implacable foes. In fact, the whole story reads like a medieval romance, and yet it took place upon the shores of the Bay of Fundy in the colony of L'Acadie, the enemies being two Frenchmen of aristocratic birth.

Charles La Tour and his wife Marie are two of the chief actors in the drama connected with their name, the villain of the piece being, according to reliable historians, D'Aulnay Charnisay. La Tour's early training was a Spartan one. Together with his friend Biencourt he had lived long in the forests among friendly Indians, trading with them and learning their customs and

language. The fort at the south end of Acadia was left to Charles' father, Claude La Tour. Charles had been granted a small tract of land at the mouth of the St. John river where he had built a fort and was carrying on a prosperous business in trading with the Indians. This was about 1635. Charnisay had been granted, or had inherited, the possession of Port Royal where a strong fort had been erected.

He seems to have been a man of strong but unscrupulous character, as well as ambitious and revengeful. One historian, Denys, says that he was little better than a slave-driver, and that he wished, not to found a colony of farmers at Port Royal, but to trade in furs and to keep the country in its original condition.

Charles La Tour, on the other hand, is pictured as one who had all the qualities of the courtier, coupled with a bravery and tenacity of purpose rare even in those days. But he, too, was ambitious; and in spite of its immense extent, Acadia was not large enough to afford room for two men of the

character of La Tour and Charnisay. The greater part of the history of the colony until the time of Charnisay's death in 1645 consists of the story of the feud between the two men. To make matters worse, each had his stronghold in the territory over which the other held nominal sway, for La Tour had been assigned Acadia with the exception of Port Royal, and Charnisay held Maine and New Brunswick as his domain. La Tour had chosen the site for his fort with great care and in such a way that he could command the fur trade of the whole St. John river. The site of this fort had been in dispute, but it is now agreed that it was situated on what is now the lower end of Portland Street in the city of St. John. The Acadian historian, Hannay, describes the fort thus:

Charles La Tour's fort at the River St. John was a structure of four bastions, one hundred and eighty feet square, and enclosed with palisades, after the fashion of that age. It was placed on the west side of the harbor of St. John, on a point of land opposite Navy Island, commanding at once the harbor to the

south of it and a considerable stretch of the river to the northward. Here he dwelt in state, like a feudal baron, with a large number of soldiers and retainers in garrison, who, besides their martial occupations, were made useful in the Indian trade which he conducted. Here the painted savages, not only from the St. John and its tributaries, but from the rivers in the interior of Maine, came to dispose of the furs which were the spoils of the chase. Here the yearly ship from France brought him goods suitable for the Indian trade, supplies of ammunition, and such provisions as the wilderness did not afford. A welcome sight her arrival must have been to those exiled Frenchmen, as she came freighted with guerdons and memories of their native land.

A rude abundance reigned at the board around which gathered the defenders of Fort La Tour. The wilderness was then a rich preserve of game, where the moose, caribou and red deer roamed in savage freedom. Wild fowl of all kinds abounded along the marsh and intervale lands of the St. John, and the river itself—undisturbed by steamboats and unpolluted by saw mills—swarmed with fish. La Tour, as Denys informs us, had a stake net on the flats below his fort, where

he took such abundance of gaspereaux as sometimes to break the net, besides catching salmon, shad and bass. And so those soldier-traders lived, on the spoils of the forest, ocean and river, a life of careless freedom, undisturbed by the politics of the world, and little crossed by its cares.

Within the fort Lady La Tour led a lonely life, with no companions but her domestics and her children, for her lord was often away ranging in the woods, cruising on the coast, or perhaps on a voyage to France. She was a devout Huguenot, but, although Claude La Tour had been of the same faith, Charles seems to have professed himself a Roman Catholic about the year 1632. Policy probably had quite as much to do with his profession as conviction, for he seems to have troubled himself little about points of theology, and was more concerned with the profits of the fur trade than the discussion of doctrinal points. After the fashion of the times, and to show his conformity with the religion of the court and King, he usually kept a couple of ecclesiastics in his fort, one of whom frequently accompanied him on voyages along the coast. The difference of religion between the husband and wife, if any sincere difference really existed, seems never to have

marred the harmony of their relations. He never attempted to make her conform to his profession of religion; she remained a Huguenot to the last, although the religion of his wife was one of the main charges brought against him by the enemies who sought his ruin.

The differences between Charles La Tour and Charnisay seemed to have commenced very soon after the occupation of the former of Fort La Tour at St. John in 1635. It is not necessary to enter into any minute examination of the causes of the quarrel, for nothing could be more natural than that two men, situated as La Tour and Charnisay were, should have disputes. Both held large territories in Acadia; both had commissions from the King of France as his lieutenants; both were engaged in the same trade. To complicate matters still further Charnisay's fort at Port Royal was in the middle of the territory which had been placed under the government of La Tour, while the fort of the latter, at the mouth of the St. John, was in the territory which was under the government of Charnisay. Although the territory attached to this fort was only fifty square leagues in extent, it enabled La Tour to command the whole trade of the St. John river,

which was then incomparably the best river in Acadia for the fur trade. In fact, the trader who held the mouth of the St. John river was in a position to do the most of the Indian trade from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Penobscot. It was impossible, therefore, that Charnisay could look upon the advantages possessed by his rival without jealousy, and, having some influence at the French court by the favor of Cardinal Richelieu, he set himself diligently to work to supplant La Tour, who, having spent most of his life in Acadia, was comparatively a stranger in France.

But the crafty Charnisay had no intention of letting La Tour trade in peace at his fort at the mouth of the St. John. Charnisay succeeded in getting the ear of the French court, accused La Tour of many crimes including treason, and in 1641 an order was issued for La Tour to come to France to answer to these charges. Meanwhile, he was trading unconcernedly at his stronghold or ranging the forest with his Indian friends. We find that he was in Quebec about this time, for his name appears in the registers

as sponsor of the son of a Scotch settler, Abraham Martin, from whom the famous battlefield, the Plains of Abraham, took its name.

When the King's ship arrived at Fort La Tour, the master of the place refused to go to France at all, and the writ bearing the King's seal required force behind it if it were to make the determined La Tour obey. Charnisay then went to France himself to undermine La Tour's cause at court and denounce him in person as a traitor to his King. La Tour calmly put his fort in a state of defence. He also took measures to strengthen his cause with the people of New England and particularly of Boston. Here he had powerful friends, and he sent messengers asking for aid. These messengers, fourteen in number, were well received by Governor Winthrop. The Puritan governor gravely writes that, although these messengers were Frenchmen and Papists, they devoutly attended Church meetings in Boston; and the chief messenger, Rochette, professed to be much affected by what he learned. The wily

envoy also accepted a New Testament in French, and promised to read it diligently. We can believe that he winked slyly to his French companions as he accepted the present. But La Tour received no practical aid from New England. On the return of the messengers they fell in with Charnisay who had procured an order for La Tour's arrest. A copy of this was sent to Governor Winthrop. In this order Charnisay was directed to seize Fort La Tour and send the master to France as a traitor. Charnisay gathered what was then a formidable force consisting of five ships and five hundred men. La Tour had succeeded in gaining help from his friends in La Rochelle, and a hundred and forty armed men with ammunition and supplies were sent to help the cause of La Tour. The clouds of civil war were now gathering around Fort La Tour and the sky became each moment darker.

On the 12th of June, 1643, a curious drama was enacted in Boston. The good Puritans could scarcely believe their eyes; nevertheless, there was sailing up the harbor a French

war vessel apparently well armed. A thunderous salute boomed out over the town and added to the general amazement. Had France suddenly declared war upon England and was Boston about to be attacked? Such were the questions that agitated the brains beneath the tall black hats of the fathers of Boston town, and we can imagine that the long severe Puritan faces grew ever longer and more perplexed. The governor himself came out to see what was the matter, and a boat left the warship and landed at the governor's garden. The visitors were no others than La Tour and some of his followers who had again come to implore the aid of the New Englanders. It seems that Charnisay had succeeded in blockading Fort La Tour with his full force, but that in the meantime a ship, the "Clement," had arrived from La Rochelle to support La Tour. He and his wife had stolen secretly away, had run the blockade successfully in a small boat, boarded the "Clement" and *voilà!* Here they were in Boston harbor imploring the aid of their neighbors. Governor Winthrop seemed

desirous of lending what help he could without political complications, for the trade between Boston and Acadia was worth keeping. But the governor had not reckoned upon the religious scruples of his people. A great hue and cry was raised among the extremists about the Puritan sailors and soldiers hiring themselves out to Papists—"these idolatrous French," as they were called. The ministers found this a good subject for their sermons the following Sunday, and probably no one slumbered in the Puritan meeting-houses that day. Some even engaged in prophecy like the prophets of the Old Testament, predicting that the streets of their peaceful towns would run red with blood if they had anything to do with Papists. Whether they rent their garments in true prophetical style we are not told. The Old Testament was consulted diligently, and it was shown, on the one hand, by the examples of Jehoshaphat, Josias and Amaziah that the righteous could have no dealings with the ungodly without dire results. The meeting seems to have been a free discussion which

lasted all day, but La Tour found supporters enough to permit him to hire ships to the number of four and men to the number of about a hundred.

Charnisay, in the meantime, had not suspected that La Tour had passed his blockade, and was so surprised and frightened when he saw La Tour's ships coming into the harbor at St. John that he started home to Port Royal as fast as the wind would take him. Charnisay's boats were pursued ashore, his position at the head of the bay in his mill, which he had hurriedly fortified, was attacked, and several of his men killed. One of Charnisay's vessels fell into the hands of the enemy—a pinnace with a cargo of four hundred moose skins and four hundred beaver skins, showing wherein the wealth of the contestants consisted.

Charnisay was more determined than ever to crush his enemy. He now went to France to procure means to this end, but Lady La Tour had also gone to La Rochelle to advance her husband's interests. Charnisay at once procured an order for her arrest as a traitor

to the King. Being warned by friends, she made her escape to England, and in London procured a ship laden with munitions and provisions for the succor of her husband at Fort La Tour.

Meanwhile, La Tour was waiting through weary months for the return of his devoted and spirited wife. No news had penetrated to him, and it can be easily understood with what growing anxiety he awaited in his wooden stronghold her return, with the wilderness of forests behind and the wilderness of waters before. When summer had arrived he could bear the suspense no longer, but started for Boston once more to implore the aid of his Puritan friends. The good elders feared the political consequences if further help were given to the French Papist, and after three days of discussion, La Tour started homewards, having obtained a vessel laden with provisions for his fort, but little else. La Tour had hardly left Boston when an English ship arrived in the harbor. This was none other than the vessel procured by Lady La Tour in London, which was to

have gone straight to the fort at the mouth of the St. John river. But the captain had delayed because he wished to trade with the natives along the coast, until six months were consumed. Fate also seems to have intervened to prevent Lady La Tour from reaching her husband, for the English ship fell in with that of Charnisay at the south of Cape Sable. It was an anxious time for Lady La Tour, for if Charnisay had known that she was on board and that the ship was intending to go to Fort La Tour, he certainly would have captured it and taken it to Port Royal as a prize of war. But the captain hid Lady La Tour in the hold, and affirmed that he was bound for Boston. He was thus obliged to sail south for fear of Charnisay, much to the chagrin of Lady La Tour. After many trials and delays, she eventually sailed from Boston in a hired vessel with the supplies she had brought and arrived at Fort La Tour, having been absent for more than a year. There must have been great rejoicing that day when the lady, whom all seem to have revered and honored, returned in

safety to her home in the Acadian wilderness, and there must have been chagrin and rage on the other side of the Bay of Fundy when Charnisay learned that his enemy had been within his grasp but had escaped him once more. A portrait of Charnisay which has come down to us shows a man of crafty demeanor, with shifty eyes and a cruel mouth. His actions do not belie his portrait. He raged in fury and threatened dire vengeance upon the Puritan governor for allowing Lady La Tour to escape, and flung insult upon insult at the people of Boston. This did not do much harm, but Charnisay found a more practical way of revenge. A ship had left Boston laden with goods for Fort La Tour. Charnisay was lying in wait for her just outside the harbor of St. John, and when she arrived she proved an easy prey. Although it was in the dead of winter, Charnisay turned the English crew out upon Partridge Island with scarcely any shelter, keeping them prisoners there for some days while he procured a poor shallop for them from Port Royal. In this leaky craft the sailors

managed to reach Boston more dead than alive.

Charnisay now seemed beside himself with rage, and his final revenge was not long delayed. The last act of this Acadian drama was about to be played and to end in tragedy. The following account of the closing scenes is no doubt fictitious, but every main event is well authenticated, and a vivid picture of the tragic end of the greatest of Acadian heroines is evoked.

A translation of the "Diary of a French Prisoner," a boy of twenty, captured by Charnisay in the environs of Fort La Tour just after the final blow fell, follows:

The fort is surrounded by palisades of logs and is very strong. It needs to be, for my master has many enemies here. One of them, the Sieur de Charnisay, who has a fort across the great bay, has sworn his destruction, and we begin to fear the worst. The Indians about here are all our friends and bring in many soft furs which they exchange for powder, guns and other goods. These savages are dark-skinned, simple people, but fierce when aroused. They are devoted to

the cause of my master whom they seem to revere as one of their own chiefs. At the present moment my master has gone to Boston to get supplies and to implore aid against his arch-enemy. I greatly fear for his safety, for he tarries long, and only yesterday when I wandered along the shore beyond the fort, methought I saw a sail standing afar off on the horizon. If it had been my master's ship, he would have made harbor ere sunset, for the wind was fair. Charles was with me and saw not the sail, so perchance 'twere only a fancy which my fears have painted. My Lady La Tour is ever brave and hopeful, although yester eve when I told of the sail against the sky, she seemed most downcast and troubled for a space. We have provisions for a month, and soldiers, but have little powder left; and if the Sieur de Charnisay attacks us now I fear for the defence of the fort. My Lady, Charles and her little son could easily escape to the Maliseets up the great river, who would gladly cherish them until my master returns, but my Lady would never leave the fort until bidden by her husband.

The fears that I wrote of yesterday were not unfounded. The worst has come to pass.

It is now night and all is silent save the beating of the tide below the shore. Such a day of turmoil I have never known. The sail which I saw must have been that of the enemy, for when the fogs had lifted a little, a strange vessel stood before the fort, and thundered with its guns until the forests rang again and again. The soldiers would have hauled down the flag at once, but my Lady would have none of it. "Are you squaws that you would run away when a white man comes against you?" she cried to them. "For shame! I myself will be your captain until my Lord returns. Go every man to the bastions, fire upon the ship, but not too often, for the powder is almost spent. But not a man must surrender. Go!" It was wondrous to see the courage that one frail lady could instill into these craintive hearts. So our cannon thundered forth louder than ever those from the enemy ship had done, and the aim was good, for we could see spars and men falling, and ere noontide came the ship had retired to a safe distance bearing a wound in her side and dead men upon her decks. When night fell, we expected another attack, and all through those dark hours I remained beside my Lady with Charles near by. "Sons" she called us, and for a moment, dear

mother, I would have had it thus, so beautiful and strong did my Lady seem standing beside Charles, a mere stripling, and myself, not much taller. The soldiers were all faithful to her and remained at their posts until the dawn came, gray and misty across the black water. Then we could see that the enemy's ship had gone away. Only then would my Lady take a little rest, and the soldiers divided into watches who kept guard all day. At eve there came a Maliseet to the fort, who had come along the shore in a shallop, and he told us that the enemy had limped away soon after sunset and that for the present we had nothing more to fear.

April the 11th.

The sun now grows a little warmer, and in sheltered places the ground has come through. To-day I found many green blades of grass, and beneath the dried leaves of last year, the buds of pinkish flowers that in a few weeks will deck the forest ways. It is like a resurrection after death. To-day at Mass a special prayer was said for the quick return of summer. My Lady is a Huguenot, but many of the men are Catholic as is also my master, and my Lady often comes to Mass, especially on feast days. We have

fear of another attack, but none has come, and peace has settled down over the valley and forest wastes, such as we have not felt for weeks.

April the 13th.

I feel that I must write these things down, and that somehow, my dear mother, Providence will let you see them, for I fear that I now shall never see the fields of France again. I wonder how the Château looks in the April sun to-day, and if the flowers begin to bloom all down the sides of the hills. I would give much to see that sight to-day. But it will never be. To-day before dawn the watchman on the east bastion spied a sail through the mist, and when it had lifted a little more, there was no doubt but that our old enemy had returned. My Lord still tarries in Boston, for the enemy's ships guard the whole bay and will allow not even a canoe to pass.

April the 14th. On board the enemy's vessel together with Charles.

My hands tremble so much with the horrors of the past days that I can scarcely hold the quill. Nevertheless, I must occupy my mind or I shall go mad. At times

I feel that I *am* mad and that the last days are only the dreams of a madman, and have no reality. Poor little Charles is too crushed to rise from the deck, but only gazes at the sky and moans. It is all so horrible. While we were at prayers on Easter morning, and while I was imagining that I could hear the bells in far-off France ringing up from the village around the Château, a terrific noise was heard at the palisades. My Lady rose with stately dignity and said, "No more time for prayers, deeds must be our portion," and marched out leading her men. For the enemy, having bribed or overcome the sentinel, were barely outside the gates. It was wondrous to see my Lady leading the soldiers, and when the smoke had been blown away by a breeze from the sea, we could see a dozen men lying dead beneath the palisades. But the powder was all spent. The enemy did not know this, and sent a messenger offering to spare all the garrison if we would yield. My Lady was loth to do so, but consented in order to save the lives of her men who had fought so bravely beside her. I thought that the worst was over and that we should all be sent captive to France. But this was not to be. When the Sieur de Charnisay entered the fort, he saw our condition and broke into a

rage of which I verily believe he would have choked. "I have fought thus," he cried, "with a parcel of ruffians led by a woman. You shall every one die now that you are within my grasp." Thereupon he marched all the soldiers in front of him in line, both English and French, and choosing the most stalwart he said, "You alone shall be saved, but you shall hang the others." I could not believe what I heard until I saw more than one poor wretch dangling limply from the ropes that were pulled over a great pine that stood within the palisade. It was too horrible. And there was my Lady standing with a noose about her neck, forced to see the death of all her brave men, who had fought so valiantly at her bidding. Mine eyes are weary with the carnage of the day, and I can scarce see the letters that I make. Charles and I have been spared on account of our youth, and we go I know not where. We were put on board this ship with a little bundle of clothes and food in which I have hidden some books and papers. My Lady was led away captive, still proudly defiant towards the enemy. "Sons, do not forget," she whispered as she passed near us. I can write no more. The wind freshens and cools my hot eyes a little, the ship's sails swell, and we are steering silently away from the scene of these mad horrors.

Lady La Tour did not long survive. Her captivity broke her spirit, and in a short time she died and was buried in her beloved Acadian soil beside the waters of the St. John river on the one side and the Bay of Fundy on the other.

The rest of the story is soon told. Charnisay, having captured booty to the value of ten thousand pounds, a large sum in those days, settled down to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. He was now overlord of all Acadia, for his rival was, for the time at least, completely crushed. But his enjoyment was not for long, because we are told that in 1650 he was drowned near Port Royal, from which stronghold he had formerly sallied forth to carry death and destruction again to Fort La Tour. We do not know the particulars of his fate. But a man of his character must have many enemies, and it is possible that the hand of some foe may have hastened his passing. The son of Lady La Tour also disappeared. Some accounts say that he was sent back to France, but this is not certain. La Tour himself seems to have gone back to

the wandering life of his youth and to have lived some years with the Indians, finding the savages of the new world more kindly than the civilized gentlemen of the old. According to the accounts of the Jesuits which were carefully kept, he visited Quebec, Montreal, and even went as far north as Hudson Bay in the pursuit of the fur trade.

When he heard that his enemy was dead he went at once to France, obtained pardon for all his alleged offences and was appointed as Charnisay's successor to be governor of all Acadia, thus becoming absolute master of all the territory over which he and Charnisay had waged such fierce warfare. He returned to the old fort at the mouth of the St. John river, which Lady La Tour had laid down her life to defend, and engaged once more in trading with the Indians. The story ends by a romance, some say; but others call it a shrewd business deal. The widow of Charnisay, his second wife, still held large estates near Port Royal, and a marriage was arranged between La Tour and the widow to promote "the peace and tranquillity of the

country and concord between the families." This was, no doubt, a marriage of convenience, for La Tour and his first wife were devoted to each other, and the memory of her sad fate could hardly have been effaced. La Tour was then sixty years of age and probably was thinking more of peace and quiet than of romance. La Tour lived until 1666 and seems to have enjoyed a period of a dozen years of tranquillity, during which he reared a family of five children, whose descendants are still to be found in the now peaceful land of Acadia where once their ancestors waged civil war upon each other.

CHAPTER VII

HISTORIC LOUISBURG

ABOUT the year 1000 Eric the Red, a hardy Norse mariner, is supposed to have sailed along the coast of North America from Cape Breton to Martha's Vineyard. If this be true, the Northmen would be the first white men to sight Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, which are said to have been named Mackland by them.

About five hundred years later, Sebastian Cabot, a Venetian mariner in the service of England, sailed along the same shores. The lands that he discovered there he named Baccalaos, on account of the multitude of fish of that name found along these coasts. This name was probably given to Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Newfoundland. Later the name Île Royale was given to what is now Cape Breton Island, the present name being

ascribed by legend to the fishermen from northern France, who gave this island its name in honor of Cape Breton in France.

As can be seen, names were given to this territory by sailors in the service of both England and France, and it is from this dual claim of two great rival powers that Cape Breton and Nova Scotia owe most of their troubles.

For many years the struggle between French and English went on, and the French, thinking that Cape Breton was the key to their vast possessions beyond, determined to build a fortress that would command both the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic seaboard. The result was that in 1720 Fort Louisburg was built at a cost which at this time is difficult to compute, but which would amount to many millions of dollars. It is rumored that some of these millions found their way into the pockets of those who were to carry out the plans, but the fact remains, however, that a fortress and a walled town were created, which was second in strength only to Quebec, and may in some respects have surpassed it.

The stone walls encircled the most important town of this part of Acadia. Ships from Canada, Newfoundland and France, San Domingo, Martinique, New England and Nova Scotia thronged its busy wharves.

A sketch by Verrier, preserved in the Paris Archives, shows the fortress at the height of its strength. The King's Bastion and barracks occupy the central point—a stone building of great size surmounted by a spire-like tower from which the French flag flies. The Dauphin Gate and the battery bearing the name of the heir to the French throne lie beyond the King's Bastion towards the mainland; the hospital lies towards the sea, crowned with a spire and weather-vane; and large houses, stores and churches cluster around the great barracks, the whole space from the Dauphin Gate to the sea being occupied by the buildings of the town. The harbor swarms with ships—schooners, fishing boats, merchantmen and warships—and on the small island at the entrance, between the harbor and the sea, rises the walled battery that defended the entrance. Oppo-

site the entrance on the mainland stands the lighthouse, built, we are told, of concrete and thus the first fire-proof building erected in North America. The light, which was visible for six leagues out to sea, was produced by burning coal in an immense iron tripod. No less than eight wharves are shown in the picture, with other landing places for small boats. Although the walls towards the sea were not completed when the sketch was made, the whole impression is that of a fortress of medieval aspect and of great strength.

To-day the picture is one of contrast. The walls, gates, barracks and towers have all disappeared, even the stones have been taken away to Halifax and other places farther south; only a few ruined casemates remain, with traces of gates and walls; the wells and underground passages have with a few exceptions been filled up, and sheep and cows pasture upon the shores that once echoed with all the tumult of war. In the lonely harbor a few fishing boats may be seen carrying their burdens to the fish-houses on the mainland, and far across the bay rises

the spire of a church around which cluster the houses of the present-day village. In the whole of Verrier's sketch the only things recognizable are the pond in the foreground and Black Point, which raises its storm-beaten head beyond the pasture lands.

The harbor, one of the best in the country, was not only guarded by a narrow inlet, with an island battery in the middle of it, but also outside in the open sea by dangerous reefs.

The "Chameau" was wrecked here during the night of August 25, 1725, on her way from France to Quebec. She struck a reef outside of Louisburg and not a soul was saved. M. Chazel, the new Intendant of Canada, was on board and other notables as well, among these a son of M. de Ramezay of Montreal. The shore was strewn with dead bodies the next day. "This misfortune brought more grief and loss upon the French colonies than they have suffered during twenty years of warfare," we are told.

D'Ulloa gives some interesting information concerning the commerce of Louisburg in his "Voyage to South America":



FISHING-BOATS IN HARBOR

The principal, if not the only, trade of Louisburg is the cod fishery, from which vast profits accrue to the inhabitants, not only on account of the abundance of this fish, but because the neighboring seas afford the best of any about Newfoundland. Their wealth (and some persons among them were in very prosperous circumstances) consisted in their storehouses—some of which were within the fort, others scattered along the shore—and in the number of fishing barques. Of these more than one inhabitant owned forty or fifty, which daily went on this fishery, carrying three or four men each, who received a settled salary, but were at the same time obliged to deliver a certain number of standard fish. So the cod storehouses never failed of being filled by the time the ships resorted thither from most of the ports of France, laden with provisions and other goods with which the inhabitants provided themselves in exchange for their fish, or consigned it to be sold in France on their own account. Likewise, vessels from the French colonies of St. Domingo and Martinique brought sugar, tobacco, coffee, rum, etc., and returned loaded with cod. Any surplus, after Louisburg was supplied, found a vent in Canada, where the return was made in beaver skins and other

kinds of fine furs. Thus Louisburg, with no other resources than the fishery, carried on a large and regular commerce with both Europe and America.

But Louisburg was not destined to enjoy the benefits of peace. The British in New England were already casting envious eyes at the prosperous town protected by its walls and bastions; and in 1745 a great expedition was organized, proposed either by Vaughan of New Hampshire or Governor Shirley of Massachusetts. At any rate, the expedition was undertaken without the knowledge of the British government, which shows the degree of independence that New England had already attained.

The reasons which made the New Englanders wish to capture Louisburg were various. First, it was a menace to their safety, then it threatened their trade and fisheries, and besides, the French were Papists and ought to be expelled from the continent on that ground alone. The last reason may have impelled the Puritan New Englanders to their hazardous undertaking

more strongly than is generally supposed. For there is no doubt that among those who went on the expedition there were many who thought that, in breaking down the walls of a French fortress, they were doing a service which heaven would richly reward.

One historian says that the expedition took on the character of a religious crusade. For its motto the words *Nil Desperandum Christo Duce* were adopted, suggesting the Crusades of old.

It must have been a motley-looking crew that William Pepperell and Peter Warren, the chosen leaders of the expedition, found under their command. There were soldiers, sailors, farmers, preachers, zealots. Among the latter was the famous Parson Moody who seems to have been the head chaplain. Moody's reputation as a fighter was almost equal to that as a preacher and exhorter. He is said often to have prayed for two hours at a stretch and then to have preached a sermon of the same length, and this in the dead of winter in an unheated meeting-house! He would listen to no complaints, and only

made longer prayers and preached longer sermons when remonstrated with. One sufferer is said to have accompanied his complaint with a barrel of hard cider with satisfactory results, which proves that Parson Moody had his human side after all.

The proposed attack on Louisburg was kept a secret, but a certain member of the Assembly was heard "wrestling in prayer with the Almighty" and loudly pleading for the success of the enterprise. Thus the secret leaked out. "The greater part," says John Gow, "went busily on with the warlike preparations, and held days of prayer and fasting and supplication, and cleaned the muskets and moulded bullets, and collected all the powder and munitions of war and provisions that they could." Here we see the practical as well as the idealistic and fanatical side of the New England Puritans. The expedition was ready to depart in about two months after its inception.

"Ninety transports carried the men and their supplies," says Runk, another historian, "and amid prayers, cheers and copious toasts

of rum punch, the vessels and their armed escort sailed from Nantasket Roads on March 24, 1745. The distance by sea from Boston to Canseau, the place of the rendezvous, is about 525 miles. On the way up they encountered a terrible northeast storm with snow and rain which widely separated the fleet, but within two weeks all arrived safely."

The whole force consisted of between four and five thousand men. Massachusetts had sent 3250; New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island sent about 1100, who did not arrive in time to take part in the main attack. Hutchison says they waited until "circumstances enabled them to make a better judgment of the event," but this is probably false. Pennsylvania sent supplies, but few or no men.

The voyage was, as has been said, a stormy one. Major Seth Pomeroy, who kept a journal during the siege, writes: "Very fierce Storme of snow, som Rain, and very dangerous weather to be so nigh y^{e} Shore as we was, but we escaped the rocks and that was all."

And in another place: "Sick day and night, so bad that I have not words to set it forth."

The landing at Canseau was effected successfully, and on the following Sunday Parson Moody preached a lengthy sermon from the text: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." Evidently all were not sermon-tasters, for Pomeroy states that "several sorts of businesses was going on, some a-exercising, som a-hearing Preaching."

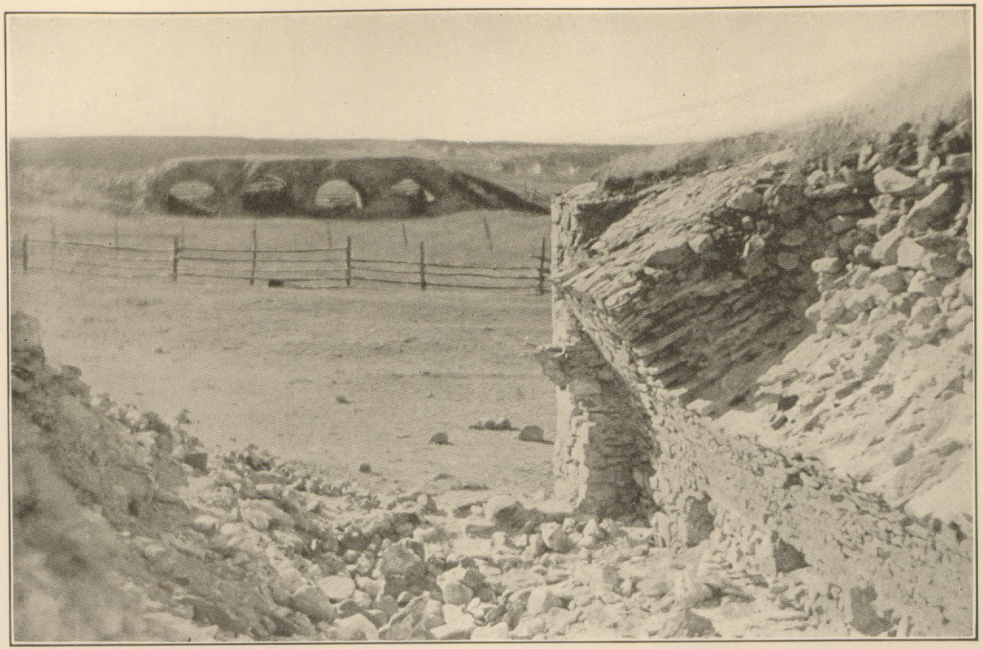
After waiting for three weeks at Canseau, the exhorting, drilling and other "businesses" came to an end, and on the morning of the 29th of April the expedition set sail for Louisburg with a fair wind. The next day they were about five miles from the fortress; a stretch of rocks, swamp and thicket lay between them and the long-sought goal.

Very little opposition was experienced in landing, and by the evening of the first day after the arrival, 2000 men had been placed on shore. Shirley had planned that the town was to be taken "while the enemy were asleep." The largest guns that the New Englanders had were 22-pounders; but with

a sublime faith in their ultimate success, they had brought a large store of 42-pound balls which were to be used in the enemy guns when they had been captured. Their faith was more than justified, for the Grand Battery was abandoned by the French before a shot was fired, and a goodly number of cannon thus fell into the hands of the besiegers.

Pepperell said that his men suffered cheerfully "almost incredible hardships." Sleeping in the open, wading in icy water, dragging heavy guns on rude sledges across miles of oozy marsh, suffering sickness, and listening to Parson Moody's two-hour sermons must have tried the spirits of the strongest. But, although discipline, as known to-day, was lax, the morale of the New Englanders was well maintained under most trying circumstances. We are told that "while the cannon were bellowing in the front, frolic and confusion reigned in the camp, where the men raced, wrestled, pitched quoits, fired at marks and ran after the French cannon-balls which were carried to

the batteries to be returned to those who sent them." It was a strange mingling of boisterous bravery and religious zeal. Parkman writes thus of the New Englanders: "The New England soldier, the product of sectarian hotbeds, fancied that he was doing the work of God and was the object of His special favor. The army was Israel, the French were Canaanitish idolators. Red-hot Calvinism, acting through generations, had modified the transplanted Englishman, and the descendants of the Puritans were never so well pleased as when teaching somebody else his duty, whether by pen, voice or bombshell. The rugged artillery man, battering the walls of papistical Louisburg, flattered himself with the notion that he was a champion of Gospel truth." The French were not inactive during these days of siege, and the Indians outside the walls on a few occasions harassed the English. Picturesque incidents must have occurred in plenty. We have glimpses of these in the various letters and diaries that have been preserved. On one occasion a lieutenant and five men towed a



CASEMATES, LOUISBURG

fire-ship from the Grand Battery and allowed it to drift down to King's Gate. "The fire-ship burnt three vessels, beat down a pinnacle of the King's Gate and a great part of a stone house in the city. Being done in the dead of night, it caused great consternation." Another diary, that of Bradstreet, makes the following interesting entries:

May 7. The cannon bums cohorns &c continually roaring on boath sides. Women and children heard to screech and cry out in ye citty when our bums came amongst them.

It is thought (by) the Cap^{t} that the L^{t} is Become a Right Tippler.

May 24. The french Capt died this day that was wounded and taken ye 17 Day he offered Ten Thousand Pounds for a fryar to Pardon his Sins before he died and I would have done it myself as well as any fryar or Priest Living for 1/2 ye money.

When matters went badly, the New Englanders tried to see in the adverse turn of events the chastening hand of Providence.

27 monday in the morning we had the melancholly news of the overthrow of our

men that went Last Night To y^e^ attack of the Island Battery when they came they found y^e^ Enemy Prepard for their Coming alltho it was Between 12 & 1 at night w^ch^ gives Cause To Think y^e^ Enemy were Appriz'd of their Comeing the Enemy played with Cannon upon the Boates which Distroyd Several Boates and Left the men floating on the water Several Boates Landed their men But y^e^ Enemy being prepard Slew them at a Strange Rate Some of our men after they fir'd all their Catridges Retreated got into their Boates and made their Escape but Some were killd after they had got into y^e^ Boates Some Boates Stove against y^e^ Rocks Some run a Drift Some of our men fought manfully Till about Sunrise and it is generally Thought their was 150 of our men Lost att y^e^ Least pray g^d^ Sanctify this heavy frown of his Providence To us all

The French commander, Duchambon, must have seen the hopelessness of his cause from the first, with only about 600 regulars and these in a state of ferment and discontent, he could hope to do little against the determined zealots of New England. True, he had militia to the number of about 1400, but support

from France was lacking and supplies were diminishing. He therefore resolved to surrender, and on the 15th of June proposed that hostilities be suspended while terms of capitulation were being arranged. The answers to this communication were as follows:

Camp, 15th June, 1745.

To Governor Duchambon:

We have yours of this date, proposing a suspension of hostilities for such a time as shall be necessary for you to determine upon the conditions of delivering up the garrison of Louisburg, which arrived at a happy juncture to prevent the effusion of Christian blood, as we were together, and had just determined upon a general attack. We shall comply with your desire till eight o'clock tomorrow morning; and if, in the meantime, you surrender yourselves prisoners of war, you may depend upon humane and generous treatment.

We are, your humble servants,

PETER WARREN,
WILLIAM PEPPERELL.

Camp before Louisburg, 16th June, 1745.
To Governor Duchambon:

We have before us yours of this date, together with the several articles of capitulation on which you have proposed to surrender the town and fortifications of Louisburg, with the territories adjacent under your government, to His Britannic Majesty's obedience; to be delivered up to his said Majesty's forces now besieging said place under our command, which articles we can by no means accede to. But as we are anxious to treat you in a generous manner, we do again make you an offer of the terms of surrender proposed by us in our summons sent you May 7th, last; and do further consent to allow and promise you the following articles, namely:

1. That if your own vessels shall be found insufficient for the transportation of your persons and proposed effects to France, we will supply such a number of other vessels as may be sufficient for that purpose; also any provisions necessary for the voyage which you cannot furnish yourselves with.

2. That all the commissioned officers belonging to the garrison, and the inhabitants of the town, may remain in their houses with their families, and enjoy the free ex-

ercise of their religion, and no person shall be suffered to misuse or molest any of them, till such time as they can conveniently be transported to France.

3. That the non-commissioned officers and soldiers shall, immediately upon the surrender of the town and fortresses, be put on board His Britannic Majesty's ships till they all be transported to France.

4. That all your sick and wounded shall be taken care of in the same manner as our own.

5. That the commander-in-chief, now in garrison, shall have the liberty to send off covered wagons, to be inspected only by one officer of ours, that no warlike stores may be contained therein.

6. That if there be any persons in the town or garrison which may desire not to be seen by us, they shall be permitted to go off masked.

7. The above do we consent to and promise, upon your compliance with the following conditions:

(1) That the said surrender, and due performance of every part of the aforesaid promises, be made and completed as soon as possible.

(2) That, as a security for the punctual

performance of the same, the Island Battery, or one of the batteries of the town, shall be delivered, together with the warlike stores thereunto belonging, into the possession of His Britannic Majesty's troops before six o'clock this evening.

(3) That the said Britannic Majesty's ships of war, now lying before the port, shall be permitted to enter the harbor of Louisburg, without any molestation, as soon after six after the clock this afternoon as the commander-in-chief of such ships shall think fit.

(4) That none of the officers, soldiers nor inhabitants in Louisburg, who are subjects of the French king, shall take up arms against His Britannic Majesty, nor any of his allies, until after the expiration of the full term of twelve months from this time.

(5) That all subjects of His Britannic Majesty, who are now prisoners with you, shall be immediately delivered up to us.

In case of your non-compliance with these conditions, we decline any further treaty with you on the affair, and shall decide the matter by our arms, and are, etc.,

Your humble servants,

P. Warren,

W. Pepperell.

Gow, in his history of the siege, describes the final scene thus:

According to the terms of the surrender, Warren sent a party of the marines to take possession of the Island Battery on the afternoon of June 17th. The fleet and all the transports then sailed into the harbor. About the same time Pepperell led the army through the South-West Gate into the city. The troops were paraded in the gorge of the Citadel, the French and the English being drawn up in parallel lines. The amenities of military courtesy being dispensed, the keys of the place were delivered to Pepperell. The pale flag of France fluttered down from its lofty place of power, and amid the thunder of cannon from the men-of-war and the batteries of the besiegers, the blood-red flag of England waved over the Citadel of Louisburg.

The French flag was restored later to the fortress in order to decoy French ships into the harbor, and several were thus captured. The most important was "Notre Dame de la Déliverance," which had on board a rich booty in gold and silver ingots amounting to

some £800,000 sterling. It is said that forty-three wagons were required to carry the booty from Bristol to London. The capture of this treasure ship is described thus by one who was on board:

On the same morning we saw a brigantine plying along the coast for Louisburg. The "Déliverance," on this, hoisted a French ensign, which was answered by the other firing two or three guns. This gave us no manner of uneasiness, concluding that the brigantine, suspecting some deceit in our colors, had fired these guns as a warning to the fishing barks without to get into the harbor; and they put the same construction on this firing, immediately showing the greatest hurry in getting to a place of safety. An hour afterwards, being nearly eight o'clock, we saw coming out of Louisburg two men-of-war, which we immediately took for ships belonging to a French squadron stationed there for the security of that important place, and that they had come out on the signal from the brigantine that a ship had appeared in sight, lest it might be some Boston privateer with a design on the fishery. Thus we were under no manner of anxiety, especially as

they came out under French colors, and one of them had a pennant, and all the forts of Louisburg, as well as all the ships in the harbor, which we could now plainly distinguish, wore the same disguise.

But although victory had fallen into the lap of Pepperell, he did not escape reverses. On December 10, he writes in his journal: "It has been a sickly time among us; upwards of 400 men have died since we entered the city." In January, Pepperell had only one thousand men fit for duty, a like number being sick, and deaths numbered as many as twenty-seven a day.

Point Rochefort is the burying-ground of the brave zealots who, in a spirit of mad adventure, religious zeal and patriotism, left their New England homes to find graves on the wind-swept rocks of Cape Breton.

When the news of the capture of the formidable stronghold of Louisburg reached Boston, and later London, the populace went wild with joy. Bonfires, speeches, sermons, barrels of rum and reams of poetry all entered into the celebrations.

The Puritan Muse was probably less potent than New England rum as these lines from Ames' "Almanack" will show:

Bright Hesperus, the harbinger of day,
Smiled gently down on Shirley's prosperous sway,
The Prince of Light rode in his burning car,
To see the overtures of Peace and War,
Around the world; and bade his charioteer,
Who marks the periods of each month and year,
Rein in his steeds, and rest upon high noon,
To view our victory at Cape Breton.

Demonstrations and illuminations were the orders of the day in New York, and a local poet published the following effusion in the *Weekly Post Boy:*

When glorious Anne Britannia's sceptre swayed,
And Lewis strove all Europe to invade,
Great Marlborough, then in Blenheim's hostile fields,
With Britain's sons, o'erthrew the Gallic shields.
The Western world, and Pepp'rell now may claim
As equal honor, and as lasting fame;
And Warren's merit will in story last,
Till future ages have forgot the past.

Louis Barcroft Runk, in his admirable work entitled "Fort Louisburg," writes as follows:

The fall of Louisburg was celebrated in the colonial towns with every demonstration of joy and thanksgiving.

We read in the Pennsylvania *Journal* of July 18, 1745, that in Boston all the bells began to ring before five in the morning and continued most of the day, and so great was the enthusiasm that "now the churl and the niggard became generous, and even the poor forgot their poverty," and "in the evening the whole town appeared as it were on a blaze."

Regarding Philadelphia we read:

"The joyful Tydings had not been ten minutes in Town before the Streets were filled with Bonfires and the People making the loudest and most general Acclamations of Joy. And the Public Houses were filled with People drinking Healths . . . All the next day Flags were displayed on several House Tops in Town and on board the Shipping from which there was a constant discharge of cannon great Part of the Day.

"The Night concluded with a very great Illumination and universal joy."

A beautiful granite shaft, erected by the Society of Colonial Wars, commemorates these stirring events with inscriptions that tell their own story.

But Louisburg did not long remain in the possession of the English. The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 restored all conquests to their former owners, and thus the brave, mad feat of the New Englanders went for naught. National hatred and lust of conquest were still smouldering. Though there was a nominal peace, it did not last long, and again, in 1758, we find the British battering at the gates of Louisburg. This time a force composed of about 13,000 regulars was sent, the plan being to take Louisburg as soon as possible and then proceed to attack Quebec. Amherst was in command with Whitmore, Lawrence and Wolfe under him, Admiral Boscawen being in command of the supporting fleet. It was a formidable army for that time that left Halifax harbor on May 28, 1758, and sailed northward to Gabarus Bay. The landing-place selected was Freshwater Cove, the same place where the Colonial



NORTHWEST ARM, HALIFAX

troops landed successfully thirteen years before. Louisburg had been considerably strengthened both with regard to defences and men, and a difficult task lay before the besiegers. The landing at Freshwater Cove was delayed by bad weather, and in the meantime the French had prepared an elaborate defence. More than two thousand regulars were placed on guard; defences were prepared, and guns were put in place ready for the invaders.

Perhaps the most spirited and dramatic event of the whole siege was the landing at Freshwater Cove, which difficult and dangerous task was assigned to Wolfe.

The French, perceiving the intention of the British to land, put up a brave resistance, but to no avail. The red-coated enemy came on through the surf, the fire from the French guns upon the boats proving ineffectual. The French were gradually driven back, the British boats laden with soldiers stranded on the beach or were crushed on the rocky shore, for we are told that "the sea which had grown more boisterous since they set

out, now lashing the coast, dashed them against the rocks; and many a brave fellow who hoped ere night to win renown on the field, found a watery grave." Wolfe's brigade attacked and captured the battery by the shore, the other batteries were taken shortly after, and the French fled along the shore towards the fort or hid in the woods.

The French now abandoned and set fire to the Grand Battery, and the fall of the fortress was only a matter of time. Big guns were brought near to the walls of the fortress by a road constructed by Amherst across the marsh, and day and night shot and shell rained down upon the hapless town. In one day, over a thousand bombs fell upon the town, and the walls had to withstand the constant fire of forty guns. The last cannon was silenced on July 26, when a large breach was made in the walls. The women and children were huddled together in the casemates, the arches of which are still to be seen. Drucour, the French commander, decided that the time had come to ask for terms. These were so humiliating that he proudly

refused them at first, but was finally persuaded by the townsmen, headed by the Royal Intendant, who made it clear that further resistance would only result in further slaughter and destruction. Drucour gave in; the fortress surrendered on July 26, and the fleur-de-lis was forever banished from Cape Breton. Nearly six thousand prisoners of war were embarked for Europe on the English vessels. Of these, several hundreds of men, women and children were lost at sea.

Drucour has been represented by some as weak and vacillating, by others as a brave man fighting against overwhelming odds. Be this as it may, tradition has made of Madame Drucour the heroine of the siege. She is said to have gone each day to the ramparts and fired with her own hands three guns to encourage the soldiers. We can well believe that her spirit helped also to sustain the morale of the townspeople. She moved among both soldiers and civilians, encouraging them to do their duty to France and not to dishonor the flag that flew above the battlements. She is also said during a truce to

have sent to Admiral Boscawen butter, wine and "pyramids of sweetmeats," and that he in return sent a present of pine-apples. But more than pine-apples and butter were needed to soften the hard terms to which her husband had to agree.

If Madame Drucour was the heroine of the siege, Wolfe was certainly the hero. He was the typical, even the ideal, general of the eighteenth century, when a personality with strong whims and idiosyncrasies coupled with bravery and decision counted for much. Wolfe had always been cursed with a delicate constitution, but the fact that he survived the Spartan training of his childhood seems to belie this fact. In a recipe book belonging to his mother we find her favorite remedy for croup and colds, a remedy which in all probability was administered more than once to the hapless child.

Take a peck of green garden snails, wash them in beer, put them in an oven and let them stay till they're done crying; then with a knife and fork prick the green from them, and beat the snail shells and all in a stone

mortar. Then take a quart of green earthworms, slice them through the middle and strow them with salt; then wash them and beat them, the pot being first put into the still with two handfuls of angelica, a quart of rosemary flowers, then the snails and worms, the agrimony, bear's feet, red dock roots, barberry brake, hilberry, wormwood, of each two handfuls; one handful of rue, turmeric, and one ounce of saffron, well dried and beaten. Then pour in three gallons of milk. Wait till morning, then put in three ounces of cloves (well beaten), hartshorn, grated. Keep the still covered all night. This done, stir it not. Distil with a moderate fire. The patient must take two spoonfuls at a time.

It would take too long to give even a mere outline of Wolfe's part in the siege of Louisburg, but in all accounts of it we see the effect of his energy, decision and bravery working upon the other more scientific and less impulsive generals. He was a man of strong prejudices. He considered the Indians to be "the most contemptible Canaille on the earth . . . a dastardly set of bloody rascals."

His opinion of Frenchmen was little better, and he does not even spare his own soldiers. "Too much money and too much rum necessarily affect the discipline of an army. I believe no nation ever paid so many bad soldiers at so high a price." Yet he could lead these same soldiers to victory, and he fell mortally wounded before Quebec at the head of his victorious army. His ability to look facts in the face and at the same time see a vision of future greatness is well exemplified in his opinion of the New England Colonies:

These colonies are deeply tinged with the vices and bad qualities of the mother-country; and, indeed, many parts of it are peopled with those that the law or necessity has forced upon it. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, and notwithstanding the treachery of their neighbors, the French, and the cruelty of their neighbors, the Indians, worked up to the highest pitch by the former, this will, some time hence, be a vast empire the seat of power and learning . . .

Nature has refused them nothing, and there will grow a people out of our little spot, Eng-

land, that will fill this vast space, and divide this great portion of the globe with the Spaniards, who are possessed of the other half.

A French officer writes also in his diary of a curious event that took place on that last night of French occupation: "The priests spent the whole night marrying all the girls of that place to the first that would have them for fear that they should fall into the hands of heretics."

The victory seems to have let loose the same cascades of strong waters and weak poetry that the victory of Pepperell and Warren had done thirteen years before. In far-off St. Paul's Cathedral the colors of the French regiments were deposited, the commanders received the commendation of Parliament, and medals were struck in honor of the victorious generals. Boston celebrated by a great bonfire, New York held a state dinner in honor of the event. Philadelphia gave a fête in which fireworks played the chief part, and Halifax consumed 60,000 gallons of rum.

The poetry was weaker than the rum, as the reader of the following poem will conclude:

THE REDUCTION OF LOUISBURG

Long, full of vain security and pride,
Had Louisburg the British arms defied;
The town, that bears the mighty monarch's name,
Made fleets and armies equally her game,
Till Heav'n vouchsafed Boscawen's wished-for sails,
And filled their canvas with propitious gales.
In whose expanded wings, protecting shade,
Th' exulting transports their approaches made,
And poured with ardour on the Gallic strand
The troops, nor art, nor nature could withstand.
In vain the surf in raging eddies rolled,
Assailed the bosoms of the brave and bold,
Scared and astonished at our sons of fire,
The sea rolls backwards and the waves retire.
Tho' some are swallowed by the cruel deep,
Whom Amphitrite shall for ever weep,
To see them by her rebel waves o'erthrown
Before great Mars could make their merit known;
Lamented shades, whose honours still shall boom,
Tho' fate denies the records of a tomb.
In vain afresh the rocks oppose their way,
And strive to scatter horror and dismay,
With more than eagle's wings they spring on high,
And scale the rocks, whose tops invade the sky,
Then in an instant dart upon the foe.

The following description of the ruins of Louisburg was written a quarter of a century ago, but when I visited the place last year, I found that nothing had materially changed.

All that remains of the imposing fortress is a few arches of crumbling masonry, a few grass-grown ditches, a few old wells, and a wide, barren waste. The salt breeze moans across the wild morass, where a century and a half ago cannon roared and swords clashed as the French took their last stand against the British. Here and there, in place of the old walled town, a fisherman's home stands, white-washed against the green; here and there, tumbling and decayed, a cod-salting shack sits blue-grey against the blue; here and there, idling in the sun or stiffening in the breeze, a hoisted sail flies, creamy-white against the white; and here and there, sullen in its abandonment, a lifted hull lies, dark brown against the grey. Over all, in the quietude of the hour, floats a mellow sing-song from a high-perched bird, and from the neighboring pastures comes the tinkle of a cow bell.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LILAC TRAIL TO LOUISBURG

FOR years Louisburg had been a familiar name to me in the vague sort of way that names of historical places do linger in mind. As a boy, the events enacted on the waters of Gabarus Bay, or in the harbor beneath the low gray walls, had appealed to my imagination, and I had dreamed that some day, perhaps, I should visit the scenes of these feats of endurance and prowess; and yet Louisburg seemed to me a place that had not a real existence, but rather was a remote fortress of bygone times, or a fantastic walled city of a medieval fairy tale.

And now, years later, its romantic story gleaned from yellowing pages in dusty libraries, the glamour of olden days plays over the half-forgotten facts, and Louisburg becomes to me something more than a name;

it becomes the grim fortress guarding the northern and southern coasts, for the possession of which France and England poured out freely both blood and gold. I therefore determined that my annual journey during the summer vacation should consist of a pilgrimage through French Canada to New Brunswick, following down the most lovely of rivers—the St. John, then on through Nova Scotia to the Island of Cape Breton and through the Bras d'Or Lakes to Louisburg.

Gandhi, in a criticism of modern civilization, says: "We glory in speed not thinking of the goal," and a commentator on this criticism makes the statement that "most people who travel in motors have no particular place to go and nothing to do when they get there." But both philosopher and commentator forgot the sheer joy of going along the road, through country and village and town, before unknown to me, and whose very strangeness invest even trivial happenings with all the glamour of adventure. I think a poet friend of mine well expressed the feeling of the true traveller when he said,

"I love hills, principally because I want to see what is on the other side." So, partly because of the goal—Louisburg, and partly because of this desire to see what was beyond the skyline of every hill, my pilgrimage to Louisburg was a series of delightful adventures, culminating in the realization of a long-cherished dream.

The old Bluebird, which had borne me—like the magic carpet—through many wonderful regions, had been exchanged for a more modern motor, called the "Yellow Streak" by O. C., who was again at the helm. I confess I did not like the suggestion of cowardice contained in this name, for I have never known the Yellow Streak to flinch before the steepest and stoniest hill.

But the peonies again threatened to upset our carefully laid plans, for the buds in the garden were swelling with each successive day. In my mind it was a question as to whether the two-thousand-mile trip could be accomplished before the glories of Thérèse, King of England and Tora-No-Maki had appeared and departed. Already, Avante Garde

and Le Printemps had come and gone, and the Bride was beginning to show her blushes and threatening to usher in the peony season earlier than I had expected. Nevertheless, I determined to take the chance, for in the distance countless hills challenged me to explore what was on the other side, and a thousand miles away the ruins of an old fortress beckoned me. So, putting several buds of the Bride together with those of a peony that blooms beside it, nicknamed the "Groom," into an old blue teapot, and adding a fat bud of the King of England to complete the trio, we started on our pilgrimage with Bride, Groom and King snugly stowed away in the back part of the Yellow Streak among the impedimenta of travel.

It was not long before the blue teapot was over-full of flowers, for near Lake Garthby I gathered a bunch of wild yellow orchids from the hundreds which ran riot along the shores, and presented them to the Bride for her bouquet.

I can conceive no better beginning for a leisurely journey than a long drive through

rural Quebec. Its harmony and peace, its old-world atmosphere, its silver spires and wayside shrines, together with its contented peasantry, all conspire to put one into the proper frame of mind for a pilgrimage.

Apparently it was the time of spring-cleaning in French Canada, for cottages, barns and the fences were receiving their annual coat of whitewash. Even the shrines did not escape, for in one village I saw a portly habitant woman giving a coat of white-wash to the cross which bore the symbols of the Passion, while the white drops splashed down upon the lilies blooming at the foot. Lilacs, lilacs everywhere. The lilacs in my own garden had ceased to flower some time before our departure, but as we descended the shores of the St. Lawrence, we first noticed lilacs in full bloom, then, farther on, just beginning to open, and still farther they stood above the green leaves in tight purple buds. All along the route from Quebec to Rivière du Loup, down the valley of the St. John and even through far Cape Breton to Louisburg itself, the scent of new-

blossomed lilacs greeted us. Sometimes they were in single clumps, but often in old Acadia we found real avenues of them, which sent forth unbelievable quantities of perfume and stood out in purple patches against the green hills.

The petals had fallen, too, from the apple trees and cherry trees long before we left home; but as we advanced, orchard after orchard appeared in blossom. Often the events of a journey, when recollected by the traveller, form themselves into a series of pictures, which stand out vividly in the mind against a blurred background of neutral colors. It was thus with the end of the first day of our pilgrimage.

After leaving Rivière du Loup we turned abruptly away from the St. Lawrence and headed for Acadia. Following the winding road which led through forests and sparsely settled districts, we came just at sunset to a level open space of wide extent, which glowed in the level rays with a mauve-purple. I thought for an instant that I had been transported to a forest glade carpeted with

purple heather, such as are found in France or southern England. But I soon realized that what I saw was an immense tract of wild rhododendron, stretching for a long distance on both sides of the road. Clumps of spruces stood like black islands in a purple lake and, in the far distance, the ghostly trunks of white birches arose, giving the impression of rocky shores. The moon rising above these birches, and mingling its light with the red of the afterglow made an unforgettable picture, such as only the brush of Tryon has been able to paint.

The next picture was that of Lake Temiscouata and the village of Notre Dame du Lac, which clings to its shores. When I visited this spot on another occasion, it was in late afternoon and the lake was of an indigo blue, while the forest-clad hills beyond were of a deep olive-green. Now, all was changed. The lake was of a deep blue-gray, except where the moon made a golden path across; the hills were black against a gray-green sky; and the spire of the church and the convent roof reflected the moonbeams in a silvery



MIRAMICHI RIVER

white. The village seemed already fast asleep, although the night had only begun. The only sounds that could be heard were the barking of an occasional dog and a gentle rustle down by the shore, probably the lapping of the water on the sand.

Another beautiful picture was that of Grand Falls with the moonlight playing on the tumbling water. It was rather a sad one, however, for the falls are greatly reduced in volume, and I could not forget their former glory. The town of Grand Falls was absolutely asleep, so much so that we nearly tore down the hotel door with our knocking. I felt like De la Mare's traveller as I beat upon the moonlit door, and half expected only ghostly voices to answer. We were greatly relieved when clumsy footsteps were heard clanking down the stairs and the bolt was withdrawn, admitting two weary travellers, who had made—for them—a record journey of over four hundred miles.

The second day we decided to spend in exploration of Fort Meductic, which is situated farther down the river. Passing the town

of Woodstock in the early forenoon, we did not need to seek out a lodging, as on the former occasion when we had to sleep on the roof. I looked in vain for the friendly policeman who had guided me to the roof, but saw only a crowd of strangers instead of the one solitary inhabitant that I found last year.

Another traveller, John Gyles, whose interesting diary has been preserved, passed along this trail long ago. He writes:

After some weeks had passed, we left this village and went up St. John's river about ten miles to a branch called Medockscenecasis, where there was one wigwam. At our arrival an old squaw saluted me with a yell, taking me by the hair and one hand, but I was so rude as to break her hold and free myself. She gave me a filthy grin, and the Indians set up a laugh and so it passed over. Here we lived on fish, wild grapes, roots, etc., which was hard living for me.

This was in 1689, and to-day where the lone wigwam stood is a town of several thousand people.

Around the quiet farm that now occupies

the ancient site of Fort Meductic there centres a romantic history. John Gyles was a New England boy from Pemaquid, who, in 1689, was captured by the Maliseet Indians and brought to Fort Meductic. He was assigned to an Indian master who seems to have treated him kindly in his own savage way, although the treatment he received from the other Indians was not always gentle. He thus describes his reception at Penobscot when on his way to Meductic:

An old grimacing squaw took me by the hand and led me into the ring; some seized me by the hair and others by my feet, like so many furies; but, my master laying down a pledge, they released me. A captive among the Indians is exposed to all manner of abuses and to the extremest tortures, unless his master, or some of his master's relatives lay down a ransom, such as a bag of corn, a blanket or the like, which redeems him from their cruelty for that dance.

The journey to Meductic was a long and wearisome one for a lad of twelve. The savages paddled him down Eel river, then

bearing the name of Madawamkeetook, and after a long portage through the forest to overcome the rapids, the party arrived at the old camping-ground. This is the account that Gyles gives of his reception there:

After some miles' travel we came in sight of a large cornfield and soon after of the fort, to my great surprise, where two or three squaws met us, took off my pack, and led me to a large hut or wigwam, where thirty or forty Indians were dancing and yelling round five or six poor captives. I was whirled in among them and we looked at each other with a sorrowful countenance; and presently one of them was seized by each hand and foot by four Indians, who swung him up and let his back with force fall on the hard ground, till they had danced (as they call it) round the whole wigwam, which was thirty or forty feet in length.

The Indians looked on me with a fierce countenance, as much as to say it will be your turn next. They champed cornstalks, which they threw into my hat as I held it in my hand. I smiled on them, though my heart ached. I looked on one and another, but could not perceive that any eye pitied me.

Presently came a squaw and a little girl and laid down a bag of corn in the ring. The little girl took me by the hand, making signs for me to come out of the circle with them. Not knowing their custom, I supposed they designed to kill me and refused to go. Then a grave Indian came and gave me a pipe and said in English, "Smoke it," then he took me by the hand and led me out. My heart ached, thinking myself near my end. But he carried me to a French hut about a mile from the Indian fort. The Frenchman was not at home, but his wife, who was a squaw, had some discourse with my Indian friend, which I did not understand. We tarried there about two hours, then returned to the Indian village, where they gave me some victuals. Not long after, I saw one of my fellow-captives, who gave me a melancholy account of their sufferings after I left them.

When the winter came on, we went up the river, till the ice came down running thick on the river, when, according to the Indian custom, we laid up our canoes till spring. Then we travelled, sometimes on the ice and sometimes on land till we came to a river that was open but not fordable, where we made a raft and passed over, bag and baggage. I met with no abuse from them in this winter's

hunting, though I was put to great hardships in carrying burdens and for want of food. But they underwent the same difficulty, and would often encourage me by saying in broken English, "By and by great deal moose!" Yet they could not answer any question I asked them; and knowing very little of their customs and ways of life, I thought it tedious to be constantly moving from place to place, yet it might be in some respects an advantage, for it ran still in my mind that we were travelling to some settlement; and when my burden was over-heavy, and the Indians left me behind, and the still evening came on, I fancied I could see through the bushes and hear the people of some great town; which hope might be some support to me in the day, though I found not the town at night.

Thus we were hunting three hundred miles from the sea and knew no man within fifty or sixty miles of us. We were eight or ten in number, and had but two guns on which we wholly depended for food. If any disaster had happened we must all have perished. Sometimes we had no manner of sustenance for three or four days; but God wonderfully provides for all creatures. We moved still further up the country after the moose, so

that by the spring we had got to the northward of the Lady Mountains (near the St. Lawrence). When the spring came and the rivers broke up, we moved back to the head of St. John's river and there made canoes of moose hides, sewing three or four together and pitching the seams with balsam mixed with charcoal. Then we went down the river to a place called Madawescok. There an old man lived and kept a sort of trading house, where we tarried several days; then we went further down the river till we came to the greatest falls in these parts, called Checanekepeag (Grand Falls), where we carried a little way over land, and putting off our canoes we went down stream still, and as we passed the mouths of any large branches we saw Indians, but when any dance was proposed I was bought off.

At length we arrived at the place where we left our canoes in the fall and, putting our baggage into them, went down to the fort. There we planted corn, and after planting went a-fishing and to look for and dig roots till the corn was fit to weed. After weeding we took a second tour on foot on the same errand, then returned to hill up our corn. After hilling we went some distance from the fort and field up the river to take salmon

and other fish, which we dried for food, where we continued till the corn was filled with milk; some of it we dried then, the other as it ripened.

One winter, as we were moving from place to place, our hunters killed some moose. One lying some miles from our wigwams, a young Indian and myself were ordered to fetch part of it. We set out in the morning when the weather was promising, but it proved a very cold, cloudy day.

It was late in the evening before we arrived at the place where the moose lay, so that we had no time to provide materials for a fire or shelter. At the same time came on a storm very thick, which continued until the next morning. We made a small fire with what little rubbish we could find around us. The fire with the warmth of our bodies melted the snow upon us as fast as it fell, and so our clothes were filled with water. However, early in the morning we took our loads of moose flesh, and set out to return to our wigwams. We had not travelled far before my moose-skin coat (which was the only garment I had on my back, and the hair chiefly worn off) was frozen stiff round my knees, like a hoop, as were my snow-shoes and shoe clouts to my feet. Thus I marched

the whole day without fire or food. At first I was in great pain, then my flesh became numb, and at times I felt extremely sick and thought I could not travel one foot farther; but I wonderfully revived again. After long travelling I felt very drowsy, and had thoughts of sitting down, which had I done, without doubt I had fallen on my final sleep. My Indian companion, being better clothed, had left me long before. Again my spirits revived as much as if I had received the richest cordial.

Some hours after sunset I reached the wigwam, and crawling in with my snow-shoes on, the Indians cried out, "The captive is frozen to death!" They took off my pack, and the place where that lay against my back was the only one that was not frozen. They cut off my snow-shoes and stripped off the clouts from my feet, which were as void of feeling as any frozen flesh could be.

I had not sat long before the fire before the blood began to circulate, and my feet to my ankles turned black and swelled with bloody blisters, and were inexpressibly painful. The Indians said one to another, "His feet will rot, and he will die;" yet I slept well at night. Soon after the skin came off my feet from my ankles whole, like a shoe,

leaving my toes without a nail and ends of my great toe bones bare. . . . The Indians gave me rags to bind up my feet and advised me to apply fir balsam, but withal added that they believed that it was not worth while to use means for I should certainly die. But by the use of my elbows and a stick in each hand, I shoved myself along as I sat upon the ground over the snow from one tree to another till I got some balsam. This I burned in a clam shell till it was of a consistence like salve, which I applied to my feet and ankles and, by the divine blessing, within a week I could go about upon my heels with my staff; and through God's goodness we had provisions enough, so that we did not remove under ten or fifteen days.

Then the Indians made two little hoops, something in the form of a snow-shoe, and sewing them to my feet I was able to follow them in their tracks on my heels from place to place, though sometimes half-leg deep in snow and water, which gave me the most acute pain imaginable; but I must walk or die. Yet within a year my feet were entirely well, and the nails came on my great toes so that a very critical eye could scarcely perceive any part missing, or that they had been frozen at all.

Summer as well was a time of hardship for the lonely captive; however, youth and a cheerful disposition sustained him. He occasionally enjoyed the society of other captives, and the following gives an account of a boyish prank played by himself and James Alexander upon their captors.

One very hot season a great number of Indians gathered at the village (Meductic), and being a very droughty people, they kept James Alexander and myself night and day fetching water from a cold spring that ran out of a rocky hill about three quarters of a mile from the fort. In going thither we crossed a large intervale cornfield and then a descent to a lower intervale before we ascended the hill to the spring. James being almost dead as well as I with this continual fatigue contrived a plan to fright the Indians. He told me of it but conjured me to secrecy. The next dark night James, going for water, set his kettle on the descent to the lowest intervale, and ran back to the fort puffing and blowing as in the utmost surprise, and told his master that he saw something near the spring which looked like Mohawks (which he said were only stumps—aside). His

master, being a most courageous warrior, went with James to make discovery, and when they came to the brow of the hill, James pointed to the stumps, and withal touched his kettle with his toe, which gave it a motion down hill, and at every turn of the kettle the bail clattered, upon which James and his master could see a Mohawk in every stump in motion, and turned tail to, and he was the best man who could run the fastest. This alarmed all the Indians in the village, and they packed off bag and baggage, some up the river and others down, and did not return under fifteen days, when the heat of the weather being finally over, our hard service abated for this season. I never heard that the Indians understood the occasion of the fright, but James and I had many a private laugh about it.

In the year 1695 Gyles was sold by his Indian master to Louis d'Amours, having spent nearly six years among the Maliseets chiefly at Fort Meductic. Of his purchase and subsequent life Gyles writes:

When about six years of my doleful captivity had passed, my second Indian master

died, whose squaw and my first Indian master disputed whose slave I would be. Some malicious persons advised them to end the quarrel by putting a period to my life; but honest Father Simon, the priest of the river, told them that it would be a heinous crime and advised them to sell me to the French.

My master asked me whether I chose to be sold aboard the man-of-war or to the inhabitants? I replied, with tears, "I should be glad if you would sell me to the English from whom you took me, but if I must be sold to the French, I choose to be sold to the lowest on the river, or nearest inhabitant to the sea, about twenty-five leagues from the mouth of the river." For I thought that if I were sold to the gentlemen aboard the man-of-war, I should never return to the English.

A few days after, all the Indians went up the river. When we came to a house which I had spoken to my master about, he went on shore with me and tarried all night. The master of the house (Louis d'Amours) spoke kindly to me in Indian, for I could not then speak one word of French. Madam also looked pleasant on me and gave me some bread. The next day I was sent six leagues further up the river to another French house. My master and the friar tarried with

Monsieur de Chaffours, the gentleman who had entertained us the night before. Not long after, Father Simon came and said, "Now you are one of us, for you are sold to that gentleman by whom you were entertained the other night."

I replied, "Sold!—to a Frenchman!" I could say no more, but went into the woods alone and wept till I could scarce see or stand. The word "sold," and that to a people of that persuasion which my dear mother so much detested and in her last words manifested so great fears of my falling into; the thought almost broke my heart.

When I had thus given vent to my grief I wiped my eyes, endeavoring to conceal its effects, but Father Simon, perceiving my eyes swollen, called me aside bidding me not to grieve, for the gentleman, he said, to whom I was sold was of a good humor; that he had formerly bought two captives of the Indians who both went home to Boston. This in some measure revived me; but he added he did not suppose that I would ever incline to go to the English, for the French way of worship was much to be preferred. He said also he would pass that way in about ten days, and if I did not like to live with the French better than the Indians he would buy me again.

On the day following, Father Simon and my Indian master went up the river six and thirty leagues to their chief village and I went down the river six leagues with two Frenchmen to my new master.

He kindly received me, and in a few days Madam made me an osnaburg shirt and French cap and a coat out of one of my master's old coats. Then I threw away my greasy blanket and Indian flap; and I never more saw the old friar, the Indian village, or my Indian master till about fourteen years after when I saw my old Indian master at Port Royal, and again about twenty-four years since he came from St. John to Fort George to see me, where I made him very welcome.

My French master had a great trade with the Indians which suited me very well, I being thorough in the language of the tribes at Cape Sable and St. John. I had not lived long with this gentleman before he committed to me the keys of his store, etc., and my whole employment was trading and hunting, in which I acted faithfully for my master and never, knowingly, wronged him to the value of one farthing. They spoke to me so much in Indian that it was some time before I was perfect in the French tongue.

The young captive was kindly treated by his French master. Madame d'Amours especially showed great kindness to "the little English," as she called him, and this kindness was well repaid. It was in October, 1696, when Louis d'Amours was absent that the English under Colonel Hawthorn approached the domain of d'Amours. Gyles thus narrates the events that followed:

We heard of them some time before they came up the river by the guard that Governor Villebon had ordered at the river's mouth. Monsieur, the gentleman whom I lived with, was gone to France, and Madam advised with me; she then desired me to nail a paper on the door of our house containing as follows:

"I entreat the General not to burn my House or Barn, nor destroy my cattle. I don't suppose that such an army comes up this River to destroy a few Inhabitants but for the Fort above us. I have shown kindness to the English captives as we were capacitated, and have bought two Captives of the Indians and sent them to Boston, and have one now with us and he shall go also when a convenient opportunity presents and he desires it."

This done, Madam said to me, "Little English, we have shewn you kindness and now it lies in your power to serve or to disserve us, as you know where our goods are hid in the woods and that Monsieur is not at home. I could have you sent to the Fort and put you under confinement, but my respect for you and assurance of your love to us have disposed me to confide in you, persuaded that you will not run away to the English, who are coming up the river, but serve our interest. I will acquaint Monsieur of it at his return from France which will be very pleasing to him; and I now give my word that you shall have liberty to go to Boston on the first opportunity, if you desire it, or that any other favor in my power shall not be deny'd you."

I replied: "Madam, it is contrary to the nature of the English to requite evil for good. I shall endeavor to serve you and your interest. I shall not run to the English; but if I am taken by them, shall willingly go with them and yet endeavor not to disserve you, either in your persons or goods."

This said, we embarked and went in a large boat and canoe two or three miles up an eastern branch of the river that comes from a large pond (Grand Lake), and in the evening

sent down four hands to make discovery; and while they were sitting in the house, the English surrounded it and took one of the four; the other three made their escape in the dark through the English soldiers and came to us and gave a startling account of affairs.

Again Madam said to me, "Little English, now you can go from us, but I hope you will remember your word!" I said, "Madam, be not concerned, for I will not leave you in this strait." She said, "I know not what to do with my two poor little babies." I said, "Madam, the sooner we embark and go over the great Pond the better." Accordingly we embarked and went over the Pond.

The next day we spake with Indians, who were in a canoe and gave us an account that Chignecto-town was taken and burnt. Soon after we heard the great guns at Governor Villebon's fort, which the English engaged several days, killed one man, and drew off and went down the river; for it was so late in the fall that, had they tarried a few days longer in the river, they would have been frozen in for the winter.

Hearing no report of the great guns for several days, I, with two others, went down to our house to make discovery, where we

found our young lad who was taken by the English when they went up the river; for the general was so honorable that, on reading the note on our door, he ordered that the house and barn should not be burnt nor the cattle or other creatures killed, except one or two and the poultry for their use, and at their return ordered the young lad to be put ashore.

Finding things in this state, we returned and gave Madam an account. She acknowledged the many favors which the English had shown, with gratitude, and treated me with great civility. The next spring Monsieur arrived from France in the man-of-war, who thanked me for my care of his affairs, and said that he would endeavor to fulfil what Madam had promised me.

After Gyles had lived another year with his French master, and when peace had been concluded between the English and French, he reminded his master of his promise to free him. M. d'Amours tried to persuade Gyles to remain, and promised to adopt him as his own son, but the youth's desire to rejoin his own people was too strong. He therefore was sent back to Boston after be-

ing bidden a tearful farewell by his French owners, who now regarded him as their own son. He succeeded in finding his relations in New England, although these had long since mourned him as dead.

The Maliseet Indians among whom Gyles was a captive for so long were a small tribe who seem to have enjoyed almost undisturbed possession of the St. John valley for many years. Tradition tells us that they and the Micmacs were originally one tribe. However this may be, the Micmacs and the Maliseets seem to have been on fairly friendly terms, the former preferring to dwell on the seacoast at the mouth of the St. John river, while the latter held sway over the upper reaches of the river and most of the adjacent territory. They must have inhabited these regions for centuries, for most of the Indian names still remaining are of Maliseet origin. The Maliseets consider the St. John valley their own special heritage, and in this connection Dr. Raymond writes:

Many years ago the Provincial Government sent commissioners to the Indian

village of Meductic on the St. John river, where the Indians from time immemorial had built their wigwams and tilled their cornfields and where their dead for many generations had been laid to rest in the little graveyard by the river side. The object of the commissioners was to arrange for the location of white settlers on the Indian lands. The Government claimed the right to dispossess the Indians on the ground that the land surrounding their village was in the gift of the crown. The Indians, not unnaturally, were disinclined to part with the heritage of their forefathers.

On their arrival at the historic camping ground the commissioners made known the object of their visit. Presently several stalwart captains, attired in their war paint and feathers and headed by their chief, appeared upon the scene. After mutual salutations the commissioners asked: "By what right do you hold these lands?"

The tall, powerful chief stood erect and with the air of a plumed knight, pointing to the little enclosure beside the river, replied: "There are the graves of our grandfathers! There are the graves of our fathers! There are the graves of our children!"

To this simple native eloquence the com-

missioners felt they had no fitting reply, and for the time being the Maliseets remained undisturbed.

The manner of living of the Maliseets is often referred to by John Gyles:

To dry the corn when in the milk, they gather it in large kettles and boil it on the ears till it is pretty hard, then shell it from the cob with clam shells and dry it on bark in the sun. When it is thoroughly dry, a kernel is no bigger than a pea and will keep years; and when it is boiled again it swells as large as when on the ear and tastes incomparably sweeter than other corn. When we had gathered our corn and dried it in the way described, we put some of it into Indian barns, that is into the holes in the ground lined and covered with bark and then with earth. The rest we carried up the river upon our next winter's hunting.

A French writer, Cadillac, writing about the same time as Gyles, says:

The Maliseets are well-shaped and bold hunters; they attend to the cultivation of the soil, and have some fine fields of Indian corn; their fort is at Medocktek.

Marriage customs are described by Gyles thus:

If a young fellow determines to marry, his relations and the Jesuit advise him to a girl, he goes into the wigwam where she is and looks on her. If he likes her appearance, he tosses a stick or chip into her lap which she takes, and with a shy side-look views the person who sent it; yet handles the chip with admiration as though she wondered from whence it came. If she likes him, she throws the chip to him with a smile, and then nothing is wanting but a ceremony with the Jesuit to consummate the marriage. But if she dislikes her suitor, she with a surly countenance throws the chip aside and he comes no more there.

Another English prisoner, Captain Pote, has left a most interesting diary of his experiences among these Indians. His reception at the village of Aukpaque was certainly a hearty one, and shows that the Maliseets were far from gentle in their manners:

At this place ye Squaws came down to ye Edge of ye River, Dancing and Behaving

themselves, in ye most Brutish and Indecent manner and taking us prisoners by ye arms, one Squaw on each Side of a prisoner, they led us up to their Village and placed themselves in a Large Circle Round us. After they had got all prepared for their dance, they made us sit down in a Small Circle, about eighteen Inches asunder and began their frolick, Dancing Round us and Striking of us in ye face with English Scalps, yt caused ye Blood to Issue from our mouths and Noses, In a Very Great and plentiful manner, and Tangled their hands in our hair, and knocked our heads together with all their strength and Vehemence, and when they was tired of this Exercise, they would take us by ye hair and some by ye Ears, and standing behind us, oblige us to keep our Necks Strong so as to bear their weight hanging by our hair and Ears.

In this manner, they thumped us in ye Back and Sides, with their knees and feet, and Twitched our hair and Ears to such a Degree, that I am Incapable to express it, and ye others that was Dancing Round if they saw any man falter, and did not hold up his Neck, they Dached ye Scalps In our faces with such Violence, that every man endeavored to bear them hanging by their hair in this manner,

rather then to have a Double Punishment; after they had finished their frolick, that lasted about two hours and a half, we was carried to one of their Camps, where we Saw Some of ye prisoners that came in ye Montague; at this place we Incamped that Night with hungrey Belleys.

The fact that rangers had killed several Maliseets accounts to some extent for the brutality of these Indians to their white prisoners.

Captain Pote records mention of such desire for revenge in his diary:

The Indians held a counsell wether they should put us to Death, and ye Saint Johns Indians almost Gained ye point for they Insisted it was but Justice, as they Sd there had been Several of their Tribe murdered by Capt. John Gorham at Anapolis. Our masters being Verey Desirous to Save us alive, used all ye arguments In their power for that purpose but could not prevail for they Insisted on Satisfaction; however our masters prevailed so far with them, as to take Some Considerable quantity of their most Valuable Goods, and Spare our Lives.

Pote was taken to Meductic, and of this place he writes:

We arrived to ye Indian Village about Noon; as soon as Squaws saw us coming in sight of their village, and heard ye Cohoops, which Signified ye Number of Prisoners, all ye Squaws in the Village, prepared themselves with Large Rods of Briars and Nettles &c., and met us at their Landing, Singing and Dancing and Yelling, and making such a hellish Noise that I expected we should meet with a worse Reception than we had at ye other. I was very Carefull to observe my masters Instructions that he had Given me ye Day before, and warned ye Rest to do Likewise.

Father Biard speaks of the Indian women thus:

They go fishing and do the paddling, in short, they undertake all the work except that alone of the grand chase. Their husbands sometimes beat them unmercifully and often for a very slight cause.

After the white men came, the mode of life of the Maliseets naturally changed, and

considerable traffic was carried on between the French and Indians, which was not always to the Indians' advantage or improvement, for Gyles states that

when they came in from hunting they would be drunk and fight for several days and nights together, till they had spent most of their skins in wine and brandy, which was brought to the village by a Frenchman called Monsieur Sigenioncor.

The Maliseet stronghold at Meductic was a most interesting place from an historical point of view, and the best and most accurate description is that of Dr. Raymond, part of which follows:

The site of this ancient Maliseet town was on a fine plateau extending back from the river about fifty rods, then descending to a lower intervale, twenty rods wide, and again rising quite abruptly sixty or seventy feet to the upland. The spring freshet usually covers the lower intervale and the elevated plateau then becomes an island. The spot is an exceedingly interesting one, but, un-

fortunately for the investigator, the soil has been so well cultivated by the hands of thrifty farmers that little remains to indicate the outlines of the old fortifications. It is impossible to determine with absolute certainty the position of the stockade, or of the large wigwam, or council chamber, and other features commonly found in Indian towns of that period. The only place where the old breastwork is visible is along the south and east sides of the burial ground, where it is about two feet high. The burial ground has never been disturbed with the plough, the owners of the property having shown a proper regard for the spot as the resting place of the dead. It is, however, so thickly overgrown with hawthorn as to be a perfect jungle difficult to penetrate. Many holes have been dug there by relic hunters and seekers of buried treasure.

Between the grave-yard and the river, there is a mass of ashes and cinders with numberless bones scattered about. This is believed to be the site of the old council fire. Here the visitor will find himself in touch with the events of savage life of centuries ago. Here it was that Governor Villebon harangued his dusky allies; here too the hor-

rible dog feast was held and the hatchet brandished by the warriors on the eve of their departure to deluge with blood the homes of New England; here at the stake the luckless captive yielded up his life and chanted his death-song; here the Sieur de Clignacourt bargained with the Indians, receiving their furs and peltry and giving in exchange French goods and trinkets, rum and brandy; here good Father Simon taught the savages the elements of the Christian faith and tamed as best he could the fierceness of their manners; here when weary of fighting, the hatchet was buried and the council fire glowed its brightest as the chiefs smoked their calumet of peace.

On June 15, 1716, the French minister wrote the Marquis de Vaudreuil that the King, in order to cement more firmly the alliance with the Indians of Acadia, had granted a considerable sum to be expended in building a church for them on the River St. John. The Indians were wonderfully pleased and offered to furnish a quantity of beaver as a contribution towards the erection of the church. In the years that followed the King made two additional grants of money, and in 1720 the Marquis de Vaudreuil had

the satisfaction of reporting that the churches were finished; that they were well built and would prove strong inducement to the savages to be loyal to France.

The probable site of the Indian chapel is near the northwest corner of the burial ground where a small stone tablet was discovered by Mr. A. R. Hay, of Lower Woodstock, in June, 1890. The tablet is of black slate similar to that found in the vicinity, fourteen inches in length by seven in width and about an inch in thickness.

It was found quite near the surface, just as it might naturally have fallen amid the ruins of an old building, covered merely by fallen leaves; the inscription is in excellent state of preservation and, without abbreviation, reads as follows:

DEO
OPTIMO MAXIMO
IN HONOREM DIVI IOANNIS BAPTISTAE
HOC TEMPLUM POSUERUNT ANNO DOMINI
MDCCXVII
MALECITAE
MISSIONIS PROCURATORE IOANNE LOYARD
SOCIETATIS IESU SACERDOTE.

The translation reads: "To God, most

excellent, most high, in honor of Saint John Baptist, the Maliseets erected this church A.D. 1717, while Jean Loyard, a priest of the Society of Jesus, was superintendent of the mission."

The inscription is clearly cut, but not with sufficient skill to suggest the hand of a practised stone engraver. It was in all probability Loyard himself who executed it. The name of Danielou, his successor, faintly scratched in the lower left-hand corner, is evidently of later date; but its presence is of historic interest.

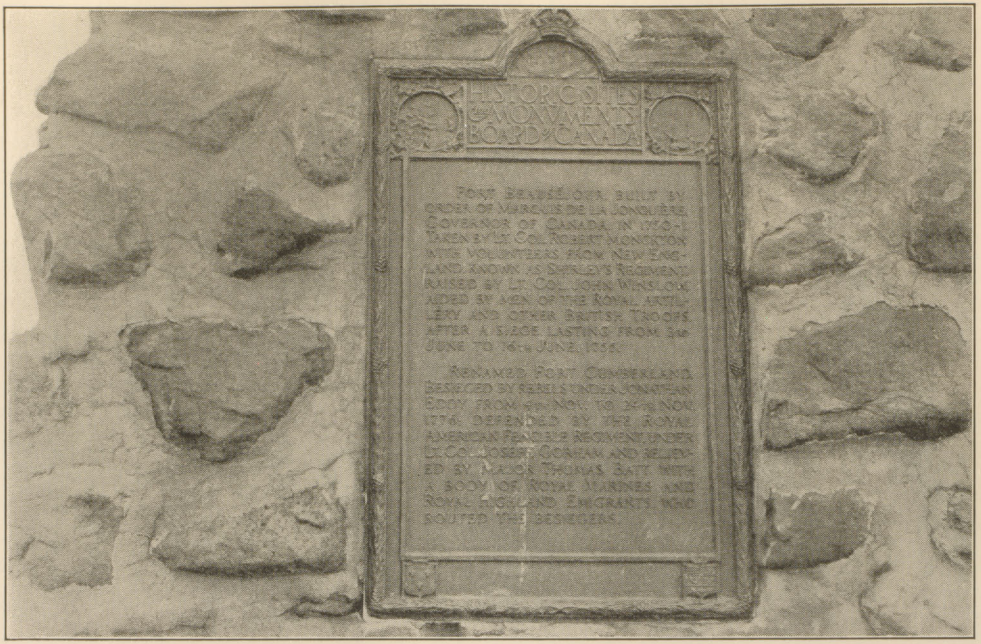
The Indian Church of St. John Baptist at Meductic, erected in 1717, was the first on the River St. John, probably the first in New Brunswick. It received among other royal gifts a small bell which until a few years ago hung in the belfry of the Indian chapel at Central Kingsclear, a few miles above Fredericton. The church seems to have been such as would impress by its beauty and adornments the rude flock over which Loyard exercised his kindly ministry. It is mentioned by one of the Jesuit fathers as a beautiful church (*belle église*), appropriately adorned and furnished.

For fifty years the clear-toned chapel bell rang out the call to prayer in the depths of

the forest; but by and by priest and people passed away until in 1767, the missionary Bailly records in his register that the Indians having abandoned Meductic he had caused the ornaments and furnishings of the chapel, together with the bell, to be transported to Aukpaque, and the chapel to be demolished as it served merely as a refuge for travellers and was put to most profane uses.

On my former visit to Meductic I had only slight knowledge of its history, but it is easily understood that, having read the romantic stories that centre about the ancient fort, I was desirous of seeing the place again, for it must be owned that this pilgrimage had for its several goals a visit to Meductic and to Fort Beauséjour as well as to Louisburg. The traveller who goes to Meductic will, at first sight, be disappointed perhaps, for the whole place is now a well-cultivated farm with level meadows and fertile fields of potatoes and corn lying in terraces above the broad river.

We stopped the Yellow Streak and, climbing the hill behind the cairn, recently



FRENCH INSCRIPTION, FORT BEAUSÉJOUR

set up to mark this historic spot, we took a preliminary survey of the whole district. Looking up the river we saw the valley of the St. John in varied shades of green stretching broadly beneath the brilliant sun; down the valley the green was interspersed with blue stretches of the river, and behind rolled the gently rising hills. Directly in front lay a peaceful farmstead, the white house standing at a distance from the water, on a ridge which was covered with magnificent trees. A drowsy feeling of security and comfort seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere, and it seemed incredible that here were played the sad and tragic dramas recorded by Gyles and Captain Pote. In the far distance could be distinguished amid a dense thicket of small trees the tall white cross which marks the place where many of the Indians lie buried. We drove down to the farmhouse, the only occupant of which seemed to be a very corpulent and friendly dog. I went a little beyond the house to get a better view of the old camping ground and met the owner, Charles Hillman, ascending the steep slope.

I explained why I had come, and asked him if he could show me Gyles' spring.

"Just been digging it out a bit," he replied, "for we use it to water the cattle on the lower intervale. I will lead you to it." The narrow road wound down the hillside beneath a canopy of magnificent maples and elms. Presently I heard the sound of falling water and, gushing from beneath giant trees, was a stream of crystal issuing from a long spout and falling into a dark pool beneath. I half expected to see poor John Gyles and James Alexander with their kettles and some of "ye squaws" carrying water to the encampment beside the river, or even to catch the gleam of dark Indian eyes peering through the foliage; but the only living thing there was the fat dog which had taken a short cut down the hill and was lapping the water from the pool. The springs of New Brunswick are noted for their cool, pure water, but I have never before tasted such icy water as issued in a large shining stream from Gyles' spring. This source of water alone must have been an inducement to make Meductic

the centre of the Maliseets' nomadic life. We continued on towards the river, and soon arrived at the site of the fort and long-house. Mr. Hillman, the owner of the farm, told me that last spring the water of the river had risen to heights which had never been known before, and that the whole of the intervale had been flooded. The current had washed away a considerable portion of the banks beyond the burying-ground, and several hatchets and knives, besides human bones, had been uncovered. This was the site on which Dr. Raymond believed that the council fire had burned. We conducted a little excavating in the sand with the aid of sticks, and O. C. soon found the various parts of a human skull, with jaws and teeth well preserved. The jaws were of great size and the skull was undoubtedly that of an Indian. Beside it reposed several vertebræ and other bones. These were carefully gathered together and placed in the back seat of the Yellow Streak. They will, however, when photographed, be returned to Meductic. This shows that either the burying-ground ex-

tended much nearer the river than was believed to be the case, or else we were upon the site of a still more ancient burying-ground than the Catholic cemetery. Not far from this place, where the bank had fallen into the river, there could be clearly discerned beneath the top soil a thick layer of what appeared without doubt to be ashes, probably those of old Indian campfires. We returned to the upper level, passing beneath the white cross which stands in a jungle of may and hawthorn. Mr. Hillman showed us the various relics which he had picked up, including ancient stone axes and rusted steel knives.

We travelled swiftly through the quiet beauty of the river valley, with our strange passenger in the back seat, arriving at St. John at sunset. The reversing falls had disappeared as the tide was full, and the lower stretches of the river looked like a large lake in which the afterglow gleamed with a vivid red.

I had rather expected the road from St. John to Moncton to be monotonous but was

happily disappointed. The only place of interest that I had in mind to visit was Fort Beauséjour, and I looked upon the morning's run only as a means of getting from one point to another. But some good saint—it must have been Saint Joseph—provided a most interesting morning for me.

Travelling through a region abounding in fine farms, I began to notice tall, white church spires surmounted by the simple cross that generally indicates a Catholic church. Then gradually the hills became lower and finally disappeared altogether, the landscape before me being now stretches of broad, level marshlands strongly resembling those of Grand-Pré. On crossing a tidal river I noticed by the shore an excited crowd watching the launching of a barge. On mingling with the crowd, I thought for a moment that I had suddenly been transported to some Quebec village, for the gesticulating people on the shore were all talking French. I found on enquiry, that without knowing it, owing to ignorance of local geography, I had arrived in the midst of one of the most considerable

settlements of returned Acadians in New Brunswick, Memramcook by name. The group of gray buildings that touched the sky-line across the broad dyked marshlands was St. Joseph College of whose founder, Father Lefebvre, I had recently been reading with such great interest. Here before me was the theatre of the struggle of a heroic and devoted priest to bring education and religion to his dear Acadians. The prosperous college on the ridge, the white spires on the low hills around told that he had been successful.

Memramcook is a large parish, one of the largest in Acadia and one of the oldest among those which are still French; situated on the two watersheds of a small river, it descends in a gentle undulating slope to the level of a large natural plain which spreads out at its feet like a carpet of verdure. O the meadows of old Acadia, so fruitful, so beautiful, so beloved! That of Memramcook is the only one that remains in the possession of its first owners. It is so beautiful that the English have named it the Champs-Elysées. Viewed from its northern extremity, the

valley, dominated by its double amphitheatre, extends as far as eye can reach, and affords a view of great beauty, calm and a little melancholy. It is a virgin gentle and resigned, Evangeline hoping always for the return of Gabriel. Amid the meadows winds the river like a ribbon bent back many times, a river that empties and fills twice a day. The slope upon which the college stands forms a tongue of land, bounded on the east by the river Memramcook, and on the west by the Petitcodiac and terminating at Folly Point. To give the illusion of a French-Canadian parish left forgotten on the shores of the Atlantic, Memramcook lacks the village grouped around the church. But as for the rest, there is the same general appearance, the same simple politeness on the part of the people, whether greeted on the road or in their homes. These are described by Abbé Casgrain as having a happy and comfortable appearance, with their barns and sheds neatly kept and surrounded by white-washed fences.

This description written forty years ago needs little change to-day to give a correct picture of Memramcook.

We turned down the straight, narrow road

that leads to the height on which the college and church stand. The view was a pleasing one in the bright sunlight. Green of the marshlands, gray of the college buildings, and blue of the distant sea gave color to the picture which centred about the lofty spire of the church. This building is of good design and has a commanding situation.

Inside the church the sun spread its garish light upon pew and wall. Above the High Altar hung a dark picture of the Descent from the Cross, of which the tragic figures were visible from any part of the church. Purple and white lilacs stood in the vases on the side altars, and before them gaily colored hooked rugs decorated the floor. Just beyond the church stood a white convent with an orchard in front, among the trees of which were walking two black-robed sisters. Adjacent to the convent stood the main building of the college with the smaller buildings on the far side. In front of the main entrance stood a bronze statue of Father Lefebvre, who spent his life in the service of the Acadian people and whose best monument is the



CHESTER, NOVA SCOTIA

educational institution that he left behind him.

Father Lefebvre's work for the benefit of the Acadians who wandered back to the district is worthy of attention from a historical point of view, while his unselfish devotion to an ideal, combined with simplicity of character, makes of him a figure worthy of the respect and admiration of people of all creeds. How or why the Acadians wandered back to this part of old Acadia is not very clear, but they were probably attracted by the rich marshes which, when dyked, bore so strong a resemblance to their own Grand-Pré. For years they had lacked educational and spiritual ministration, and it remained for Father Lefebvre to bring both to this neglected community. Coming from the Province of Quebec in 1864, he ever kept before his eyes the vision of a college rising above the marshes of Memramcook, a college filled with students and taught by an ample faculty. Amid discouragement and difficulty, continually fighting the spectres of poverty and ill-health, Father Lefebvre never

faltered until the dream of his early life was accomplished. When he arrived in 1864 he found the rudiments of an institution only, "a wooden house," he says, "forty-eight feet by twenty, of two stories besides the attic, and an ell twenty-four by twenty, of two stories likewise. This house was in bad repair. Also a few old buildings scattered here and there about the property. The property itself in bad condition and the land become a common where the inhabitants set their cows to graze."

The institution began with twenty-five students and five teachers. In the classes, Latin, English and French held first place.

Our poor wigwam, as we sometimes call our college, had been only partly repaired. To increase our discomfort, the winter (1865-66) was excessively cold. Strong north winds penetrated our walls and added to our suffering. We were obliged to cut for ourselves our fire-wood either in rain or snow. Our students were a great help in these difficult days; they always gave themselves cheerfully to anything that could lighten our heavy burden.

The construction of the main building in stone had long been the great ambition of Father Lefebvre, and although funds were lacking, he went ahead with the enterprise. The bursar of another college, in discussing the matter with Father Lefebvre, asked him,

"Have you the funds sufficient for the first expenses of such an undertaking?"

"We have not twenty dollars in the treasury," replied Father Lefebvre.

"Then who will build your college?"

"St. Joseph," was the simple reply.

The college was built, but the long period of worry and anxiety undermined the health of the brave founder. However, he finally triumphed over his difficulties. In 1894 we find a grand celebration going on at St. Joseph College at which a bust of its founder was unveiled. Father Lefebvre, always simple and unassuming, seems not to have valued the honor very highly, for the next day he wrote to his bosom friend, Father Roy: "The celebration is over. A magnificent event, numerous clergy present, but a complete fiasco as to the statue which resembles

Marc Marquis, the Micmac chief. May heaven have pity on me!"

Honor after honor was now offered to Father Lefebvre, and other important positions were open to him, but he could not conceive happiness if separated from his beloved people. His dearest wish was to remain ever at St. Joseph, and to pass away listening to the sound of boyish voices shouting at their games, mingled with the ringing of the chapel bells. Although in failing health, Father Lefebvre's only thought was for his college. "He kept his pain to himself, but he shed joy all around," says his biographer. Another writer graphically relates how he stole from the infirmary and appeared suddenly in the refectory to announce the news just received of the success of one of his pupils, who had obtained three prizes in his post-graduate course at an American university. This scene is described by one present.

Appetite, a little disturbed by this incident, began to resume its sway. Brother George with his usual promptitude was

already looking longingly at his second plate of hash; Father M. had helped himself to the salad for the fourth time, the ascetic Lazare was lost in the *foro-interior* of Saint Alphonse de Liguori, Berthiamue was sipping his third quart of milk; good Father Lecours was gathering together various gleanings, Tessier was waiting for his coffee (it never came), when suddenly a deafening clamor like the breaking loose of a flood was heard. Cheers shook the college walls. It was because Father Lefebvre had come to the refectory of his students. Someone had told him the news of his pupil's success, and he had come, pale and with voice shaking from emotion, to communicate it to his children. The next day he presided at the distribution of prizes and made one of the first speeches of his whole life. His beautiful golden voice had returned to him. But this was, alas, his swan song.

An effort was made to induce him to remove to Montreal and enter a hospital. He was even commanded to do so by the superior of his order and was sadly preparing to obey, feeling sure that he was leaving St. Joseph forever, when the order was

rescinded on the advice of his physician, who saw in this command only a sentence of death for his patient. Father Lefebvre lived on for some time, able to interest himself in the workings of his college until February, 1895, when he was found dead in his bed. In the November previous he had written to Father Roy:

My very dear Father, here I am confined to my room with the order to do nothing if I wish to avoid an attack of paralysis. It is easy, isn't it, to do nothing when I ought to do so much? If the sacrifice of my life can assure the existence of St. Joseph College it is enough. I think that my ashes will rest peacefully in its shadow.

A fine bronze statue of Father Lefebvre—not like the Micmac chief—now stands in front of St. Joseph College. A benign smile seemed to be playing about the lips when I looked back at the statue, while the Yellow Streak ambled gently down the flower-bordered drive, back to the spot across the river where the excited Acadians were still busy trying to launch the stranded barge.

It is not far from St. Joseph to Cumberland. The road winds along the shore between marsh meadows, then follows a straight trail over gentle undulations scarcely elevated enough to be considered hills. A modest sign on the left marks the road to Cape Tormentine, which last year we followed to go to Prince Edward Island. A little farther on, a still more modest sign marks the road to Fort Cumberland or Beauséjour, which was one of the places that I had missed before and had long wished to see. Turning up a narrow road on the right which led up a gentle slope, we soon arrived at the fort. Had the place no historic interest at all, it might well be worth a visit, for the lovely, far-stretching landscape is a joy to look upon. To see its full beauty one must have a clear day, such as favored us, for the charm of Fort Cumberland consists of broad vistas rather than in more intimate views. In order to get the most extensive view, we mounted the height, which is crowned by a cairn, and feasted our eyes on the panorama before us. Far off a blue line

marked the other shore of the bay; the sea was indigo; the marshes of Tantramar stretched wide their vivid green; gray barns in the distance looked like hen coops; many cattle grazed on the lush pastures; two white farmhouses nestled beneath the slope, half hidden in greenery and lilacs; sea-gulls flashed their white wings against the blue sky, and dark spruces, growing from tangles of purple rhododendron on the landward side, accented the panorama with shadow. The silence about the fort was broken only by the tinkle of distant cow-bells or the occasional cry of a gull. In fact, I know of nothing more peaceful than a forsaken fort after the soldiers that fought there have left it forever. It is probably the thought of old feuds and strivings that renders the contrast between past and present so vivid.

The only other visitors were a youth and maid who seemed more interested in each other than the scene about them, together with a small dog who took the keenest delight in exploring every inch of the old earthworks. It is easy to trace the star-shaped design of

the fort as laid out by the French. On the day of my visit the moat was starred with many fleurs-de-lis, in defiance of the Union Jack which floated above them, and the grass-grown slopes of the fortifications were white with strawberry blossoms. Only a little of the brick and stone work remain, but there is enough to give a general idea of the methods employed in building.

By the kind permission of the editor of *The New Outlook,* I quote from an article on Fort Cumberland by Will R. Bird:

In every direction the explorer finds traces of Acadian occupation, of Indian wars. The roads of the old French village can easily be traced, the site of their chapel is clearly defined. Brick, burned from marsh mud, can be dug up at the site of their old brick kiln, or you may secure souvenirs of hemlock bark that lies in tiers beneath the surface at the place where they had their tannery. The trenches and gun emplacements the New Englanders dug have kept their contours and are now cleared of undergrowth. Signs will be erected explaining each point. Down one side is the famous "holy well" of the village,

and the garrison well within the earthworks can be reclaimed.

On the ridge above the park is the famous "mystic stone" of the Acadians. It is a ledge of rock that rises some feet from the surface in a small wood and it is inscribed with strange characters that no one has been able to decipher with a clarity that will reveal their message. As the Acadians had hoarded their gold for years before the Expulsion, and took none away with them, the stone is thought to hold the key to one of their hiding-places. For years men have dug about the fort for gold, and many a cache has been uncovered. When the Intercolonial Railway was being constructed workers on the slope below the fort uncovered a chest of gold coins. One man found a fortune under the big stone step at the door of an old Acadian home. Another was made rich for life by a find while he was excavating for a new cellar. The reason so much gold was found was that the French farmers got their gold from the English buyers and dared not place it in circulation, as it would reveal that they were trading with the enemy.

Amherst is the first town reached in crossing the provincial boundary into Nova

Scotia. The drive from Amherst to Truro is through the lovely Wentworth valley far-famed for its scenery. Here, as at Fort Cumberland, clear weather is desirable, for the view over the hills is little short of enchanting. At times the road winds through cultivated valleys, then it climbs steep slopes through a dense forest which is threaded by a network of brooks.

It was about five o'clock when we reached the heart of this valley, and the thoughts of both O. C. and myself turned to tea, for one cannot live entirely upon pine-scented air and lovely views even when flavored with history. Suddenly I espied a sign "Valley Tea Shoppe," and at once shouted to O. C. to stop. Now this was a case of extreme necessity, for I always avoid places with badly spelled signs. The reason is not that I am a purist as regards spelling, but I find that almost invariably one pays nearly a double price at "Ye Olde Inne" and at "Ye Antique Shoppe." But hunger got the better of an instinct inherited from Scottish ancestors, and we entered the "Shoppe."

The place was a delight to the eye as well as to other more humble parts of the anatomy, and strange to say, the bill was exceedingly small! But this was Nova Scotia.

Truro, a pretty town with wide-shaded streets, neat houses and prosperous-looking churches, was soon behind us, and after a long drive New Glasgow came into view. I was afforded a pleasant disappointment, for I had expected to find a grimy manufacturing centre instead of the trim, tidy town that I saw. The largest hotel was full, and we were directed to a smaller one, where we were given excellent meals served by our host himself, who discussed volubly with us such subjects as prohibition and the modern servant girl, from whose shortcomings he seemed to be at the moment acutely suffering.

Antigonish derives its chief importance as being the seat of St. Francis Xavier University. The college has a distinct appearance of prosperity, and the view from the main street, where the two domed towers of the cathedral and the smaller domes of convent and college rise against the sky

above a long line of willows, is particularly pleasing.

At Mulgrave it was necessary to wait half an hour for the ferry that was to carry us to Cape Breton Island and I employed the time in talking to the skipper of a small sailing vessel lying at the wharf. He had brought a cargo of coal to Mulgrave, but the man who had ordered it decided that he would not need it, and the skipper was obliged to sell it at a loss elsewhere. There was no complaint in his talk, although an undercurrent of discouragement was easily noticeable.

"I think the poor man happiest after all," he concluded philosophically, "although he often gets the worst of it."

"But I could do a lot if I had a million dollars," remarked his mate, who had been listening to the conversation.

Crossing over the Strait of Chignecto, and leaving Hawkesbury by the right-hand road, we arrived at the picturesque fishing village of Grand Anse. Many of the inhabitants are French, and the small white houses that border the sea remind one of the fishing

villages of Normandy. At St. Peter's the lilacs again were plentiful but now only in bud, the apple blossoms were as yet hardly out, and here and there tulips flamed scarlet and gold. Many sheep pasturing along the highway added to the picturesqueness of the landscape, and near St. Peter's flocks were cropping the grass along the sides of the railway and often even between the ties. "How is it they are not killed by the train?" I asked a native of the village. "Oh, they can easily keep ahead of the engine," was the reply.

We were now well started on our trip around Cape Breton, and if I were conducting a party in a char-à-bancs, I would shout through the megaphone: "Ladies and gentlemen, you are now beginning the most gorgeous motor trip anywhere in Eastern Canada." Other roads have other attractions—historic sites, pretty villages, picturesque people, all lend them charms of their own—but for sheer beauty of natural scenery I know of nothing to approach Cape Breton. Sea, forest, inland lagoon, farm and village, all give their best. It is im-



PETITE RIVIÈRE

possible to describe; it must be visited in a leisurely manner, with perfect weather—such as favored us—in order to be really appreciated. The Bras d'Or was really a golden arm, or rather a series of arms of many colors, as it shone before us over the tops of dark green firs. The white churches with lofty spires, each surmounted by a cross, made a beautiful contrast with green of forest and blue of sky; the road, always winding and climbing and descending hills, gave unexpected visions of beauty that I had hardly thought possible to exist. I am afraid O. C., although enthusiastic about the scenery, did not find the winding road an easy one to drive upon, for upon our arrival at Sydney in the evening he, for the first time, admitted that he was tired.

We were now nearing our goal—Louisburg. Only twenty-five miles away lay the romantic spot we had come so far to see. The road from Sydney to the site of the old fortress runs through a beautiful wild country, covered with trees, with only here and there a farm. It is an inhospitable,

stony country hewn from the forest, crossed by streams and dotted with lakes. Only on this particular morning, beneath a brilliant June sun, the landscape wore a softened look, pleasant and even alluring. But it is easy to imagine what a desolate country this must be in winter. The village of Louisburg lies a mile or two from the fortress and commands a fine situation on the harbor. It is chiefly a fishing village, but also serves as a commercial centre for the surrounding country. But it is the fort that draws one to it with the combined force of history and romance. Here is the deserted stage upon which were played great dramas, the actors having vanished forever. It is perhaps this very silence and melancholy loneliness that give Louisburg its chief charm. We skirted the harbor, then followed a road which led past the pond, and eventually arrived near the few ruins of the old fortress that remain. One solitary foot-passenger was coming along a cow-path, a stack of hay stood near the Dauphin Gate, gulls wheeled above the rocking fishing-

boats in the harbor, and the only sound to be heard was the bleating of young lambs as they ran, frightened by our footsteps down the grassy slopes of the old walls.

The casemates are all that are left of the once formidable fortifications. These stone arches protected the women and children from the fire of the enemy during the two sieges, but to-day they are open to the sunlight and swallows fly beneath them. Not far from the casemates stands the beautiful granite shaft erected by the Society of Colonial Wars to the memory of New England soldiers killed during the siege of 1745. It is an impressive sight rising like an ancient monument in a desert—only this desert is emerald green. Its simple inscription on the west side, "To our Heroic Dead," is in keeping with the stern Puritan character of those whose death it commemorates.

The situation of Louisburg is beautiful, especially on a June day, with its azure sky, gray rocks and sea of gentian blue. It is a place in which to lie and reflect upon the vanity of human wishes, a place that brings

a gentle melancholy that is far from unpleasant. But to those exiled from their native France or England, when the north winds swept down upon its unprotected shores and turned the green to white and the blue to gray, it must have seemed lonely and barren even amid the bustle of military life.

We followed a path across a wide field and soon came to the entrance of an underground passage, near the Queen's Bastion, with its arched entrance still visible. Near by was a gigantic well, one of the many from which the garrison drew its water supply. One of these wells is still in use and furnishes water for the solitary farmer remaining within the fortress.

The most beautiful point seemed to me to be Black Rock, which rises boldly above the surrounding pastures. It is easy from this point to trace the outlines of the fortifications as well as their outer defenses in the surrounding country. Gabarus Bay, the scene of the landing of the enemy before both sieges, was brilliantly blue in the sunlight as it rolled its plunging waves on the sand, and

gulls circled above the marshes across which Amherst made his road to lead his soldiers to victory. It was pleasant to be in the sunny cradle between two protecting rocks and call to mind the dramatic events of former days described in another chapter. Relics of bygone times are still to be found. Mr. Price, the farmer, displayed to me an old French anchor which had been fished up from the harbor, a large piece of Caen stone imported from France and still showing elaborate carvings, and cannon balls, eaten away with rust, that had recently been dug out of the crumbling Dauphin's Gate. I always note the flowers growing in an historic place, and strange to say, I found almost nothing here but fleurs-de-lis, in spite of the fact that lilies of France have been banished from Louisburg forever. Their green swords rose defiantly about the ponds, and even in the barren soil about Black Rock they grew abundantly, although dwarfed by the cold winds from the sea. The Bride and Groom had reached Louisburg in a fair condition, and what better could I do than leave them to

"The Heroic Dead," and substitute for them a root of the hardy fleur-de-lis, which still keeps alive the memory of France among the spectre-haunted rocks of Louisburg.

The return from a pilgrimage is apt to prove an anti-climax. But although Louisburg is the chief place of historical interest in Cape Breton, so much beauty has been lavishly bestowed upon that wonderful island that the return trip was as enchanting as any other part of the journey, only in a different way. Mere words out of a dictionary are useless to describe the scenery afforded by Little Bras d'Or and of Great Bras d'Or. Their very names, whether in French or in English, are pure poetry, and every glimpse of them or of the hills that surround them is pure primitive beauty—the elemental beauty of water, wood and sky.

On leaving Sydney the road leads inland for a space, then follows the harbor for several miles along a pleasant stretch of water until North Sydney is reached. This is a place to pass through and leave behind as quickly as possible. It seems almost in-



GREAT BRAS D'OR

credible that man, by his own unaided efforts, could create so much ugliness amid so much beauty as is exemplified in North Sydney and in Inverness. But these grimy towns only serve to emphasize by way of violent contrast the loveliness of the country in which they lie, and thus, apart from their economic value, they serve an æsthetic purpose, for "why rushed the discords in but that harmony might be prized?"

Again we crossed a fine stretch of country, which in a land less richly endowed would have aroused our enthusiasm. Then suddenly the splendor of the Great Bras d'Or lay spread before us, as the road climbed the hills of Boularderie Island to follow along its steep ridge to Ross Ferry. This is a distance of some thirty miles and one of the most enchanting drives on Cape Breton. Long stretches of blue water, numerous wooded islands, rugged, dark-green hills with tumbled clouds floating above rendered the views all along this route the most wonderful of the whole journey. We were obliged to halt at the summit of one of these

hills to change a tire which had been pierced by a nail. With one accord we laid this misfortune to the unkept streets of North Sydney, but I really was not sorry for an excuse to stop, for while O. C. performed the labor necessary, I idly revelled in the wonder of the scene. It was a lovely spot, overlooking the Great Bras d'Or at the foot of the ridge, and with no sound reaching it except the wind in the pines and the cry of a blue jay which, like a flash of steel-blue, swept past us and hid in the forest, making the whole hillside echo with his mocking laughter.

At Ross Ferry, some distance farther, a quaint sign informs the traveller that the "ferry runs on call except at meal-time." Apparently it was not meal-time when we arrived, for a boat soon appeared and carried us across the broad stretch of quiet water, upon which the shadows of the cumulus clouds above floated like so many pearl-colored islands.

It was necessary to stop to repair the punctured tire, and the next village being



VILLAGE OF BADDECK, CAPE BRETON

Baddeck, we decided to halt there. In this decision we were fortunate, for in the long list of the charming villages of Nova Scotia, Baddeck stands very high. It is situated on a small arm of the sea, and from whatever point it is approached, it is delightful with its white houses nestling snugly in the cup of the hills or standing against the background of the bay. As we walked up the street looking for a tea-house, we were greeted by a mingled perfume of lilac, apple blossom and balm-of-Gilead, for the lilacs and apple trees were still blooming beneath the taller trees. As we left Baddeck, the Bras d'Or became a Bras d'Argent, no less lovely in the approaching twilight than it had been in the full glow of the sun. The road wound through the valley of the Margaree river, a stream renowned for its salmon. The waters flow swiftly among the hills, now narrowing to pass through a rocky gorge, now widening out into a miniature lake. There are many scenes of surpassing beauty in Acadia, but I cannot recall any that is the equal of the Margaree valley when the setting sun rests

on the forest-clad heights beyond the river, and the valley itself lies in the purple twilight against a background of gold.

It was dark when we reached Mabou, a pretty village standing at the head of a bay of the same name. With some difficulty we found, hidden among giant willows, a small white hotel to which we had been directed by a friendly villager. When we enquired if food could be obtained, the hostess seemed rather doubtful about it but promised to get us "a little lunch." This "little lunch," when we were called to the dining-room, proved to be baked beans, brown bread, cake, doughnuts and strawberry jam, all in large quantities and only recently cooked.

I asked where to park my car, and was given a key and told to find a barn with a red door up a back street. Red doors were rather hard to find in the dark, but I tried the key in all the doors of what proved to be a street lined with barns on both sides. I found, moreover, on the morrow that all barns in Mabou had red doors. I returned to the hotel and parked the car just outside

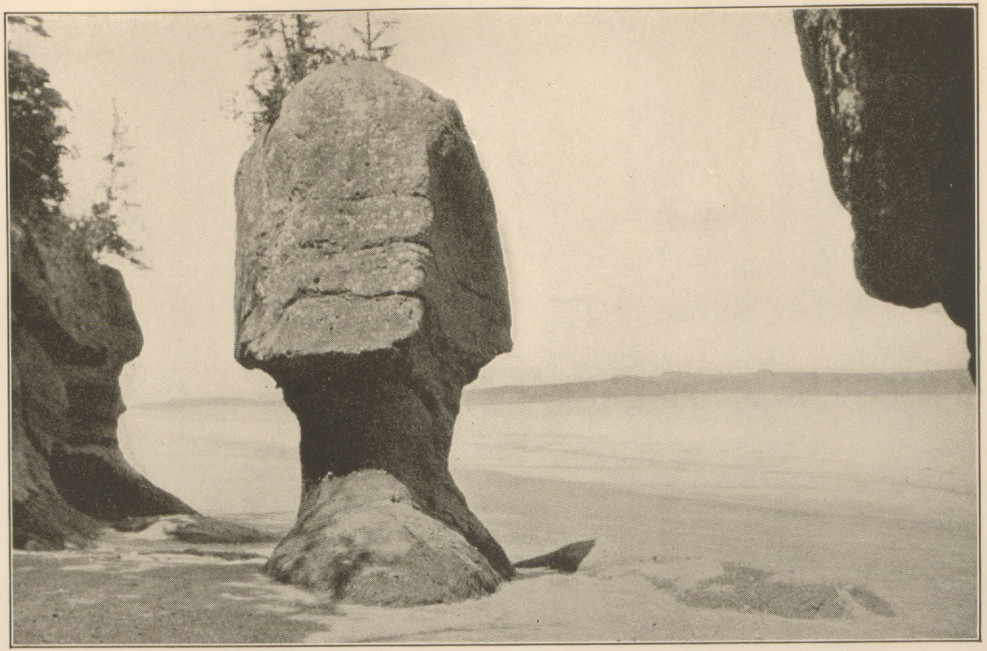
the gate. Mabou is to all appearances a restful village. The only disturbing events that occurred during our stay were a rather spirited cat-fight, which took place in the garden at midnight, and a still more spirited cock-crowing contest at dawn. All the familiar elements of Cape Breton scenery were visible above the geraniums in the dining-room bay-window next morning as we sat at breakfast. An ample stretch of sea, apple trees and lilac shrubs in flower, a white picket fence enclosing a yard shaded with willows and balm-of-Gilead trees, across the arm of the sea a church spire, white above the green, and beyond the bay the usual dark hills.

At Port Hood the road reaches the open sea again and follows the shore line closely to Hawkesbury Ferry. This road is full of interest with exquisite views of the sea everywhere along the way. It was a Sunday morning when we passed over it, and the people of the district were going to Mass in large numbers, for here the population is mostly French and Catholic. From Hawkes-

bury we were retracing our steps. A long run brought us again to Moncton where we passed the night. Then we turned north following through New Brunswick the road that skirts the sea. This is not only old Acadia but new Acadia as well, for all along the shore lie settlements made by returned Acadians. The numerous white churches that overlook the sea, the French language that one hears spoken in all the villages, the white-washed houses and neat farms, all tell of the attachment of the inhabitants to the French customs and modes of life.

Now the level country is left behind, hills appear again, becoming ever bolder and higher, until at last a dim line of blue is seen across a broad expanse of water, and the traveller knows that he is not far from the coast of Gaspé, which is visible as a faint cloud across the Baie des Chaleurs.

The French have an expression, *"le pays du bleu,"* which is full of suggested meaning. It is our equivalent for "fairy land," and it suggests to the mind the pictures in many shades of blue that adorn some of our modern



HOPEWELL ROCKS, NEAR MONCTON

books of fairy stories. And to enter this "blue country," when the atmospheric conditions are such as we found on this occasion, to see the whole landscape—mountain, sea and sky — transformed into a tapestry wrought in every conceivable shade of blue—violet, ultramarine, turquoise, gentian and a hundred others for which there are no names —is to enter a kind of fairy land.

The Gaspésian coast seemed to be approaching nearer to us, bringing with it various-hued blue mountains that rose above the sea; the clouds over them rolled huge and cumulous, and reflected still more shades of blue and gray intermingled with mother-of-pearl, and the water of the bay itself was a deep cobalt, banded by long streamers of a lighter tone, as though a gigantic brush had been swept over its surface by a supreme artist. And here our pilgrimage should terminate, because, for an enchanted pathway such as we had followed for many days, the only fitting end is *"le pays du bleu."*

CHAPTER IX

ACADIA IN POETRY

FROM the earliest times Acadia has been the source of inspiration for poetry. Glooscap strode across the rivers, lakes and hills, and performed his miracles of skill and strength which have been recorded in poetic language; the Micmacs gave names to islands, streams and bays —Abegenat (Resting on the waves), Miramichi (Happy Retreat), Pizaquid (The Meeting of the Waters), and a thousand others which contain the very essence of primitive poetry; and the Frenchman, Marc Lescarbot, wrote from the shores of the Basin of Minas in 1606:

Faut-il abandonner les beautez de ce lieu,
Et dire à Port Royal un éternel adieu?

The Acadians brought with them many of the folk-songs of old France, and composed

others native to the soil—those sad haunting songs that seem freighted with sorrow.

Later, Whittier found inspiration in the history of St. John, and Longfellow wrote his most original work upon the theme of the Acadian expulsion.

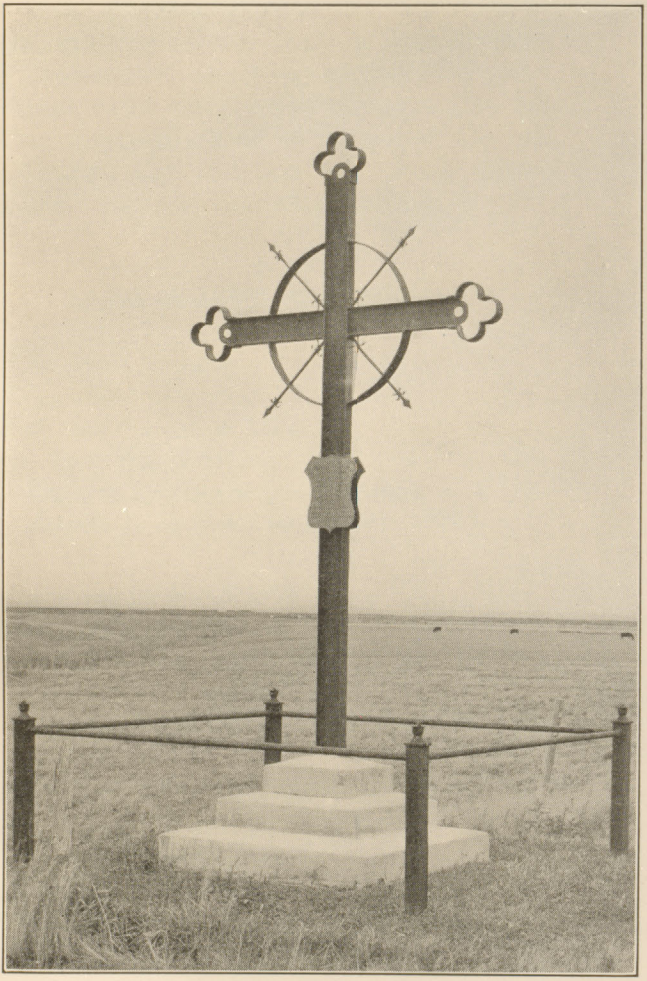
Our more recent poets, Herbin, Roberts and Carman, have all turned to the beauty of Acadia for inspiration. It would, therefore, be a serious omission, when describing the spell that Acadia weaves about both stranger and native, to forget the spell she has cast over her poets.

To me, the folk-song, even apart from the music, is one of the purest forms of poetry. It is spontaneous, elemental, sad and gay at the same time, entirely free from self-consciousness. As I have said, many of the folk-songs of Acadia bear a burden of sadness, as if they had been composed or preserved by a people whose lives had been darkened by tragedy. Recently I went over more than a hundred of these songs with Mr. Charles Marchand, one of our best-known folk-song interpreters, with a view to adding

an Acadian section to the singer's repertoire, but they were nearly all rejected as being both in theme and music "too sad for my audiences."

The best-loved folk-song of French Canada is, without doubt, *"A La Claire Fontaine,"* and it would be strange if this song, expressive of the lover's longing, were not a favorite with the Acadians. Even to far-off Louisiana the exiles took their songs with them and sang them in a strange land. Abbé Casgrain makes the following reference to hearing *"A La Claire Fontaine"* sung by the descendants of the Acadian exiles:

In the parish of Landry, I heard the grand-nephew of the good notary, Le Blanc (of Grand-Pré) tell of the wanderings of his grandparents from the shores of the Basin of Minas to Philadelphia, from there to the West Indies, and finally to Attakapas. On the shore of the sluggish Bayou Teche, under an enormous green oak where hung festoons of that gray moss which gives such a melancholy appearance to the Louisiana landscape, a woman surrounded by her chil-



WHERE THE EXILES EMBARKED AT GRAND-PRÉ

dren was washing clothes in the near-by stream, singing all the while a ballad which often had echoed along the shores of Fundy. Her voice came across the distance like the mocking notes of a bird in the top of the oak tree, singing the couplets of *"A La Claire Fontaine"* and the haunting refrain.

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
Lui y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné;
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.
Lui y a longtemps que je t'aime, etc.

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Lui y a longtemps que je t'aime, etc.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.
Lui y a longtemps, etc.

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.
Lui y a longtemps, etc.

Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer:
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Lui y a longtemps, etc.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.
Lui y a longtemps, etc.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.
Lui y a longtemps, etc.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêm's amitiés.

Et que le rosier même
Fût à la mer jeté.
Lui y a longtemps, etc.

UNTO A FOUNTAIN CLEAR

Unto a fountain clear
I went one summer day,
So cool I found the water
I plunged into its spray,
A long time have I loved you,
And I will love alway.

So cool I found the water
I plunged into its spray;
And underneath an oak tree
In the cool freshness lay.
A long time, etc.

And underneath an oak tree
In the cool freshness lay;
Among the highest branches
A bird sang blithe and gay.
A long time, etc.

Among the highest branches
A bird sang blithe and gay;
Sing nightingale, sing ever,
Sing loud your merry lay.
A long time, etc.

Sing nightingale, sing ever,
Sing loud your merry lay;
Your heart is free from sorrow,
But mine is sad to-day.
A long time, etc.

Your heart is free from sorrow,
But mine is sad to-day;
My sweetheart she has left me
And all the world is gray.
A long time, etc.

My sweetheart she has left me
And all the world is gray;
She asked a bunch of roses
And I did say her nay.
A long time, etc.

She asked a bunch of roses
And I did say her nay;
I wish the cruel roses
In the dark ocean lay.
A long time, etc.

I wish the cruel roses
In the dark ocean lay,
That I and my dear sweetheart
Might live in love for aye.
A long time, etc.

In the other Acadian love songs the note of sadness persists:

Je pars demain c'est pour les Îles
Ma mignonne y viendrez-vous?
Non, non, je n'irai pas
Tout beau garçon qui va
Aux Iles ne revient à vous.

My darling will you come with me
To seek the island's distant shore?
No, no, my love, here would I stay,
For every boy who goes away
To that far isle returns no more.

The songs of the sea are more concerned with its tragedies than with its beauty. The story of Firmin Gallant, Noyé, which ends in disaster, starts thus:

C'est dans notre petite Île, nommé du nom de St. Jean,
De Rustico quelques milles, se trouvait un pauvre enfant;

Dans une petite barque c'est du rivage éloigné
Et par beaucoup de ramages ses filets s'en va
chercher.

'Twas near the port of Rustico
In the island of St. John,
A fisher lad to seek his nets
Rowed out to sea at dawn.

Religion, too, is not forgotten by the pious Acadian, his song sometimes taking the form of a prayer for protection on the deep. One of the most widely known of these religious songs is *"La Passion de Jésus-Christ,"* which was originally composed in France during the sixteenth century. It is well known in the Province of Quebec, there being more than a dozen differing versions.

Écoutez tous, petits et grands,
S'il vous plaît de l'entendre
La Passion de Jésus-Christ,
Elle est triste et dolente.

If you wish to hear my song,
Hearken all both old and young;
I sing the Passion of our Lord;
Sadder song was never sung.

Love of hamlet and home are distinguishing characteristics of the Acadian, and he loved to voice these emotions in his work-a-day songs. A good example is *"L'Acadie, Mon Pays,"* which is an adaptation of *"O Canada, Mon Pays, Mes Amours,"* by Georges-Étienne Cartier.

En te voyant, terre chérie,
Dans mon cœur je dis tous les jours
Belle Acadie, terre chérie, belle Acadie,
O mon pays, sois mes amours.

When gazing on thee, cherished land,
Each morning in my heart I say,
O cherished land, fair Acadie,
My homeland, be my love alway.

"Ode à mon Village" expresses a still more parochial patriotism, but, none the less, it reveals the tender attachment of the Acadian to his home and fatherland represented by the church spire. This song is apparently of fairly recent date:

Salut, Salut, douce rivière.
Aux flots sans bruits, aux vagues riants,
Belle eau que la rame légère
Au feu du jour semé de diamants,

Au souvenir de mon village
Mon âme rajeunie vient s'épancher,
Je revois la riante plage
Mon Saint Louis, mon hameau, mon clocher.

Greetings to the gentle stream,
Laughing low thy ripples run,
Lovely water which my paddle
Strews with diamonds in the sun;
Memories of my village home
Evermore my heart inspire,
When I see upon thy shore
St. Louis and its silver spire.

But while the Acadian, in the songs that he sang, was often sad, he could be tender and childlike as well, as *"L'Enfant et l'Oiseau"* shows:

Petit oiseau je t'écoute,
Qu'ils sont jolis tes refrains!
Viens te passer sur ma route
Quoique je t'aime et tu me crains.
Mais vois, je n'ai pas de cage,
Joyeux je te donnerais
Un baiser sur ton plumage
Et puis tu t'envolerais.

Little bird I listen
To thy pretty song.
Fear not to come near me,
I have loved thee long;
See, my hands are empty,
No cruel cage have I,
I would kiss thy plumage,
Ere thou seek the sky.

Not only is Acadia the home of folk-song, but it may fairly well claim to be also the birthplace of poetry and drama in the New World. For it was at Port Royal in 1606-7 that the poet Marc Lescarbot composed many of the poems published in Paris in the volume *"La Muse dans la Nouvelle France,"* and on the waters of the bay opposite Goat Island and on the adjoining shore was enacted *"Le Théâtre de Neptune,"* a poetic pageant composed by the same poet. This event is fully described elsewhere.

But it remained for Longfellow to make Acadia famous in the sphere of poetry. It is perhaps safe to say that few poems on historical subjects have obtained a wider hearing or gained more admirers than "Evangeline." And although Longfellow did not

visit Grand-Pré, it is remarkable how accurately he visualized the scene and painted it as a background for his tragic story. He made mistakes, it is true, but these are not serious enough to disturb the reality of the picture, and the reader of "Evangeline" will feel when he visits Grand-Pré that he has seen it all before, and that he is entering again upon a scene that has long been familiar to him. At least this is how it seemed to me, when I first saw Grand-Pré, and a more careful study has not removed the impression.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dykes that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.



MADONNA STATUE, MEMORIAL CHURCH, GRAND-PRÉ

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

It remains much the same to-day, except that the flood-gates are not opened—nor were they ever, unless broken down by tidal waves.

Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

I recall a creaking wagon, drawn by slow-footed oxen "laden with briny hay" and sending forth a peculiar perfume, as it lumbered home in the moonlight along the Gaspereaux.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards, and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.



EVANGELINE STATUE, GRAND-PRÉ

One must visit the shores of St. Mary's Bay to see this picture, but its essential features are not much changed. Folk-songs are still sung and "in the fisherman's cot the wheel and loom are still busy." All along the Basin of Minas thousands of apple trees send forth the perfume of their blossoms in spring, and in autumn we find "the orchard bending with golden fruit."

"Anon from the belfry softly the Angelus sounded," might be said any evening of numberless villages that have arisen since Longfellow's day along "the mournful and misty Atlantic."

The origin of "Evangeline" is most interesting and has been carefully described by the Acadian poet, Herbin:

I have been asked many times how it was that Longfellow came to write his poem "Evangeline." The following is a correct account of it:

In 1845 Hawthorne and a Rev. Father Conolly, of South Boston, dined one day with Longfellow. After dinner the priest said he had been trying to persuade Hawthorne to

write a story based upon a legend of Acadia, told to him by Mrs. Haliburton, a member of his congregation—the story of a young girl taken from Grand-Pré with all her people. In exile she was separated from her lover, and they sought each other in vain until the girl became a Sister of Charity, when, advanced in years, she was one day called to nurse a patient who had been brought low by sickness. In him she recognized the lover of her youth. Longfellow wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him: "If you really have made up your mind not to use the story, will you give it to me for a poem?" Hawthorne assented to this, and promised, moreover, not to treat the subject in prose till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse. It seems that Conolly had been urging Hawthorne to write the story. The priest had been told the facts of the story by Mrs. George Haliburton, an aunt of Judge Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick." This well-known Nova Scotian published, in 1829, a history of Nova Scotia. He knew many of the Acadians who had returned to the Province after their wanderings in New England. Longfellow made use of this history and Reynal's work when writing the poem.

In 1838 Hawthorne wrote: "H. L. C.—heard from a French-Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadia. On their marriage-day all the men of the province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England, among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him, wandering about New England all her lifetime, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his deathbed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise."

The following extracts taken from Longfellow's journal show the development of the poem.

"November 28th, 1845.—Set about 'Gabrielle,' my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it. F. [Mrs. Longfellow] and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem. . . . December 7th. I do not know what name to give to—not my new baby, but my new poem. Shall it be 'Gabrielle,' or 'Celestine,' or 'Evangeline'?

"May 30th, 1847. 'Evangeline' published.

. . . November 8th. 'Evangeline' goes on bravely. I have received greater and warmer commendations than on any previous volume. The public takes more kindly to hexameters than I could have imagined."

One of Canada's most widely known poets, Bliss Carman, was a son of the Maritimes, having been born and educated at Fredericton. Much of the inspiration of his earlier poems was drawn from his native province, and "Low Tide on Grand-Pré" affords us an example of the nature poet at his best, where nature is not the end and aim of the poem, but a fitting background for the poet's emotion.

Another of Canada's premier poets, Charles G. D. Roberts, is a native of Fredericton and a cousin of Carman, with whom he played and dreamed in early life at the old brick rectory of Fredericton Cathedral. Roberts has produced much prose as well as poetry, and it is to him and his knowledge of the New Brunswick forests that we owe the first Canadian animal stories. But it is in poetry that Roberts'

name is most honored, and the very best of it was inspired by New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

AT TIDE WATER *

The red and yellow of the Autumn salt-grass,
The grey flats, and the yellow-grey full tide,
The lonely stacks, the grave expanse of marshes,—
O Land wherein my memories abide,
I have come back that you may make me tranquil,
Resting a little at your heart of peace,
Remembering much amid your serious leisure,
Forgetting more amid your large release.
For yours the wisdom of the night and morning,
The world of the inevitable years,
The open Heaven's unobscured communion,
And the dim whisper of the wheeling spheres.
The great things and the terrible I bring you,
To be illumined in your spacious breath,—
Love, and the ashes of desire, and anguish,
Strange laughter, and the unhealing wound of death.
These in the world, all these, have come upon me,
Leaving me mute and shaken with surprise.
Oh, turn them in your measureless contemplation,
And in their mastery teach me to be wise.

* From "Poems" (New Complete Edition), by Charles G. D. Roberts. Copyright by L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

Here we have the poet-wanderer returning to his native land for rest and solace. But it is in the "Songs of the Common Day" that Roberts gives us his best descriptions of Acadian scenery.

THE FURROW *

How sombre slope these acres to the sea
  And to the breaking sun! The sun-rise deeps
  Of rose and crocus, whence the far dawn leaps,
Gild but with scorn their grey monotony.
The glebe rests patient for its joy to be.
  Past the salt field-foot many a dim wing sweeps;
  And down the field a first slow furrow creeps,
Pledge of near harvests to the unverdured lea.
With clank of harness tramps the serious team.
  The sea air thrills their nostrils. Some wise crows
  Feed confidently behind the ploughman's feet.
In the early chill the clods fresh cloven steam,
  And down its griding path the keen share goes.
  So, from a scar, best flowers the future's sweet.

THE SALT FLATS *

Here clove the keels of centuries ago
  Where now unvisited the flats lie bare.
  Here seethed the sweep of journeying waters, where

No more the tumbling floods of Fundy flow,
And only in the samphire pipes creep slow
  The salty currents of the sap. The air
  Hums desolately with wings that seaward fare,
Over the lonely reaches beating low.
The wastes of hard and meagre weeds are thronged
With murmurs of a past that time has wronged;
  And ghosts of many an ancient memory
Dwell by the brackish pools and ditches blind,
In these low-lying pastures of the wind,
  These marshes pale and meadows by the sea.

THE FLIGHT OF THE GEESE *

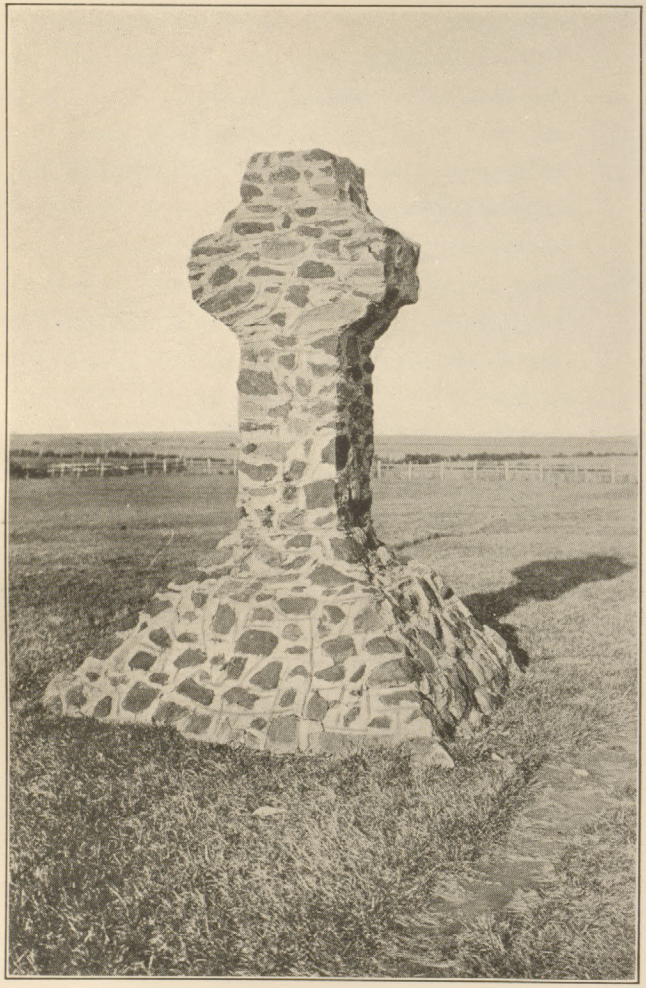
I hear the low wind wash the softening snow,
  The low tide loiter down the shore. The night,
  Full filled with April forecast, hath no light.
The salt wave on the sedge-flat pulses slow.
Through the hid furrows lisp in murmurous flow
  The thaw's shy ministers; and hark! The height
  Of heaven grows weird and loud with unseen flight
Of strong hosts prophesying as they go!

High through the drenched and hollow night their wings
Beat northward hard on winter's trail. The sound
Of their confused and solemn voices, borne
Athwart the dark to their long Arctic morn,
  Comes with a sanction and an awe profound,
A boding of unknown, foreshadowed things.

The French poets, too, have found Acadia a fit subject for poetry, and one of the finest poems that has come from French Canada is *"La Cloche de Louisburg,"* by Nérée Beauchemin.

Cette vieille cloche d'église,
Qu'une gloire en larmes encor
Blassone, brode et fleurdelise,
Rutile à nos yeux comme l'or.

But Grand-Pré has been especially fortunate in having its own poet in the person of John Frederic Herbin, a descendant of the Robischand family which was driven from Grand-Pré in the great upheaval. They returned to St. Mary's Bay, and Herbin's great-grandmother married a Frenchman, who was also an exile from his native land. On his return from residence in the United States Herbin settled at Wolfville, three miles from Grand-Pré, and devoted his life to the study of Acadian history and to searching out the old sites about Grand-Pré. This became a passion with him. He discovered the foundations of the ancient



CROSS MARKING ACADIAN BURYING-GROUND

church of St. Charles as well as those of the *presbytère,* and with his own hands he helped to build from the stones of the old church the rugged cross that now marks the old burial ground where many of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." And what was perhaps more important still, he obtained possession of the site of the village and refused to part with it, except on condition that it should become a memorial to the vanished Acadians. The result of his work is the beautiful Memorial Park on the site of the old village, with a replica of the church reflecting its slender spire in the near-by lily-pond. Herbin's death occurred in a strange manner. He was accustomed to wander about the marshes following along the dykes, and one December evening he was found lying dead on the old trail traversed by his ancestors as they were driven to exile. His son, Mr. J. Robert Herbin, has kindly furnished me with some of his father's poems, and it is to his kindness that I am indebted also for the privilege of reprinting several pages from the poet's "History of Grand-Pré."

THE DYKES OF ACADIE

O marshes green, the dykes of Acadie,
I have been nursed upon your ancient breast,
And taught your patience and your heart's calm rest,
Your large content and fine serenity!
How many lessons have you given me;
Until reborn to deeper life, and blest,
You made me strong for every season's test;
And all I am, O dykes of Acadie!
So would I live your life of growing days,
Absorbing all, and giving all the gains;
Accepting skies that shine, or snow, or shower;
To lift like any blade of grass that plays
In sun and breeze; to age like you, dear plains,
The better to be young with fruit and flower.

THE RETURNED ACADIAN

Along my father's dykes I roam again,
Among the willows by the river-side.
These miles of green I know from hill to tide,
And every creek and river's ruddy stain.
Neglected long and shunned our dead have lain
Here, where a people's dearest hope has died.
Alone of all their children scattered wide,
I scan the sad memorials that remain.

The dykes wave with the grass, but not for me.
The oxen stir not while this stranger calls.
From these new homes upon the green hill-side,
Where speech is strange and this new people free,
No voice cries out in welcome; for these halls
Give food and shelter where I may not bide.

DEPARTURE

Long have I lingered where the marshlands are,
Oft hearing in the murmur of the tide
The past, alive again and at my side
With unrelenting power and hateful war.
Here in the calm of dykes that spread afar
Their summer green, or winter snow, hate died,
And burning rage, in peace that bids me bide—
In steadfast love that guides me like a star.
Ye summer meadows, and ye winter plains,
That knew my hapless race, I go
As one who lived beneath his father's roof;
Who heard at eve the slow-returning wains;
The far, soft melody of bleat and low;
The nearer noisy shuttle in the woof.

CHAPTER X

THE LOYALISTS AND SHELBURNE

ALTHOUGH the influx of United Empire Loyalists had little concern with French Acadia, no account of the early history of the Maritime Provinces could be considered adequate without some attention being paid to the settlement of large numbers of these people from the older colonies after the end of the Revolution. Their influence upon the later history of Canada has been so great that one historian asserts that they changed its whole course. It is not necessary here to go deeply into the reasons which led to their withdrawal from the American colonies after the end of the war; it is enough to remember that they represented the extreme Tory element of these colonies, that their refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the new republic oc-

casioned ruin to many, and that for the most part they would have reaped great benefits and escaped many hardships if they had remained in the new United States.

For many years their history had been written by their enemies; then it was written by over-zealous friends, who also failed to give us a real picture of what took place, and it is only recently that an impartial view could be obtained.

The first migration took place in 1776 when a large number sailed from Boston for Halifax. As one refugee put it, "Neither Halifax nor Hell could afford worse shelter than Boston, and it was this fear of persecution and want coupled with unswerving loyalty to the British cause that led many of the Bostoners to depart." One of their contemporaries, describing this hurried departure, wrote that "all is uproar and confusion; carts, trucks, wheelbarrows, handbarrows, coaches, chaises, all driving as if the devil was after them." They reached Halifax, however, without serious mishap, from whence many sailed for England.

Others followed later, and their number grew to a considerable size.

Many went to Annapolis, more indeed than the place could accommodate, and many hardships were endured by the refugees.

The year 1783 saw the greatest migration, and as early as April seven thousand had arrived at St. John. They had to clear away the primeval forest before they could pitch their tents or build for themselves rude shelters. "I climbed the top of Chipman's Hill," writes one of the women exiles, "and watched the sails disappear in the distance, and such a feeling of loneliness came over me that, although I had not shed a tear through all the war, I sat down with my baby on my lap and wept."

The refugees continued to arrive at any port that would receive them, and by the end of the year it is estimated that thirty thousand had come to various parts of the Maritime Provinces.

But it was at Shelburne that the largest numbers first landed, and at this place they planned to build their capital which was to

outrival Halifax, Boston and even New York. As this was the most important single settlement of the Loyalists, and as their experiences there are to a great extent typical of what occurred in other parts, it will perhaps be well to look at the foundation of Shelburne in some detail, particularly as we have left to us a document of great interest and value concerning the birth of Shelburne in the diary of Benjamin Marston, chief surveyor of the town. This document has been edited and published in the "Transactions of the New Brunswick Historical Society," from whose valuable work I am permitted to quote.

The original name of the place had been Port Razoir, changed by the English into the more euphonious name of Port Roseway. Colonel Alexander McNutt had received an immense grant of land there, but his colony, baptized by him as the New Jerusalem, had dwindled to a few fishermen.

Governor Parr was enthusiastic about the new venture and wrote to Sir Guy Carleton that he expected Shelburne to become the

"most flourishing town for trade in this part of the world."

Shelburne prospered at first, and it looked as if the dream of its founders, that of creating a great port on the Atlantic, would come true. Trade was carried on with England, ships were built and the town became a busy mart as well as a place where the fashionable society of the day displayed itself. Many officers and their families had settled there, and a military society flourished for some time. If one visits the burying-ground on the hill overlooking the sea, one is impressed with the number of officers and their wives whose monuments stand here crumbling away beneath the sun and the salty winds that blow across the harbor.

Dr. Raymond writes:

The Loyalist immigration to Shelburne was one of the most notable incidents in connection with the early history of Nova Scotia. For a brief period Shelburne was not only the largest town in British North America, but was only exceeded in population by three cities in the United States, viz., Philadelphia,

New York and Boston. Within a year of its founding it equalled in size Montreal, Quebec, and Three Rivers combined, and was considerably larger than the united cities of Halifax, St. John and Charlottetown. Indeed, the propriety of removing the seat of government from Halifax to Shelburne was at one time seriously contemplated by Governor Parr. It is no reproach to modern Shelburne that it has not sustained the expectations of its founders. The Shelburne of to-day, moreover, is not a ruin and a desolation, as many people are wont to imagine; on the contrary, it is a bright, fresh-looking place, with neat houses, and all the signs of comfort. If it is not the town it bid fair to be in its early days, it is not losing ground now. There still remain vestiges of the ancient Shelburne. To quote the words of a recent visitor:

"Up on the slopes behind modern Shelburne, one sees streets and traces of streets with acres and acres of land laid out in squares. There are signs of old foundations of houses and reminiscences of cellars. The boom period of Shelburne was in the eighties of the eighteenth century, and the boomers were the Loyalists. They came from New York with a desire to make a second New

York of this Atlantic coast city. All professions were represented. Here, over these old cellars, resided for a time jurists and bakers, wine merchants, wig-makers, dealers in snuff and dealers in hair powder, gunsmiths, silver-smiths, carvers and all other functionaries of a proud city of a hundred years ago. Along these grass- and tree-covered spaces, which were laid out for streets, once strode martial figures familiar to many a battlefield, and grave dignitaries with the wigs and cloaks of their times. Over these rocks tripped gay ladies in silk attire and merry maidens in homespun. Here in some log hut, whose interior furnishing and embellishments contrasted strangely with its external appearance, stately dames were escorted to dinner by stately men, and the great-grandmothers of the present generation trod the minuet."

The journal of Marston, already mentioned, gives a more gloomy picture, and it is probable that the truth lies in the mean between the two extremes. The Loyalists at Shelburne were neither angels nor devils, but human beings engaged in the great struggle for existence. Besides, Marston

was much over-worked, harried by countless cares, and it is only natural that complaints and grievances should occupy a large part of his diary, which was not written for the public to peruse, but was rather a confidant of an over-wrought man. Dr. Raymond continues regarding Marston:

On Monday, April 28, 1783, one week after his engagement by Hon. Charles Morris, he embarked on board a yacht, in company with William Morris, to proceed to Port Roseway. The next day they called at Lunenburg for a set of surveying instruments and dined on shore with Captain Robert Bethel, who was stationed there with a detachment of the King's Orange Rangers. On Friday, May 2nd, they arrived at their destination, and anchored in a snug cove at the head of the eastern branch of the harbor. The day following was spent in exploring the country, and Marston says they found the soil to be much better than they had been led to suppose. The country was yet in a wilderness condition, and in one of their rambles he and Morris encountered an immense she bear, which went off into the woods. The waters evidently teemed with

fish, for the pilot wounded a fine large salmon with his musket, and afterwards caught him with his hands. They had not long to wait for the arrival of the ships from New York.

It will, perhaps, be best to let Marston tell in his own way the story which throws such interesting side-lights on the founding of Shelburne, always remembering that he was making of his diary the confidant of a man who was often worried and unjustly treated by those in authority.

He seems to have been a man of character and determination, a staunch Tory and anti-republican and also something of an autocrat, but withal, optimistic and often indulgent to the weaknesses of others. The following are some extracts from his journal:

Monday, May 5, 1783. Last night the fleet got in below, upwards of thirty sail in all, in which there are three thousand souls (as an agent tells me). They all came up into the North East Harbor. Set up our Marquee on shore. At night we came up to our old anchoring place at the cove, having been

down to the Fleet. Wind westerly, moderate, weather fair.

Tuesday, 6. Aboard all day. Mr. Pyncheon and Morris absent all day advising about fixing the place for the town. Weather fair, wind easterly and southerly.

Wednesday, 7. After exploring both sides of the bay, the N.E. harbor is judged to be the most convenient situation for a town, and 'tis accordingly determined to fix it there. Weather fair, wind south easterly.

Thursday, 8. The multitude object to the place which the Captains and Chief men have chosen for the situation of their town because, say they, 'tis a rough uneven piece of land—so they propose to mend the matter by choosing three men from every company to do the matter over again. That is to commit to a mere mob of sixty what a few judicious men found very difficult to transact with a lesser mob of twenty, so this day has been spent in much controversial nonsense. This cursed republican, town-meeting spirit has been the ruin of us already, and unless checked by some stricter form of government will overset the prospect which now presents itself of retrieving our affairs. Mankind are often slaves, and oftentimes they have too much liberty. To-day surveyed

the shore on the Eastern side of the N.E. harbor, where it was determined to fix the town. Fair weather, wind easterly.

Friday, 16. This day began to mark out some blocks into house lots. People inclining to be mutinous. They suspect their leaders to have private views, and not without some reason; in fact the Captains—at least most of them—are a set of fellows whom mere accident has placed in their present situation; much less worthy of it than many they command. Real authority can never be supported without some degree of real superiority. Weather fair, wind westerly.

Saturday, 17. Arrived a vessel from New York, also one from Halifax, in which came Mr. Stephen Binney, a deputy collector and impost officer. There has been a meeting of the people to-day; they have voted to seize all the boards, which some private saw-pits have sawed and convert them to the public use. The people readily submit to Mr. Binney's authority, both as custom house and impost and excise officer. Weather rainy, wind easterly.

Sunday, 18. Mr. Morris gone to Green's Harbor across the country. Mr. Binney has put up his bed in our tent. Very much distressed all the morning to find a barber to

shave him. At last he found one. The fellow was clumsy and cut him pretty much; he was all the rest of the day at times examining the wounds. He won't live long with us—our fare is too hard, our apparatus too indelicate and coarse. Wind southerly, fair and pleasant. Very foggy below, but does not reach the head of the harbor.

Tuesday, 20. In tent to-day, not well. Mr. Binney was sent here to pick a little money out of the people's pockets under pretense of entering their vessels, but they have got to windward of him. Their vessels are all transports. 'Tis a low pitiful affair in the Collector (in Halifax) to send a deputy for no other purpose but to collect fees, and return to Halifax again, for it seems the deputy was not to have remained here. Another body meeting to-day. I don't learn the purpose of it. This settlement must get into another kind of hands before it will flourish. Weather fair, wind west, fresh.

Saturday, 24. Thursday last the people drew for their town lots. By indulging their cursed republican principles they committed an irregularity which cost them another day's work. Yesterday I was ashore all day apportioning people to their lots—'tis a task trying to humanity, for while those engaged

in settling them are justly exasperated at the insolence and impertinence of one sort of people they can't help, they must feel for the distress of the sensible feeling part, who have come from easy situations to encounter all the hardships of a new plantation and who wish to submit cheerfully to the dispensations of Providence. Ashore again all to-day appointing people to their lots. Some grumble, some are pleased. They are upon the whole a collection of characters very unfit for the business they have undertaken. Barbers, taylors, shoemakers and all kinds of mechanics, bred and used to live in great towns, they are inured to habits very unfit for undertakings which require hardiness, resolution, industry and patience. Nothing so easy as to bear hardships in a good house by a good fireside, with good clothes, provisions, &c, &c. Seneca, with some thousands per annum, wrote very learnedly in praise of poverty. Master Stephen Binney thinks with a good house he could be very well content to stay here a little while and endure hardships.

Monday, 26. All the morning locating as usual. About noon there broke out a most furious fire among the dry stuff in the streets suspected by some to have been kindled on



Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway Company

in settling them are justly exasperated at the insolence and impertinence of one sort of people they can't help, they must feel for the distress of the sensible feeling part, who have come from easy circumstances to encounter all the hardships of a new plantation and who wish to submit cheerfully to the dispensations of Providence. Justice again all ranks appertaining people to their lots. Some grumble, some are pleased. They are upon the whole a collection of characters very unfit for the business they have undertaken. Barbers, taylors, shoemakers and all kinds of mechanics, bred and used to live in great towns, they are inured to habits very unfit for undertakings which require hardiness, resolution, industry, and patience. Nothing so easy as to bear hardships in a good house by a good fireside, with good clothes, provisions, &c., &c. Writers not worth thousands per annum, wrote many pathetic in praise of poverty. Master Pinney thinks with a good house he could be very well content to stay here a little while and endure hardships.

Monday, 26. All the morning locating as usual. About noon there broke out a most furious fire among the dry stuff in the streets suspected by some to have been kindled on

La Cueillette des Pommes
Par Berthe des Clayes



Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway Company

purpose. This is not improbable, tho' the ignorance, stupidity and carelessness of the bulk of the collection here is sufficient to produce any such disastrous event. It has ended with fewer serious consequences than might have been expected. One or two families have lost their all. Some others have met with considerable losses. There is now such a damned noise with singing in our tent 'tis impossible to recollect any other circumstance. Weather very fine, wind westerly.

Tuesday, 27. Ashore fixing people on their lands. Yesterday's fire out. People began to be sensible that they have acted very foolishly in more things than setting woods on fire on a high, dry, windy day. Things will come right by and by.

Thursday, 29. Yesterday at Town all day fixing people upon their lots. Many are pleased. The idea of owning land is somehow or other exceedingly agreeable to the human mind. Some whose lots have fallen to them in not so pleasant places are much out of temper, and some designing ones, who have missed the advantageous situations, are likewise dissatisfied. Came home late in the afternoon smutty and fatigued.

Wednesday, June 4. No business to-day —'tis the King's birthday; but any dissipa-

tion, any neglect of business ought not to be in ye least countenanced at present in this place. Ships sailed for New York this morning. Towards evening some fine showers which have come very opportunely to prevent the ill effects of a nonsensical "feu de joie," which was performed just at dark, and would have fired the streets in an hundred places but for the rain. A ball to-night—all our tent over to it but myself, and I am very happy to be absent.

Sunday, 8. Since the King's birthday very little done. It took all the next day to get rid of the previous day's and night's excess. These poor people are like sheep without a shepherd. Upon the whole considering who and what they are and the confused way they are huddled together, it is much in their favor that we have had no great enormities committed among us. Friday night and last night great rain fell.

Thursday, 19. Yesterday and to-day engaged in surveying the shore and laying out 50-acre plots for private parties. 'Tis a hard service, and though I make good wages 'tis all earned. The heat in the woods and the black flies are almost insupportable. Captain Mowatt and Captain Afleck arrived here with King's ships since my last notation.

Several vessels arrived here to-day, two of them from Penobscot. Our people much at variance with one another, a bad disposition in a new settlement. Two of the Captains appointed to fight a duel this morning but were prevented by friends who thought better of the matter.

Saturday, July 12. The people yesterday drew for their 50-acre lots. They have left many out of the drawing who are equally entitled to a lot as those who have drawn. They want government, more knowledge and a small portion of generosity. This wish to engross this whole grant into the hands of the few who came in the first fleet, hoping the distresses of their fellow-loyalists, who must leave New York, will oblige them to make purchases. Several vessels arrived from New England with lumber, bricks and provisions. Bought mutton for 6d.

It was about this time that Governor Parr visited Shelburne and read a proclamation giving the town its name. The busy Marston seems to have regarded this visit of the governor as an unnecessary interruption of his work, for his entries concerning it are scanty.

Sunday, 20. Home all day—wrote a very long letter to Ed. Winslow. The Governor arrived below at the mouth of the harbor.

Tuesday, 22. To-day the Governor came on shore—swore in five Justices of the Peace. The name of this place, "Shelburne." Dined with Governor on board Captain Mowatt's ship. Day pleasant, weather warm.

But, according to Dr. Raymond, this was an event of great importance.

It was on Sunday, the 20th of July, that Governor Parr arrived at Point Carleton, Port Roseway, in the ship "Sophia." Salutes were fired from the ship when he disembarked, and by the batteries at Point Carleton. He returned on board the same evening, and the next day proceeded up the harbor and anchored off the town. He was welcomed by a salute fired by all the cannon on shore, and proceeded up King Street, both sides of which were lined by the inhabitants under arms, to the place appointed for his reception. The magistrates and leading citizens presented an address congratulating him on his arrival. The Governor then, in a short speech, signified his intention of call-

ing the town "Shelburne," and proposed the King's health, prosperity to the town, and to the Loyalists, each toast being accompanied by the cheers of the inhabitants and a general discharge of cannon. The Governor appointed justices of the peace and other officers, and administered to them the oaths of office. Subsequently an elegant dinner was given by Captain Mowatt on board the "Sophia," at which many loyal toasts were drunk—the King's health, success to the town of Shelburne, and to the settlement of the Loyalists in Nova Scotia, the toasts accompanied by the royal salutes from the ship. On Wednesday, the 23rd, the Governor and suite, with Captain Mowatt and Elphinston, dined at the house of James Robinson, Esq., with the leading citizens. In the evening, a public supper and ball were given by the town, conducted with the greatest decorum. The festivities did not break up till five o'clock next morning, when the Governor returned on board the "Sophia," highly pleased with the entertainment, as the company appeared gratified and delighted by his presence.

Wednesday, July 30. The Governor left this place last Saturday (I think it was).

Before he sailed there arrived three transports from New York with about ninety families. These with about as many more, who came from all parts, are to be located on house lots. I have nobody to assist me. Lyman is gone to Annapolis. Mason is engaged upon the 50-acre lots, I have the whole of this upon my own hands. Wrote per Lyman to Ed. Winslow.

Saturday, August 9. At home all day, it being rainy all the morning and remaining part of day blew exceeding hard. A Capt. McLean has this evening sent me a green turtle, about seven pounds. I am obliged to see him. He is to have a house lot, but this must not blind my eyes. He must run the same chance as his neighbors who have no turtle to send.

Tuesday, 26. Some little business before breakfast, such as settling boundaries, etc. From about 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. in the woods running lines and measuring off house lots. Just after I came home received a billet from Capt. Christian inviting me to see him on board the "Cyclops" this afternoon or tomorrow at breakfast. Sent a verbal answer I would breakfast with him. I was too tired, too dirty, too hungry, to sit down and write an answer to his billet. He may think me

an odd fellow; he is welcome to the opinion.

Saturday, Sept. 13. Located eight persons on R., North division. Continued the survey round the cove. Wrote the Governor respecting the expected arrival of four hundred families from New York in about three weeks, requesting his directions about locating them, whether at the back or end of the town. Took no copy—could not, was too tired and sleepy.

Sunday, October 5. Dined on board the "Cyclops" in the gun room.—Noise and Nonsense.

Monday, 6. Dined on board ditto, in the Great Cabin—decency and agreeableness. Have been with my friend Wm. Morris these two days, so have done no business.

Tuesday, 14. This morning on board Captain Christie's ship. Went on shore with some of the new comers to show them the ground where they are advised to hut themselves. They don't seem upon the whole to favor the idea of hutting. Another ship arrived today with passengers.

Sunday, 26. Wrote letters till dinner time. Dined in town. Home at dark to lonesome solitary tabernacle. Wrote the Governor, Charles Morris, Esq., Wm. and Geo. Allen. Sent in my six months' account.

Sunday, Nov. 2. A day of rest; dined in town; snowy, squally day. The southern people are much frightened at the weather; poor people, they are to be pitied.

Monday, Jan. 19, 1784. Sent out Mr. John Van Norden to lay out six farms, beginning on the line of the Commons. This evening a ball was held at McGragh's tavern in honor of the Queen's birthday. About fifty gentlemen and ladies, among whom was the Hon. Cap'n Stanhope and Lady, danced, drank tea, played at cards, in a house which stood where six months ago there was an almost impenetrable swamp, so great has been the exertions of the settlers in this new world. The room was commodious and warm, tho' in the rough. The whole was conducted with good humor and general satisfaction.

Wednesday, Feb. 4. The state of buildings in this town is as follows; viz., 231 framed houses, 816 log houses, 80 on the Commons—temporary for the winter only, 30 or thereabouts on the 50-acre lots round the harbor; total 1,157. All this since May 9th last. Captain Lownde's Company, sick of their voyage, have returned.

Monday, April 5. State of Law in Shelburne, or rather the very beginning of it:

Justices of the common pleas:—Abraham

Van Buskirk is a gentleman and man of good understanding, has been in service all the war and is yet more the soldier than the lawyer. J. Pyncheon does not want understanding, but is very timorous and, as timorous creatures generally are, cunning; he shows the New England man very plainly in his manner.

Now for the Session of the Peace:—The two above mentioned, to which add Mr. Justice McEwen, an old main-top bow-line; a Mr. Justice Thomson, an old, white oak chip; a Mr. Justice Brewer, bred a merchant, has good natural parts which have been improved by education, calculated to make a conspicuous figure in his own line, and he has ambition and capacity to make a useful and judicious magistrate, but at present rather coxcombical.

Pleaders. A dismounted dragoon officer of Tarleton's, his acquirements in law knowledge not much below the surface, his name—J. S—r. A Mr. D—n and a Mr. G—rd—l, I put them both together, for their acquirements are about equal—the latter the most sensible. Indeed, the first is a fool—can't spell common English, passes at present for a half-pay officer, the truth of which remains to be proved. These are the

deputies by whom at present we must implead one another. Add to these Commodore Stanhope, who far exceeds them all.

Monday, July 26. Great Riot to-day. The disbanded soldiers have risen against the free negroes because they labor cheaper than they—the soldiers.

Tuesday, 27. Riot continues. The soldiers force the free negroes to quit the town—pulled down about twenty of their houses. This morning I went over to the barracks, by advice of my friends, who find I am threatened by the rioters, and in the afternoon took passage for Halifax. By further advice from town, find I have been sought after. Arrived in Halifax, Thursday 29th.

Wednesday, August 4. Arrived from Shelburne my friend, Joshua Watson, and N. Ogden with further accounts of continuation of the riot. I find I have been hunted for quite down to Point Carleton, and had I been found should have had a bad time among a set of villainous scoundrels—by some subsequent advice, I find I should have been fairly hung.

Tuesday, 31. The Governor returned from Shelburne, where he has been to settle the disturbances which have arisen. To answer some purpose with his Dear Shelburnites he

has been pleased to throw a great deal of blame on my conduct. But I have the satisfaction to know that the best people of that settlement are my friends, and what a rabble think of me is never my concern—tho' a Governor may be among them.

Of this incident in Marston's career Dr. Raymond writes:

The autumn of 1784, Marston spent in Halifax. He was unable to obtain any satisfaction from Governor Parr as regards his dismissal. The information at present available is too meagre to enable us to determine how far Marston was to be blamed for the dissatisfaction that existed at Shelburne. Upon the whole, it seems probable that he was harshly used. If he manifested any partiality in the allotment of lands, or favored one individual more than another, it would seem that his judgment, not his integrity, was at fault. There is no evidence of corrupt conduct. He left Shelburne, as he came there, a poor man. Governor Parr's intentions were no doubt good, but he was a man of hasty temper and apt to jump at conclusions without sufficient knowledge of all the facts of the case. Had Marston possessed

more policy, he might have saved himself much trouble at Shelburne. Unfortunately, he was of too independent a disposition for his own good, and lacked tact in his dealings with the Governor, and also with the Shelburne populace. Nevertheless, Parr's action in the curt dismissal of his chief surveyor appears to have been based upon motives of expediency rather than justice.

Marston seems to have been a prolific letter-writer as well as a diarist. In a letter to his sister he writes thus of his hopes and plans:

I hope now after my return from England, that my ramblings will be at an end, and that I shall be able to spend the rest of my life in the enjoyment of domestic tranquillity by a fireside of my own, with some kind, fair, female companion sitting on the opposite chimney corner. I am sure I shall enjoy such a piece of good fortune when it comes, with a double relish—the long want of every thing which deserves the name of comfortable has given me a very keen appetite for every enjoyment in which peace and tranquillity and regularity make any part. But, if after I have gotten me a fireside, I should not be

able to succeed in my next wish, I shall certainly send for some of my female cozens in New England—perhaps Betsy W., unless she should in the meantime give the preference to the old mountaineer preacher.

But these hopes were not to be realized, as the following letter (probably the last that Marston ever wrote) plainly shows:

London, March 26, 1792.

My dear Chippy,—God in his merciful providence has at last opened me a door to escape out of England, and I have embraced the opportunity with as much joy as I ever did to get out of the worst prison I was ever in. It does not indeed bring me to New Brunswick—it carries me further off—to the coast of Africa, whither I am going as Surveyor Gen'l of Lands to a large company, who are about making a settlement on the Island Boolam, which lies in the Atlantic Ocean about four miles from the main continent of Africa in 11° some minutes, N. Lat., right opposite the mouth of Rio Grande. They gave me £60 ster. per annum salary, and subsistence, and five hundred acres land gratis. Other settlers gave me £30 for that quantity. The salary, to be sure, is no great

thing—but anything with something to eat is infinitely before nothing and starving by inches; but the land will soon be worth £500, if the settlement should succeed, and should it prosper, much more, and that in a short time. At any rate I am glad I am leaving England, which never pleased me, and which has been made tenfold more disagreeable by my being forced to stay in it against my will. I expect to embark in two days from this. You shall hear from me as opportunity offers, and perhaps I may have it in my power to institute a commercial intercourse with St. John for house-frames and other building materials, as I think they will be able to get them much cheaper with you than from the Baltic.

For the present, adieu. Remember me kindly to my friends. Tell them I don't give up hopes of yet returning to my loved America. God bless you and them is the fervent wish of,

Yours,

Ben. Marston.

The African expedition proved disastrous and nearly all the white men died. Among these was Marston. The news of his death

at length reached New Brunswick, but in 1794 his friend, Ward Chipman, wrote to Edward Winslow:

Being at length satisfied that our worthy, unfortunate friend Marston was really dead, I the other day opened his chest. The uppermost thing was a tin case enclosing some papers, all of which I now send you . . . Poor fellow, his fate was hard, and he must have been most vexatiously disappointed at the small amount of his compensation from government. There are, besides his private books and papers, a few articles of trifling value and his surveying instruments, all of which are subject to your disposal. In respect to the debt to me for cash which I loaned him since coming to this country, I have a long time ceased to expect anything, unless the good fellow had met with that good fortune which he so richly merited.

Thus came to an end the chequered career of a man whose private papers throw so much light upon the history of Shelburne.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton, writing about a half-century after the time of Marston, describes Shelburne in its decay.

The houses, which had been originally built of wood, had severally disappeared. Some had been taken to pieces and removed to Halifax or St. John; others had been converted into fuel, and the rest had fallen prey to neglect and decomposition. The chimneys stood up erect, and marked the spot around which the social circle had assembled; and the blackened fire-places, ranged one above another, bespoke the size of the tenement and the means of its owner. In some places they had sunk with the edifice, leaving a heap of ruins, while not a few were inclining to their fall, and waiting for the first storm to repose again in the dust that now covered those who had constructed them. Hundreds of cellars with their stone walls and granite partitions were everywhere to be seen like uncovered monuments of the dead. Time and decay had done their work. All that was perishable had perished, and those numerous vaults spoke of a generation that had passed away for ever, and without the aid of an inscription, told a tale of sorrow and of sadness that overpowered the heart.

There is little in Shelburne to-day to reveal its romantic and tragic past—a quiet and even a sleepy town with houses that

suggest comfort rather than beauty, shaded by old trees, some of which must have witnessed the struggles of the Loyalists, and here and there an old building, or remains of it, built by their vanished hands. Perhaps the spot that brings the Loyalists most vividly before us is the old church that tops the hill behind the town, and the grass-grown graveyard around. For here lie many who thought to make Shelburne the Boston of the north, and in the inscriptions on the tombstones, a great deal of their history is recorded. As I approached the churchyard, I felt that I was approaching a holy place which was more than the resting-place of the loyal and adventurous; it was the grave of many high hopes as well. The drowsy town lay before me, beyond I could catch glimpses of the dancing water of the harbor, and near by the hay-makers were busy gathering in the hay. It was a pretty rural scene, typical of Nova Scotia, but nothing told me of the struggles and hardships that had been endured in this place, nor of the ambitions that had once existed in the forest about the rock-

encircled bay. It was impossible to read the inscriptions on many of the stones, as many had been overgrown with lichens, but some of the most interesting were still legible.

A whole epic of loyalty and suffering is to be read in the epitaph of Ann McLean.

ANN McLEAN
Wife of Capt. John McLean.

She left her native country, Scotland, and numerous family to follow the fortunes of her husband during the war with America in 1780, and when New York became no longer an asylum of loyalty, she joined him again on the rugged shore of Nova Scotia. As an affectionate and dutiful wife, a cheerful and social friend, Humane, Charitable, and Pious as became a good Christian, her death was lamented by her husband and no less regretted by her relatives, her friends and acquaintances, as well as by those who were widely scattered as those who latterly enjoyed an intimacy with her in Shelburne.

Died 1791.

Wouldst thou know all her virtues
Go and consult the register of Heaven.

A rather pretentious stone at one side of the church seems to be a monument to the

husband who erected it, rather than to the wife who lies beneath.

H. B. obit 1789.
In memory of Mrs. Hannah Booth
The truly affectionate wife of CAPT. BOOTH
of the Corps of the Royal Engineers.
She departed this life 22nd Feb. 1789.
Aged 38 years.
She was the daughter of an
EMINENT MERCHANT in LONDON.

The name of Capt. Booth is carved in much larger letters than those which spelt the name Hannah, they having the same size (and presumably the same importance) as the ones which spell out "Eminent Merchant," and "London" is written in gigantic letters as though it were a name which should serve for a model of all that Shelburne would aspire to. Who knows if Capt. Booth did not see Shelburne, not as a future Boston or New York, but as a replica of the centre of the empire for which he fought?

CHAPTER XI

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

TO VISIT the Magdalen Islands has long been a secret desire with me, but I have not yet been able to see more of them than a glimpse of Bird Rock from the deck of a liner on its way to Europe. But I recall its ghostly appearance as it rose from the waves like outer ramparts of some castle of older times, and the wish to see more of these islands has never left me. But as this wish yet remains ungratified, I am fortunate in being able to see through the eyes of a friend, Mr. Ralph Gustafson, the quaint, quiet beauty of this outpost of Acadia, where live to-day many descendants of the banished Acadians.

The Magdalen Islands look for all the world like a drop of ink on the map. Yet



PICTOU HARBOR, NOVA SCOTIA

Eastern Canada cannot offer a more interesting or picturesque spot to the traveller.

Geographically, one would suppose that they were the possession of one of the Maritime Provinces; but such is not the case. They have been for years under the jurisdiction of the Province of Quebec—a hidden corner tucked away out of the path of the conventional traveller, yet within easy reach of him whom chance has directed there, or who is fortunate enough to know of its beauty and charm.

Although isolated from the mainland during the long winter months, the Magdalen Islands are within comfortable reach during the summer season. They are situated well out in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, about one hundred and twenty-five miles from Pictou, Nova Scotia, and have been, of late, connected twice a week with the mainland by an excellent steamer service.

The month of July or the first weeks of August are to all purposes, perhaps, the best time to make the journey.

Our party set out in late June. Embarking from the town of Pictou, we found ourselves on a delightful steamer, just large enough to negotiate comfortably the somewhat rough passage across the Gulf.

The journey requires at least an afternoon and all night. At high noon the vessel leaves its port.

The miniature sea-trip is not without novelty. With all the ostentation of an ocean-liner the leave is taken. Whistles blow. The windlass puffs and grunts at the obstinate hawser-chain. Officers shout orders and ring bells that sound in the bosom of the ship. The engine starts with a quiver that shakes the vessel. The angry propeller under the stern slashes the unoffending water into a creamy foam. The wharf quietly slips away from the side of the steamer, and the journey is commenced.

Towards dusk of the same day, Prince Edward Island rises from the depths of the sea. The boat touches at Souris, and an hour is given its passengers to see the town and stretch their legs.

The evening on board the steamer can be looked forward to as one of perfect enjoyment. Personally, I was amused by a mouth-organ concert on the stern deck by some of the crew. As to the night, a sailor would not mind it. I lay in my berth and chewed the better part of two lemons.

At dawn the islands are sighted. They appear as a low-lying strip of land with no

great heights and few prominent hills. An extension of the Appalachian Highlands, they stand as a memorial to a sunken land. Alone in the midst of the Gulf, they remain as a defiance to the mighty power of the sea.

Amherst is the first port of call on the islands. With Entry Island on the right, the vessel pushes through the rolling blue sea to Amherst. Here, perhaps, the sight-seer disembarks, this island being the sole possessor, unfortunately, of the only resemblance to an inn on the entire group of islands.

Luck favored us with a private home on Grindstone Island for our sojourn. It was therefore necessary to remain on board. A few minutes' journey sufficed to bring us in touch with Grindstone.

This island is the largest and most important, both socially and commercially. Here is congregated the majority of English, who are however still outnumbered by French families of the old Acadian stock.

The most conspicuous object that first confronted our view was the mound at the inner end of the wharf, from which the island takes its name. Although it is corroded by wind and wave, with a slight stretch of the imagination, its resemblance to a grindstone can be conceived. Perhaps at some date the

rock was used to make grindstone. In whatever case it is an interesting bit of sculpture.

During our stay it was one of our greatest delights to climb this mound and see the whole island stretching around its base, and beyond, the mighty Gulf vanishing into the distant heavens.

For the first week or so, we found the sea air had a great effect upon our habits. There was nothing more satisfying than to sit in the sunshine and day-dream or sleep. The rich air filled us with a sense of quiet drowsiness. The nights were ones of deep, dreamless sleeps.

But the effect wears off, and true travellers find themselves overflowing with vitality and preparing to accept all that the beautiful isles can offer.

One of the first excursions that should be made is a climb, or perhaps more properly a stiff walk, up Grindstone's mountain.

A bright sunny day should be chosen, and under no circumstances should the camera be left behind. There is a path to the top, and they are in luck who find it. It is the path read about in novels—through sweet-smelling copses, open spaces with their scudding clouds, bowers pierced here and there with golden arrows, and offering luscious berry

bushes in relays up the side for the convenience of the climber.

At the top, one's lungs are filled with the pure freshness of the sea air. The island expands below in a circle. One dares not think of the unwritten poems that the place inspires. Far down the ocean-blue other islands push themselves up through the hungry waters. On Grindstone, where the hills gradually slope down and lose themselves in the expanse of the sea, rises the great rock that gives name to the island. Near by, the quiet road writhes by the foot of the mountain and, climbing hills and dales, glides past the scattered farmhouses and the church on the hill, till it reaches Etang du Nord, or "Pond of the North," a small fishing settlement. Here, it pauses in confusion, lost in the village; but with a few moments to extricate itself, it continues its way around the other side of the mountain past meadows, countless coves, more farmhouses, and then climbs the steep hill to the Marconi wireless station. With a rush it descends right into the village of Grindstone. Here it passes stores, the "grindstone," lobster canneries, houses, fish factories, until once more it joins itself at the foot of the mountain. Like a twisting serpent the road encircles the island.

An object of the entire journey would be sadly missed, if one did not explore the beaches and swim in the waters of the Gulf Stream. I have yet to discover more enchanting beaches anywhere on the coasts of the Maritime Provinces or the New England States. Within a mile, walking in the direction of Amherst in the west, one may find a fairyland of hidden coves and caves Here the water has eaten freely of the soft rock which composes practically the whole of every island—a crumbly, gypsiferous stone, varying in shades from the gray of the "grindstone" to the blood-orange of the coves. At this particular spot, jagged headlands have been formed, fantastic caves, and bizarre sculptures, sometimes left standing in the middle of the beach when the water has happened upon a core of harder rock. The corroded stone forms the shore, luxuriant in its abundance of soft sand. With the tide out, the thickly-packed sand forms a strand as smooth as a mirror, reflecting the miniature cliffs of the coves in tints of orange and green, and the purple of flying clouds overhead. Occasionally, clumsy porpoises wander in to sport with the swimmers. Frequently, wreckage drifts into the shore from the mysteries beyond the skyline. The enchant-

ment is not momentary. Throughout our stay we were drawn irresistibly to the beach.

But surpassing her sister island in beauty and scenery, lies Entry ten miles to the south. A small isle, the first to bid a stranger welcome and the last to say good-bye.

Almost the entire population is composed of English. Apart from the raising of a small amount of grain, and the pasturage of cattle on Entry's magnificent hills, the sole occupation of the inhabitants is fishing. Cut off from the other islands in summer, except by motorboats, and in winter, entirely so, though an occasional ice-bridge from Amherst may join the two, the people have grown into a happy community, intermarried to a remarkable degree. During the fishing season, the men are off to the banks in the early morning, not returning with their catch until dusk. Along the shore at sunset, they clean the fish at their rough wooden tables, littering the shore with their work. An opportunity for the camera that should not be missed is the scene presented at evening when the boats are drawn by horse beyond the reach of the tide. But the homely beauty and simplicity of such scenes is dwarfed when compared with the grandeur of the hills and landscapes.

The Demoiselle Hills rise gradually from the centre of the island and attain an altitude greater than elsewhere in the group. Delicately moulded, they undulate in faultless contour into hills of which only the idealist dreams. A gorgeous green carpet, patched here and there by the shade of an evergreen copse, or the yellow of a field of grain, gently rests on the breast of the isle. Cropped close by the grazing sheep and cattle, it rivals the green of a park. Near the shore it is in shreds—rudely torn by the angry teeth of the sea. Kissed by the breath of the ocean, basked in the warmth of the sun, the hill-top is a paradise to poet and painter alike.

The view which greets the eye on the crest of the highest hill beggars description. Extending to the edge of the ocean, the entire group lies at one's feet. Like a string of gems, they scintillate in the sun—each isle a priceless treasure strung on a strand of sandbars. From the elevated position sandbank upon sandbank can be seen. It is little wonder that the islands have been a dangerous "Charybdis" to ignorant vessels. There are numerous wrecks to be seen to-day; and some families still remain whose ancestors have been the shipwrecked mariners. A curious comparison results when we connect the

names of the islands with these facts. There is first an Entry; then comes the Grindstone; hard by lies Deadman's Isle; and lastly in the east is a Coffin Island. Alright Island, however, counteracts in name at least a good deal of these forebodings.

Following on from Amherst there is a sandbar which stretches over the intervening miles to Grindstone; on from Grindstone a sandbank twenty-five miles in length extends east to Grosse Isle. Old Harry connects with Grosse Isle and takes a sharp turn back in the direction of Grindstone. Another sandbank follows parallel for the returning twenty-five miles, thus inclosing a lagoon termed the Narrows, until it broadens out into Alright Island a mile from Grindstone, with which it communicates by means of a ferry. It is readily seen that the name "group of islands" is in fact a misnomer.

It is said on the islands that they were once a rendezvous for that world-famed pirate, Captain Kidd, and that buried treasures are to be found by the lucky ones on certain isles. Entry Island is fortunate enough to be the possessor of a portion. But as yet, the story is to be proved.

On leaving Entry, we embarked for Amherst in a dirty little boat with an outboard

motor for propulsion. Half an hour's chugging brought us safely to land. Here, we saw the town, which was comprised for the most part of the typical two-story fishing shed, and enjoyed a short rest at the "Inn." While waiting for the steamer from Pictou that we might return to Grindstone, we were lucky enough to obtain, by way of novelty, a passage on board a fishing schooner that was just leaving the wharf.

The evening in crossing the bay I shall never forget. Besides the novel experience of the "schooner ride," there was one of the most gorgeous sunsets I have ever seen. Silhouetted against the crimson rays, which melted across the heavens, was the mountain on Grindstone. All the glory of the pinks and reds were reflected by the hills in the ominous quiet of the blue bay. It was a fitting climax to a day on Entry.

A journey "down east" is well worth one's time. Although there is not the scenery that is to be found on Grindstone or Entry, the eastern islands have their own rugged and distinctive beauty. It is perhaps most convenient to take the steamer for Coffin Island at Grindstone, and motorboat back through the Narrows—a journey that no visitor should miss.

At Coffin Island, where I came to grief endeavoring to take a photo of an inhabitant, who was the counterpart of Santa Claus (though considerably dirtier) and objected to the procedure for some unknown reason, we obtained a motorboat, which carried us to Grosse Isle.

Through the profusion of seaweed growing in the lagoon, it was slow going. The quantity of weed thriving in the shallow water is extraordinary. Throughout the whole twenty-five miles of the lagoon seaweed flourishes—a miniature Sargasso Sea. It is only possible for motorboats to use the Narrows, and even then it is found necessary to dredge a path most of the way.

The landing at Grosse Isle was the oddest I have ever had. It was on the back of a man who waded out to the boat in rubber boots. At Old Harry it was slightly different. There, they brought both horse and wagon to the side of the boat for our convenience. There is a complete lack of wharves of any description.

While "down east," any person may consider himself extremely lucky if he is able to go out to Bird Rock. This bit of land is just within sight of Grosse Isle, but even in ideal weather it is one of the roughest pas-

sages to undertake. It has been the scene of many tragedies, and is one of the loneliest spots imaginable. The bare rock rises perpendicularly out of the sea, and with only a few square miles of dry land, it is just large enough to accommodate the lighthouse and one home. Not far from the route of the trans-Atlantic liners, it is essential that the lighthouse be maintained upon the island. Perhaps a naturalist might regard it as heaven, for the birds nest there in thousands; but to me, it is one of the ends of the world.

The islands, as a group, however, are destined to be more familiar to the tourist, for the colorful beauty of their hills and beaches, the prevailing peace, and the quaintness and charm of the people will lure the traveller, who would "view a new earth, new skies," and is at heart a true lover of "journies beautiful."

CHAPTER XII

ALONG ACADIAN TRAILS

ACCORDING to Wordsworth, one of the chief delights of the nature poet is to "recollect in tranquillity" and "in vacant or in pensive mood" the scenes that have become familiar to him. It would also seem that one of the chief delights of the traveller is to reflect upon the scenes and incidents which have most interested him, allowing his mind to drift at will from place to place and selecting, as an artist might, only the significant features. A chance word, a photograph, or even a perfume will awaken memories which are nearly always pleasant, for the human mind is generally desirous of forgetting things ugly and repulsive and of dropping the remembrance of them, as one would throw away so much useless baggage that might be a hindrance on a journey.

I therefore propose to give myself the pleasure of allowing my mind to drift along the trails of old Acadia, jumping from point to point as fancy dictates, and pausing only where interest or beauty may cause me to tarry. However much I would flit back to Meductic, to Louisburg or to Grand-Pré, for the sake of a companionable reader who might wish to accompany me and who might prefer new scenes, I will avoid these and visit in fancy other places, which, if not perhaps equally famous, are equally interesting and beautiful.

The spire of the Cathedral of Fredericton piercing the greenery first comes to mind, then the old gray Government House with its hospitable wide-spreading porch, ample bay-windows and tall elms shading the green lawn; but especially vivid is a remembrance of a quaint brick building on a quiet street, with spreading fan-light over the street door and a fenced-in garden beside it. For here lived Rev. George Goodridge Roberts, and here grew up Charles Roberts, and the rest of the Roberts family so well known in Ca-



THE RECTORY, HOME OF THE ROBERTS FAMILY

nadian literature, and here also the poet, Bliss Carman, came often to discuss poetry or to read his early poems to his cousins.

> Past the light-house, past the nun-buoy,
> Past the crimson rising sun,
> There are dreams go down the harbor
> With the tall ships of St. John.

Thus sang Carman when going outward from the city of St. John; but the tall ships, and the salt-smell of the sea, the fogs that float above the spires on the hills, the gray martello tower on a hill above the sea bring their dreams as well when one sails into the spacious harbor towards the town.

With the St. John poet, H. A. Cody, I can see

> Frigates of war down the Bay
> With death-doom in their stride,
> Winging in from the sea
> On the lift of a flooding tide,
> And a woman high on the walls
> Looking down with scorn and pride,

as Lady La Tour tries to revive the drooping spirits of her soldiers and induce them to hold

out against Charnisay until her lord's return.

Then a little way from where the ocean-liners lie, in a sheltered strip of water where a schooner or two are mirrored, I watch the sailing vessels of the Loyalists landing their ship-loads of men, women and children at Market Slip, where they had come to seek a new home free from the turmoil of revolution. Walking up the steep paved street of the modern city, I find myself suddenly in a spacious, sunlit, tree-embowered square surrounded by fine buildings, and I step from the past to the present with scarcely any effort. But the present does not hold me long, for, crossing a broad street, I enter another square strangely dotted over with moss-grown headstones. This is where the Loyalist founders of the city sleep, the earliest grave dating back to 1784. It is a quiet place for all its position in the heart of the city, but it is not a sad one. Children romp over the grass-grown graves, or play hide-and-seek behind the old slabs of marble, and nursemaids sit beneath the trees watching

their tiny charges as they trip lightly among the mouldering stones. If one stops to read the inscriptions, one may smile at the quaint verses written both to relieve the feelings of the mourners, and to persuade the sinner to repentance.

On Ann Peel's headstone, which bears the date of 1815, we read this plaintive request:

> Now I am dead and in my grave
> And all my bones be rotten,
> These lines you see, remember me
> When I am quite forgotten.

Of Martha Humbert we may learn that "she looked well to the ways of her household and ate not the bread of idleness."

Resignation is the keynote of such inscriptions as:

> Go home, dear friend, and shed no tears,
> I must lie here till Christ appears,

and also in this rather touching couplet carved on a small stone:

> Sleep on, my babe, and take thy rest;
> He called thee home; he thought it best.

But perhaps the most striking verse of all is the following, which, I believe is also found on more than one tombstone in England:

As you are Man, so once was I,
Behold the place where now I lie;
As I am now so you must be
Prepare for death and follow me.

But in spite of all these admonitions, St. John is a most pleasant and hospitable city and one in which the stranger feels immediately at home.

Into the mist my guardian prows put forth;
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie;
The warden of the Honor of the north,
Sleepless and veiled am I.

The first time that I approached quaint old Halifax, "the Warden of the Honor of the north," it was not veiled in mist, but bathed in brilliant sunshine, which made the waves of the wonderful land-locked harbor almost too brilliant to look at with comfort. On the next day, however, the city was veiled in mist, as Kipling pictured it—a mist which

softened harsh outlines and covered defects which the sunlight had revealed. Halifax reminds me of a woman who has lost her freshness and whose clothes are shabby and old-fashioned, but overcomes these disabilities by breeding and personality, and emanates a charm that her younger and richer rivals can never possess.

Thus the beauty of Halifax is not so much in outward appearance as it is in individuality and character. Its situation on a kind of peninsula, with water to be seen in almost all directions if viewed from Citadel Heights, is one of surpassing beauty. To me, however, the chief attraction is in its storied past.

Many of the old buildings of Halifax possess this subtle charm; it lingers about the churches and government buildings, and especially about the citadel, from which one can see the lovely environs and the magnificent harbor. The star-shaped citadel, still manned by soldiers, will reveal to him the very heart of old Halifax. It is as a military centre that the city, ever since its foundation in 1749, has played an important

part, not only for Canada but for the whole of the British Empire as well.

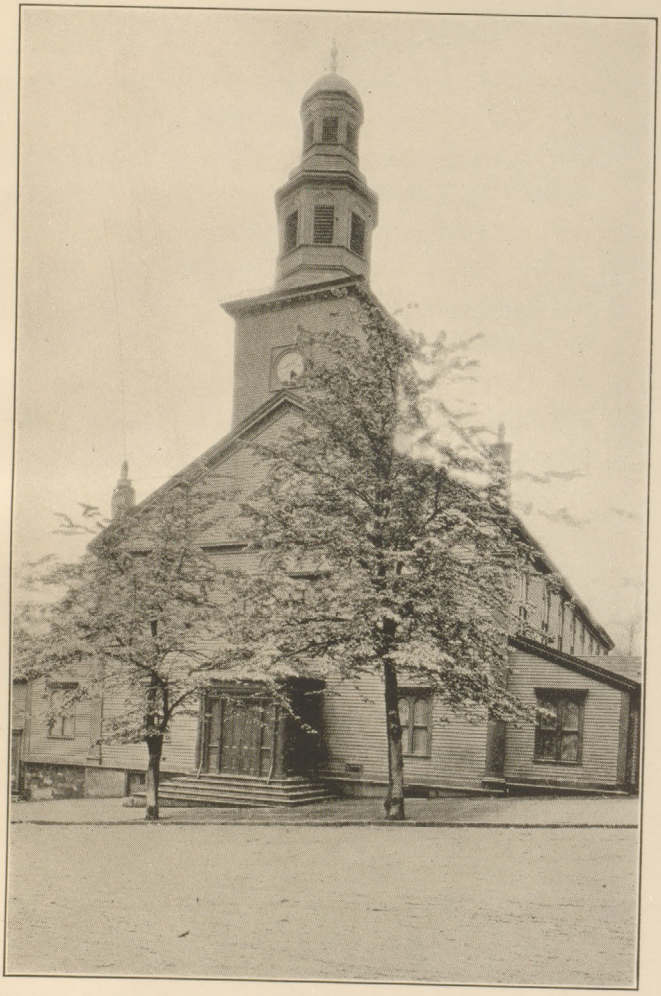
The old gray walls, the dry moat and the antiquated fortifications will carry the least imaginative visitor back to the time when the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, commanded the British forces here, and when the city was the typical garrison town of the eighteenth century. Manners and morals, too, were different in those days. There was beer for the soldiers, wine for the officers and their ladies, and rum for all when required. It was an age of peculiar brutality and peculiar refinement. The measures of the dainty minuet were trodden at the frequent balls by maidens in ample skirts and by young officers in gaudy uniforms. Hair powder and pomade were sold in the shops, and sedan-chairs were carried along the muddy old thoroughfares, which now resound to the throbbing of motors. But the other side of the picture is coarse and brutal. The hanging of sailors and soldiers was not uncommon, and the latter were often flogged in the streets or

inside the barracks. The whipping-post and pillory, too, were all too well known in the maintenance of law and order. Unlicensed grog-shops abounded, a condition which caused the authorities no little trouble. The penalty for keeping such a place was ten pounds and thirty lashes, and was often inflicted. Half way up the slope of Citadel Hill there will be seen the town clock, erected, so legend states, by the order of the Duke of Kent, to insure punctuality of both citizens and soldiers. It is one of the most picturesque landmarks of the city, situated on the edge of the slope between fortress and town, and enclosed with chain fences which have cannon-barrels for posts.

Halifax of a hundred years ago is also typified in the Province House, a fine old Georgian building with a beautiful, columned portico of perfect proportions. The whole building has the simple, solid dignity of an age that has passed. Its mellow gray walls are especially beautiful when mottled by the shadows cast by the old trees which stand around it. Within, the old Adam fireplaces

are a delight to the eye, and the historic associations many and interesting. Here, in 1842, Charles Dickens watched the opening of the Provincial Parliament with all its impressive ceremonies; here, in what was once a court of justice, duellers were tried and always acquitted, and murderers tried and generally hanged. From the walls look down the portraits of the worthies of Georgian times, and in the library are still to be seen the charts which Nelson himself used.

But the life of old Halifax was not all military, social or political, for there still stands beside the Parade the Church of St. Paul, the oldest Protestant church in Canada, to represent the religious life of the times. It is nearly two hundred years since the church was built, having been begun in 1748. It has always served as a garrison church, and within its walls some of the most notable soldiers of former times have attended service. In the Royal Pew more than a century ago sat the "sailor prince" who afterwards became King William the Fourth. There is a tradition that Prince William used



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, HALIFAX

to mumble comments during the recital of the commandments. "I don't steal but I know someone who does," he is said to have remarked after the eighth, and after the ninth, "That is what Cumberland does." His comments on the seventh are not recorded. Another legend tells how the parson complained that whispering and noisy snuff-taking entirely drowned his voice and spoiled his sermon. The building was constructed of oak and pine which was brought from the New England colonies, and so well was the wood seasoned that the old beams are still as sound as ever. In this historic edifice Nelson and Collingwood have worshipped, and here was married Nelson's great friend, Captain Hardy, in whose arms he died and to whom his last words were addressed. Members of noble families lie buried in the vaults below, and memorials to them line the walls. Here, too, lies the commander who captured Washington and set it on fire in reprisal for the burning of York, which is now Toronto. The Communion service was presented by King George the Second, although

some of it was made before the time of that monarch. It was from this church that on June 6, 1813, the congregation hastened forth, leaving the clergyman aghast at his deserting flock, not understanding that the whisper had gone round to the effect that the "Shannon" had arrived in harbor with the conquered "Chesapeake" in tow.

Citadel, Province House, Church of St. Paul's, these three form themselves into a sort of trinity of historic associations which contribute so largely to the charm of the delightful city of Halifax.

Whenever my thoughts turn towards Acadia, and whatever the picture that may come to my mind, the background is always the sea. But strange to say, this background is never monotonous, for the sea can furnish an infinite variety of color and mood which the land does not possess. Whether dark, or sunny, the thousand shades of blue are seldom twice the same, the clouds above the sea are not the same color as the waves beneath, and the mists that lie between them have an endless succession of shades—red, pink, opal,



SURF AT PEGGY'S COVE

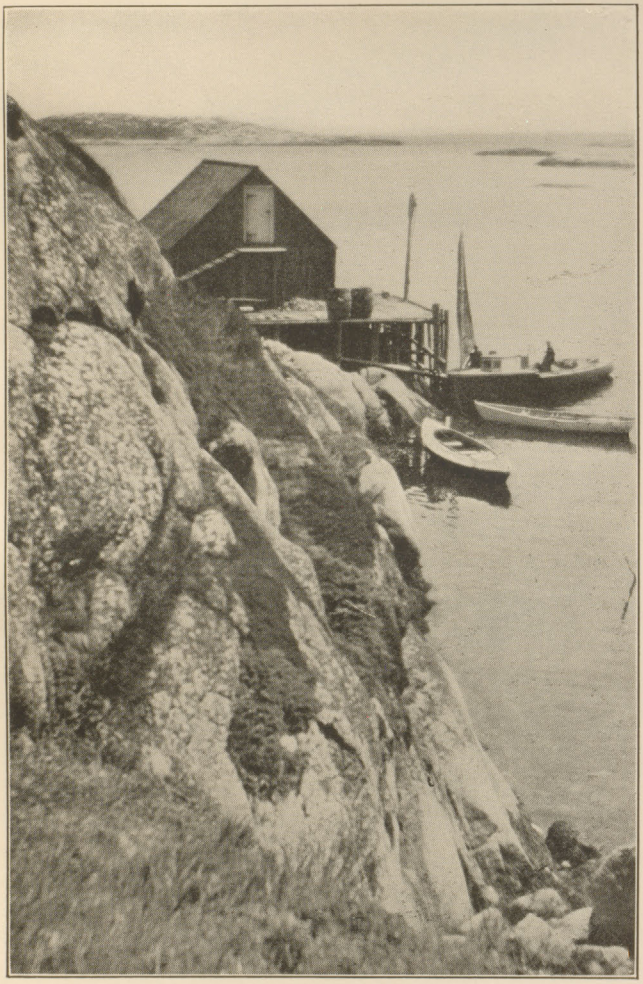
pearl, and gray. The pictures that rise and stand clearly forth in their setting always contain sunlit sails, tossing schooners, quaint fishermen, tiny cottages perched on granite rocks and sturdy lighthouses rising on some wind-swept point. Of the many pictures that pass through my mind, none stand out more distinctly than those that had their origin at Peggy's Cove.

Becoming a little weary of living with ghosts in brilliant uniforms and powdered hair, we left Halifax to travel along the south coast, a land of delight for all landlubbers who love the sea. At first the road runs inland, then turns towards Chester—charming, but perhaps a little too sophisticated and modern. But it is not far until a sign on the main highway points to Peggy's Cove, a sign which no one who loves the ocean, or who seeks the quaint and picturesque as revealed in the fishing-boats, the fish-houses, the village and the inhabitants themselves, can afford to pass by.

As the trail nears the sea, it narrows to a mere thread and follows hills and hollows

strewn with huge boulders, the bed of the road being the solid rock itself. At last a church spire is seen, then the lighthouse on a commanding cliff, and the cottages of the village appear like a flock of sheep on a barren hillside. The car came to a standstill, for the very good reason that the trail had now become only a path, and the villagers had to climb the fences to let us pass. It was a brilliant day; beyond the lighthouse was a sheet of ultra-marine blue shot with gold; a few tiny boats danced about on this golden tapestry, and the gray sea-worn rocks took on a soft blue in the afternoon sunshine. Even the names along this coast have a flavor of quaintness, Modesty Cove, Polly Cove, Yankee Cove, and the rest.

The people themselves seem to have a different and more old-fashioned outlook on life than their fellow countrymen. An old fisherman, who sat basking in the sun while mending his nets, looked at us curiously, and we stopped to converse with him. He told us of the life of the fishermen and their families, of the great fire which years before



POLLY'S COVE

swept over that part of the coast, burning not only the vegetation but the soil as well, and of the tidal wave that rolled across the lighthouse cliff carrying destruction in its wake. I asked him why there was no churchyard near the church, for I had hoped to find some queer inscriptions there. "We has to carry our dead three mile inland to find soil deep enough for burying," was the reply. One could see at a glance that this was true, for although where the village stands there is a little soil, enough to make a tiny garden here and there, rocks protrude almost everywhere; while behind the village nothing but the ribs of barren rocks can be seen with a little vegetation growing in the damp hollows. I asked the old man whether the fishermen went by advanced time or sun time. "We has Lord's time, not Peter Martin's time," he answered solemnly. I learned later that Peter Martin was a former mayor of Halifax who had introduced the idea of advancing the clocks in summer, which to the fishermen meant interfering with Providence. A younger fisherman said that it had been a

good season, and seemed particularly pleased with himself for having held back his fish and sold when the market was at its best. I calculated from what he told me that his yearly income was a little less than four hundred dollars, and yet the fishermen do not seem in a state of poverty. The cottages are small, but neat and comfortable, and the boats looked well-kept, and had a trim smartness about them that betokens pride of ownership. Just before leaving we climbed the lighthouse tower to get one more view of the great sheet of blue and gold that lay shimmering all around us, dazzling us by its reflected light.

As we left the lighthouse, the most aged-looking man that I have ever seen stopped us like the Ancient Mariner and began in a cracked voice to prophesy bad weather, the present fine day being "a storm breeder."

It would be impossible to recall, howsoever briefly, all the glories of the "South Shore." Suffice to say that a succession of lovely beaches, wooded islands, picturesque towns and harbors crowded with sailing vessels make up only a short list of the attractions

of this part of Acadia. Historically, the most interesting places are Shelburne and Fort La Tour.

We had been travelling along a rather monotonous stretch of road — at least monotonous for that land of surprises through which we were journeying—when suddenly I espied on an elevation a severe and Puritanical-looking meeting-house with a burying-ground overgrown with wild roses beside it. But what most attracted my attention was a large granite boulder on which was the following inscription:

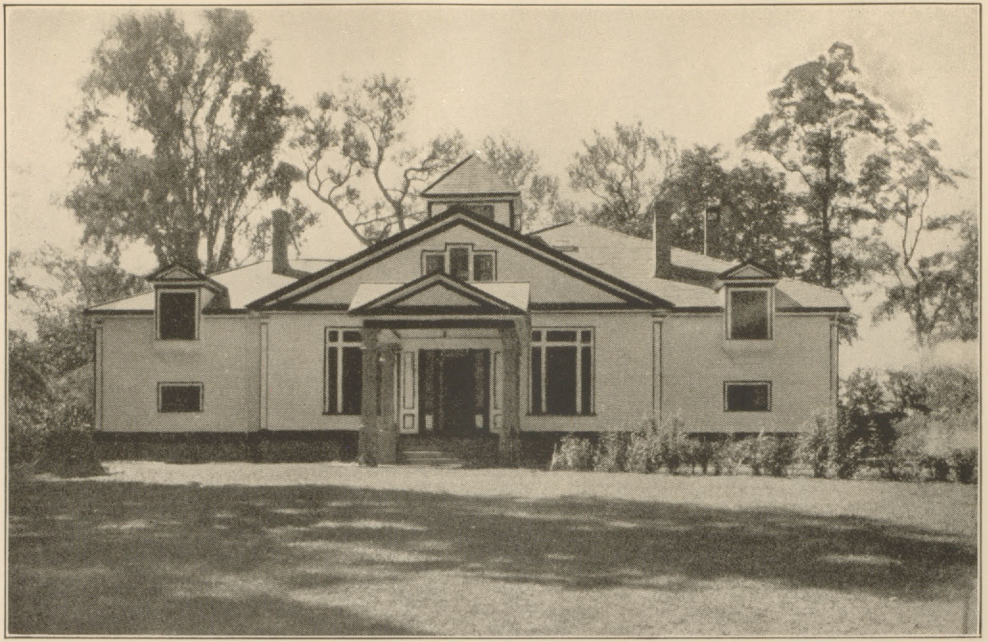
EDMUND DOANE
ONE OF THE GRANTEES OF THIS TOWNSHIP
BORN AT EASTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS,
20 APRIL, 1718.
DIED AT BARRINGTON, 20 NOV., 1816.
ELIZABETH OSBORNE MYRICK PAYNE,
HIS WIFE.
GRANDMOTHER OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,
THE AUTHOR OF "HOME SWEET HOME."
BORN IN MASSACHUSSETTS, ABOUT 1715.
DIED AT BARRINGTON, 26 MAY, 1798.

"I told you so! Old burying-grounds reveal old secrets," I remarked in triumph to O. C., who scoffs at my predilection for graveyards. But this was not all, for I found wandering among the moss-grown slabs, the local historian, Mr. J. W. Smith, who took me inside the old meeting-house and gave me many interesting facts concerning the village of Barrington. The meeting-house had been built in 1765 by Puritans from Massachusetts, Mr. Smith's great-grandfather having assisted in its erection. These Colonials came to hunt, fish and trade with the Indians, and subsequently a colony settled here not far from the French Acadian settlement of Village Dale. The meeting-house is still used, three different denominations holding services there. A cross of evergreen was attached to the high wood-panelled pulpit, and I wondered what the old Puritans whose hands had hewn the rough beams and planks of the building would say if they could know that this symbol of "Popery" had been placed on the pulpit they had constructed.

Mr. Smith offered to conduct me to Fort La Tour, a few miles down the coast, an offer which was eagerly accepted, for I wished to read still another chapter in the life of Charles Étienne La Tour. For years the place had been a French trading-station, and La Tour had got possession of it, carrying on a thriving trade with the Indians. But a feud had arisen between Charles and his father, who had gone over to the English and had married a lady-in-waiting at the British court, receiving from the Government an immense grant of land and a title for himself as well as one for his son. But Charles La Tour, always faithful to the French King, spurned the proffered honor and refused to give up his fort to the English. The father then attacked with a force of British soldiers and sailors, but was driven off with heavy loss. This placed the father in an awkward position, for he had promised the British to deliver the fort into their hands, which promise he could not fulfill, and he had been unfaithful to the French King. As he dared not return to England, his son made a kind

of treaty with him whereby he was allowed to dwell across the bay with his English wife, but was never allowed to set foot inside the fort. Mr. Smith told me that a well on his own land was probably the one from which the elder La Tour obtained his water supply. All that remains of the old earthworks, which were never on an extensive scale, is a series of mounds and ditches. There is a tangle of brushwood not far from the mounds, said to be the burial place of those who died in this family feud.

The houses of any country with a history like that of Acadia are always full of interest, but it would require a volume in itself to describe them. One unpretentious Colonial dwelling, where once a great man dwelt, is the house which Judge Haliburton occupied at Windsor. Here lived for a quarter of a century the father of American humor, who, under the pen-name of "Sam Slick," blazed the way for Mark Twain and his school of humorists in a book, entitled "The Clockmaker, or the Sayings of Sam Slick of Slickville," and in other works, which are still re-



"CLIFTON," FORMER RESIDENCE OF "SAM SLICK"

printed and read. "Clifton," as the house is called, stands on a hill embowered in the thickest and shadiest of groves through which a long avenue winds up to the open space where the house is built. This is one of Canada's most famous literary shrines, for it is safe to say that few authors have been more widely read in America and in England than this same "Sam Slick." It was a rainy day when I followed the winding road through the dripping trees and rather timidly rang the door-bell. A smart maid opened the door, and on hearing that I wanted only to look about the grounds, invited me into the spacious, old-fashioned drawing-room, one of the most charming that I have ever seen. Old mahogany, oriental rugs, and a wealth of gold-framed paintings gave a homey feeling and at the same time a feeling of the past which made me fancy that at any time the study-door beyond the hall might open and the Judge himself might appear, looking at me with quizzical eyes above the white choker, as he looks from his portrait at Ottawa. I thanked the maid and retreated,

almost believing that the ghost of the "clockmaker" was following me down the dark rain-sodden avenue.

Not far from "Clifton" on another hill stand the melancholy ruins of the oldest university in the British Dominions, the ruins of King's College founded in 1783. For many years King's did noble service in the cause of education, and some of Canada's most famous men, including Haliburton himself, have studied within its walls. A disastrous fire visited the old buildings a few years ago, and it was decided to move to a larger centre. The university is now making rapid progress at Halifax under the able leadership of Dr. A. H. Moore.

On the morning that I visited the hill where King's once stood, I was looking over the splendid trees that lined the grass-grown avenue and watching the mists rolling across the hills beyond, when a stranger spoke to me. "Pretty sad, isn't it? But if you are not an old King's man, you can hardly appreciate how melancholy it all is. I can see the old place as I saw it twenty years ago on the

night of the June ball, with music and dancing on the hill and students and their friends strolling among the trees beneath the glow of Chinese lanterns. And now!'' There was a break in his voice as he turned away. But even to the stranger the place is worthy of a visit, both for its natural beauty and its historic interest.

I have often been asked what part of Acadia I admire most, and have never been able to reply to that difficult question, for there are so many places that evoke admiration. But I can conceive no more delightful place in which to live than Wolfville—prosperous, well-cared-for and homelike. Its wide thoroughfare is lined with attractive houses, embowered in trees or surrounded by well-kept gardens, while the white portico and cupola of Acadia University gleam through the arching elms—the very embodiment of dignity and serenity. But best of all, Wolfville is situated among the famous orchards which at all times of the year are a striking feature of a naturally beautiful landscape. Miles upon miles of shapely trees, their red-

brown trunks decked in green, pink, or red, according to the season, the long aisles beneath reaching seemingly endless distances, are always a delight. And here I must make a confession. Fate has not been kind to me, for I have never been able to be in the Annapolis valley during apple-blossom time. One of my more fortunate friends wrote to me last June: "High drifts of snow tinted by the setting sun and blown into cloud-like masses by the sea breeze—this is the best description that I can send you of these orchards round about. Arches and aisles that run between slender pillars supporting a canopy of unearthly loveliness, a tapestry beneath arches of light and shadow fit to lead to the palace of an earthly potentate. And from the hilltop above, looking down over square miles of blossoms, I felt that here was pure beauty, a beauty that awes and even hurts. Only once before have I felt the same, and that was one morning in the Alps when I saw for the first time the clouds in the great valley beneath my feet lighted by the first glow of the rising sun."

Among the many places in Acadia at which I would tarry is an historic spot in the Basin of Minas.

On leaving Fort Anne, Mr. Fortier recommended me most strongly to visit the other side of the Basin and explore the site of the first Port Royal, which Champlain and de Monts founded, and where they passed considerable time before moving to the site of the present Annapolis. A pleasant drive along the shore brought us to the place which is one of the most interesting in all Acadia, for here it was that Champlain made his first settlement after abandoning Île Ste. Croix. Here he founded the "Order of Good Cheer" to keep up the spirits of his men during the long Canadian winter, and here poetry and drama in America first saw the light of day. Champlain was fortunate in having with him Marc Lescarbot, a poet of ability and a keen observer as well, who, in his published writings, has left us a vivid and picturesque account of what occurred at Port Royal in 1606. Champlain himself refers to *l'Ordre de Bon-Temps* in his diaries:

We spent this winter very pleasantly, and had good fare by means of the Order of Good Cheer which I established, and which everybody found beneficial to the health, and more profitable than all sorts of medicine we might have used. This Order consisted of a chain which we used to place with certain little ceremony about the neck of one of our people, commissioning him for that day to go hunting. The next day it was conferred upon another, and so on in order. All vied with each other to see who could do the best, and bring back the finest game. We did not come off badly, nor did the Indians who were with us.

Lescarbot gives a still more vivid picture:

But I shall relate how, in order to keep our table joyous and well provided, an Order was established, which was called the Order of Good Cheer, originally proposed by Champlain. To this Order each man of the said table was appointed Chief Steward in his turn, which came around once a fortnight. Now this person had the duty of taking care that we were all well and honorably provided for. This was so carried out that, though the epicures of Paris often tell us that we had no Rue aux Ours over there, as a rule



CHAMPLAIN'S ORDER OF GOOD CHEER

we made as good cheer as we could have in this same Rue aux Ours and at a less cost. For there was no one who, two days before his turn came, failed to go hunting or fishing, and to bring back some delicacy in addition to our ordinary fare. So well was this carried out that never at breakfast did we lack some savory meat of flesh or fish, and still less at our midday or evening meals; for that was our chief banquet, at which the ruler of the feast or chief butler, whom the savages call Atoctegic, having had everything prepared by the cook, marched in, napkin on shoulder, wand of office in hand, and around his neck the collar of the Order, which was worth more than four crowns; after him all the members of the Order, carrying each a dish. The same was repeated at dessert, though not always with so much pomp. And at night, before giving thanks to God, he handed over to his successor in the charge the collar of the Order, with a cup of wine, and they drank to each other.

Marc Lescarbot became sincerely attached to the virgin land of Acadia, which he calls "*la celeste province,*" and wrote a long poem in praise of Port Royal and its surroundings, called "*Adieu de la Nouvelle France,*" which

was published along with his other poems in Paris.

But the most interesting is his "*Théâtre de Neptune,*" which is the first dramatic performance produced in Canada and probably the first in America. It was composed at Port Royal and enacted on the water and adjacent shores on November 14, 1606. The poet thus explains its purpose:

After many perils (which I do not wish to compare with those of Ulysses or Aeneas, lest I stain our sacred voyages with such impurity) M. de Poutrincourt arrived at Port Royal on November 14, 1606, when we received him joyfully and with a ceremony new on this side of the sea. For at the time we expected his return with great desire, all the more so that if misfortune had come to him we should have been in danger of mutiny, I bethought to go out to greet him with some merry spectacle, which we did. And since it was written in French rhymes hastily composed, I have put it with *Les Muses de la Nouvelle France* under the title of "Neptune's Theatre," to which I refer the reader. Besides, to do honor still more to his return and to our play, we had placed above



SITE OF CHAMPLAIN'S FIRST HABITATION, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

the gate of our fort the arms of France crowned with laurel, of which there is abundance at the borders of the woods, with the King's device, "*Duo protegit unus*" (One protects two). And beneath were the arms of M. de Monts with this inscription (from Virgil), "*Dabit Deus his quoque Finem*" (To these labors also God will give an end); and also the arms of M. de Poutrincourt with this inscription (from Ovid), "*Invia virtuti nulla est via*" (To valor no path is hidden), both also encircled with chaplets of laurel.

It is a long play running through hundreds of lines, and it is often easy to see that the writer was always dreaming of the great French empire that was to be, "for," he says, "I see destiny preparing for France a flourishing empire in this new world which will make the fame of de Monts resound afar."

Local color is given by the introduction of Indian characters, although the elaborate speeches sound rather foreign to the laconic Micmac. The Indians all offer gifts of furs and of wampum, except the last, who cunningly says that he is searching for "some-

thing to supply the kitchen'' and suggests that if there is any food to spare, he and his companions would gladly partake of it.

''The music finished, the trumpet sounds again and each goes on his way; all the cannon boom and it seems as though Proserpine were in travail; this is caused by the multiplicity of echoes which the hills return to each other.'' The play ends with a convivial note when the ''merry fellow'' conducts Poutrincourt to the feast and gives orders to his minions thus:

''Sus doncques rotisseurs, depensiers, cuisiniers,
Marmitons, pastissiers, fricassiers, taverniers,
Mettez dessus dessouz pots et plats et cuisine.
Qu'on baille à ces gens-ci sa quarte pleine.
Ie les voy alterez sicut terra sina aqua.
Garçon depeche-toy, baille à chacun son K.
Cuisiniers, ces canars sont-ils point à broche?
Qu'on tuë ces poulets, que cette oye on embroche.
Voici venir à nous force bons compagnons.
Autant deliberez des dens que des roignons.
Entrez dedans, Messieurs, pour votre bien-venuë.
Qu'avant boir chacun hautement éternuë.
A feir de decharger toutes froides humeurs.
Et remplir vos cerveaux de plus douce vapeurs.''

The poet adds in closing:

"I beg the reader to excuse these rhymes if they are not as well chosen as refined people would wish. They were made in haste. Nevertheless, I would insert them here only to show that we lead a merry life."

It is easy from the plans and writings of Champlain and Lescarbot to identify the sites of these events which reveal intimately the spirit of the founders of New France. A monument now stands on the site of Champlain's habitation, bearing this inscription:

SITE OF THE FIRST
FORT OR HABITATION OF PORT ROYAL
BUILT BY THE FRENCH UNDER
DE MONTS AND CHAMPLAIN, IN 1605.
ATTACKED AND PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY A
BRITISH FORCE FROM VIRGINIA, 1613.
RESTORED AND OCCUPIED BY
SCOTTISH COLONISTS, 1629.
LAID WASTE ON THEIR RETIREMENT FROM THE
COUNTRY, 1632.
HOME OF THE ORDER OF GOOD CHEER.
BIRTHPLACE OF
CANADIAN LITERATURE AND DRAMA.

The island which lies opposite is easily the isle of which Lescarbot wrote: "This island I call the most beautiful thing of its kind." Near the shore opposite the island I calculated from Champlain's drawing where the pageant of the "Theatre of Neptune" must have taken place. It is a long, barren stretch, strewn with seaweed, of which a man was hauling a load towards the road as I snapped the camera. As the part of New France, called L'Acadie, was founded by those who appreciated good cheer, and as good cheer is more abundant than ever before in that enchanting land, this is, perhaps, the proper place to terminate my journey along these trails, commending to all travellers the good cheer of L'Acadie.

THE END

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INDEX

A

Acadia, territory of, 4, 29.
Acadia University, 411.
Acadians, The.
  A typical home, 97–98.
  Character, 31, 109–110.
  Expulsion, 87, 104, 125–145, 169–170.
  Habits and Customs, 113–116, 119–121.
  Hardships, 168–169.
  In exile, 145–151.
  Of to-day, 152–154, 156–159.
Alline, Rev. Henry, 52–55.
American Revolution, The, 90–91.
Amherst, 300.
Annapolis Royal (Port Royal), 73, 413.
Annapolis valley, 412.
Antigonish, 302.
Avonlea. See Cavendish.

B

Baddeck, 313.
Barrington, 40.
Bear River, 70–72.
Beauchemin, Nérée, 340.
Biard, Father, 276.
Bird, Will R., 299–300.
Boscawen, Admiral, 234, 238.
Bras d'Or, Great, 310, 311–312; Little, 310.

C

Cabot, Sebastian, 210.
Cadillac, 19, 272.
Cape Blomidon, 102.
Cape Breton Island, 111, 210–211, 303–315. See Louisburg.
Carman, Bliss, 336, 391.
Cartier, Georges-Étienne, 327.
Cartier, Jacques, 161–163.
Casgrain, Abbé, 125–127, 134–136.
Caven, Professor John, 166–167.
Cavendish, 177–178.
Champlain, Samuel de, 2, 18, 59, 68, 73, 413–415 *et seq.*
Charlottetown, 174–176.
Charnisay, Seigneur D'Aulnay de, 60, 69, 93, 184–185, 187, 190–191, 193, 196–206.

Claudel, M. Paul, in Bayou Teche, 147–148.
Cody, H. A., 391.
Coupland, Professor, 106.

D

Danielou, Father, 31.
Denys, Nicholas, 163, 186.
Derniers, Moïse de les, 119–122.
Dierville, Sieur de, 108.
Digby, town of, 64–67.
Digby Gap, 67–70, 159. See St. Mary's Bay.
Doane, Edmund, 405.
Drucour, Commander at Louisburg, 236–237; Madame, 237.
Duchambon, Governor, 224.
Dudley, Governor of Massachusetts, 77–78.
D'Ulloa, 214–216.
Du Vivier, 86.

E

East Angus, 5, 7.
Eric the Red, 210.
"Evangeline," 105, 155, 330–336.
Evangeline's Well, 103.

F

Fisher, Peter, 36, 37–38.
Folk-songs. See Poetry.
Forts.
Anne, 62 *et seq.*
Beauséjour (Cumberland), 19, 150, 297–300.
La Tour, 184 *et seq.*
Louisburg, 210 *et seq.*, 244–245, 307–310.
Franquet, Colonel, 166–167.
Fredericton (St. Anne's), 29–43, 390.
French Canada, 7.
Freshwater Cove, 234–235.

G

Gabarus Bay, 309–310.
Galsworthy, John, 27.
Gaspereaux, The, 332. See Grand-Pré.
Gaspésian coast, The (*Le pays du bleu*), 316–317.
Gilbert, Thomas, 47–48.
Glooscap, 57–58, 318.
Grand Anse, 303–304.
Grand Falls, 251.
Grand-Pré, 100 *et seq.*
Green Gables farm, 176 *et seq.*
Gustafsen, Ralph, 376 *et seq.*
Gyles, John, 60, 252–270, 273, 277.

H

Haliburton, Judge ("Sam Slick"), 119, 371–372, 408–410.
Halifax, Province of, 345, 401–404; town of, 394–400.
Hannay, 187.
Hawkesbury, 316.
Herbin, John Frederic, 103, 112, 136–144, 146–147, 149–151, 333–336, 340–341, 342–343.
Herbin, J. Robert, 341.
Hooked rugs, 65–66.

K

King's College, 410–411.
Knox, Captain John, 32–33.

L

Lakes.
Black, 6.
Memphremagog, 5.
Temiscouata, 15, 250.
La Tour, Charles, 60, 69, 73, 185, 187–197, 207–209, 407–409.
La Tour, Claude, 186, 407–408.
La Tour, Lady Marie, 60, 93, 189, 198–207, 391.
Laurentian Mountains, 10.
Lawrence, Governor of Massachusetts, 87, 122–124.
Lefebvre, Father, 288, 291–296.
Le Loutre, 19.
Lescarbot, Marc, 68, 329, 414 *et seq.*
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. See "Evangeline."
Louisburg, village of, 306. See Forts.
Loyalists, 35–43, 171, 344 *et seq.*, 392.

M

Mabou, 314–315.
Magdalen Islands, 376 *et seq.*
Maliseet Indians (Micmacs), 22–23, 270, 272–277.
Marston, Benjamin, 347, 350–371.
Masstown (Cobequid), 140, 141, 143.
Maugerville, 46–55.
McCurdy, Captain, 31–32.
McVicar, W. H., 87–90.
Memramcook, 288.
Micmac Indians, 2, 18. See Maliseet Indians.
Minas, Basin of, 102, 104, 106, 112–116, 333.

Miramichi, 144.
Moncton, 316.
Monts, Sieur de, 2, 68, 94–96, 413, 418–419.
Moody, Parson, 217–218, 220.
Mount Orford, 5.
Mulgrave, 303.

N

New Brunswick, 20–23, 43–45.
Nicholson, General, 80–83.
Notre Dame du Lac, 15, 250.
Nova Scotia, 64–65, 158, 302, 313–315.

O

Order of Good Cheer, The, 413–417. See Samuel de Champlain.
Oromocto, 43–44.

P

Parr, Governor, 359–361.
Peggy's Cove, 401.
Pepperell, William, 165, 217, 221, 225–228, 231.
Phipps, Sir William, 74–75.
Pictou, 377.
Poetry, 318 *et seq.*
Polly Cove, 402.
Port Hood, 315.
Port La Joie, 162, 165.
Port Royal. See Annapolis Royal.
Pote, Captain, 273–276.
Poutrincourt, Sieur de, 72, 73, 417, 418.
Prince Edward Island (Isle St. Jean), 161 *et seq.*
Puritans, The, 46–52, 405–406.

Q

Quebec, city of, 8–9, 19; Province of, 248.

R

Raymond, Dr. W. O., 36–43, 270, 277–282, 348–350, 351–352, 360–361, 367.
Reversing Falls, 57–58.
Rivers.
Cherry, 5.
Claudière, 8.
St. John, 16 *et seq.*, 286.
St. Lawrence, 9–10, 14.
Rivière du Loup, 14, 249.
Roberts, Charles G. D., 336–339, 390.
Roberts, Theodore Goodridge, 390.
Roma, John Pierre, 165.
Runk, Louis Barcroft, 218–219, 223.

S

"Sam Slick." See Haliburton, Judge.
Scottish colonists, 170, 419.
Shelburne, 346 *et seq.*
St. Francis Xavier University, 302–303.
St. Joseph College, 288, 290. See Father Lefebvre.
St. John, city of, 391. See Rivers.
St. Mary's Bay, 104, 150, 151, 160, 333.
St. Paul, Church of, 398–399.
Society of Colonial Wars, 234, 307.
Subercase, Governor of Acadia, 77–83.
Sydney, 305.

T

Thetford, 6, 7.
Three Rivers, 165.
Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 234.
Treaty of Paris, 170.
Truro, 141, 302.
Tyler, Professor Moses Coit, 41–43.

V

Vaughan, George, 99, 216.
Verrier, artist, 212–214.

W

War of 1812, 19, 92.
Warren, Peter, 217, 225–228.
Wellington, Duke of, 20.
Wentworth valley, 301–302.
William the Fourth, 398–399.
Winslow, Colonel, 88, 124–126, 127–134, 145.
Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, 192.
Wolfe, General James, 234, 238–241.
Wolfville, 411.
Woodstock, 24.

Y

Yarmouth, 64.

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